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THE GIFT OF
J. Herbert Russell



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THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

THERE is in many people's minds a painful uneasiness about the relation of the Bible to modern science and philosophy. The appearance of each new theory is deprecated by believers with pious timidity, and hailed by sceptics with unholy hope. On neither side is this a dignified or a wholesome attitude. Its irksome and intrusive pressure promotes neither a robust piety nor a sober-minded science. It is worth while inquiring whether there is any sufficient foundation for either alarm or expectancy in the actual relations of the Bible to scientific thought? We shall work out our answer to the question of the historical battle-field of the first chapter of Genesis. Results reached there will be found to possess a more or less general validity.

There are two records of creation. One is contained in the Bible, which claims to be God's Word; the other is stamped in the structure of the world, which is God's Work. Both being from the same author, we should expect them to agree in their general tenor; but in fact, so far from being in harmony, they have an appearance of mutual contradiction that demands explanation. In studying the problem certain considerations must be borne in mind. There is a loose way of talking about antagonism between the natural and the revealed accounts of creation. That is not quite accurate. Conflict between these there cannot be, for they never actually come into contact. It is not they, but our theories, that meet and collide. The discord is not in the original sources, but in our renderings of them. That is a very different matter, and of quite incommensurate importance.

The Bible story is very old. It is written in an ancient and practically dead language. The meaning of many of the words cannot be fixed with precision. The significance of several fundamental phrases is at best little more than conjecture. Since it was penned men's minds have grown and changed. The very moulds of human thought have altered. Current impressions, conceptions, ideas, are different. It is hard to determine, with even probability, what is said; still harder to realize what was thought. Certainty is impossible. No rendering should be counted infallible—not even our own. Every interpretation ought to be advanced with modest diffidence,

held tentatively, revised with alacrity, and adjusted to new facts without timidity and without shame. This has not been the characteristic attitude of commentators. The exegesis of the first chapter of Genesis presents a long array of theories, propounded with authority, defended dogmatically, and ignominiously discredited and deserted. Had a more lowly spirit presided over their inception, maintenance, and abandonment, the list would perhaps not have been shorter, but the retrospect would have been less humiliating. As it is, we can hardly complain of the sting of satire that lurks in Kepler's recital of Theology's successive retreats:—

“In theology we balance authorities; in philosophy we weigh reasons. A holy man was Lactantius, who denied that the earth was round. A holy man was Augustine, who granted the rotundity, but denied the antipodes. A holy thing to me is the Inquisition, which allows the smallness of the earth, but denies its motion. But more holy to me is truth. And hence I prove by philosophy that the earth is round, inhabited on every side, of small size, and in motion among the stars. And this I do with no disrespect to the doctors.”

The physical record is also very old. Its story is carved in a script that is often hardly legible, and set forth in symbols that are not easy to decipher. The testimony of the rocks embodies results of creation, but does not present the actual operations. Effects suggest processes, but do not disclose their precise measure, manner, and origination. You may dissect a great painting into its ultimate lines and elements, and from the canvas peel off the successive layers of color, and duly record their number and order; but, when you have done, you have not even touched the essential secret of its creation. In determining the first origin of things the limitation of science is absolute, and even in tracing the subsequent development there is room for error, ignorance, and diversity of explanation. Of certainties in scientific theory there are few. For the most part, all that can be attained is probability, especially in speculative matters, such as estimates of time, explanations of formation, and theories of causation. As in exegesis so in theology, all hypotheses ought to be counted merely tentative, maintained with modesty, and held open at every point to revision and reconstruction. The necessity of caution and reserve needs no enforcing for any one who knows the variety and inconsistency of the phases through which speculative geology has passed in our own generation. In this destiny of transitoriness it does but share the lot of all scientific theory. Professor Huxley was once cruel enough to call attention to the fact, that “extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules.” The statement is a graphic, if somewhat ferocious reminder of a melancholy fact, and the fate of these trespassing divines should warn their successors—as the Professor means it should—not to stray out of their proper pastures. But has it fared very differently with the mighty men of

science who have essayed to solve the high problems of existence and to make all mysteries plain? Take up a history of philosophy, turn over its pages, study its dreary epitomes of defunct theories, and as you survey the long array of skeletons, tell me, are you not reminded of the prophet, who found himself "set down in the midst of the valley which was full of dry bones: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry?"

If it is human to err, theology and geology have alike made full proof of their humanity. That in itself is not their fault but their misfortune. The pity of it is, that to the actual fact of fallibility they have so often added the folly of pretended infallibility. The resultant duty is an attitude of mutual modesty, of reserve in suspecting contradiction, of patience in demanding an adjustment, of perseverance in separate and honest research, of serenity of mind in view of difficulties, coupled with a quiet expectation of final fitting. The two accounts are alike trustworthy. They are not necessarily identical in detail. It is enough that they should correspond in their essential purport. It may be that the one is the complement of the other, as soul is to body—unlike, yet vitally allied. Perchance their harmony is not that of duplicates but of counterparts. They were made not to overlap like concentric circles, but to interlock like toothed wheels. In the end, when partial knowledge has given away to perfect, they will be seen to correspond, and nothing will be broken but the premature structures of adjustment, with which men have thought to make them run smoother than they were meant to do.

To attempt anew a task that has proved so disastrous, and is manifestly so difficult, must be admitted to be bold if not even foolhardy. But its very desperateness is its justification. To fall in a forlorn hope is not ignoble. To miss one's way in threading the labyrinth of the first chapter of Genesis is pardonable—a thing almost to be expected. If in seeking to escape Scylla, the traveler should fall into Charybdis, no one will be surprised—not even himself. It is in the most undogmatic spirit that we wish to put forward our reading of the chapter. It is presented simply as a possible rendering. What can be said for it will be said as forcibly as may be. It is open to objection from opposite sides. That may be not altogether against it, since truth is rarely extreme. Difficulties undoubtedly attach to it and defects as well. At best it can but contribute to the ultimate solution. Perchance its share in the task may be no more than to show by trial that another way of explanation is impossible. Well, that too is a service. Every fresh byway proved impracticable, and closed to passage, brings us a step nearer the pathway of achievement. For the loyal lover of truth it is enough even so to have been made tributary to the truth.

The business of a theologian is, in the first instance at least, with

the Scriptural narrative. To estimate its worth, and determine its relation to science, we must ascertain its design. Criticism of a church-organ, under the impression that it was meant to do the work of a steam-engine, would certainly fail to do justice to the instrument, and the disquisition would not have much value in itself. Before we exact geology of Genesis, we must inquire whether there is any in it. If there be none, and if there was never meant to be any, the demand is as absurd as it would be to require thorns of a vine and thistles of the fig-tree. Should it turn out, for instance, that the order of the narrative is intentionally not chronological, then every attempt to reconcile it with the geological order is of necessity a Procrustean cruelty, and the venerable form of Genesis is fitted to the geological couch at the cost of its head or its feet. Either the natural sense of the chapter is sacrificed or the pruned narrative goes on crutches. If we would deal fairly and rationally with the Bible account of creation, our first duty is to determine with exactness what it purposes to tell, and what it does not profess to relate. We must settle with precision, at the outset of our investigation, what is its subject, method, and intention. The answer is to be found, not in *a priori* theories of what the contents ought to be, but in an accurate and honest analysis of the chapter.

The narrative of creation is marked by an exquisite symmetry of thought and style. It is partly produced by the regular use of certain rubrical phrases, which recur with the rhythmical effect of a refrain. There is the terminal of the days—"and there was evening and there was morning, day one," etc.; the embodiment of the Divine creative will in the eightfold "God said"; the expression of instant fulfillment in the swift responsive "and it was so;" and the declaration of perfection in the "God saw that it was good." But the symmetry of the chapter lies deeper than the wording. It pervades the entire construction of the narrative. As the story proceeds there is expansion, variety, progression. Yet each successive paragraph is built up on one and the same type and model. This uniformity is rooted in the essential structure of the thought, and is due to the determination with which one grand truth is carried like a key-note through all the sequences of the theme, and rings out clear and dominant in every step and stage of the development. Our first duty is to follow, and find out with certainty this ruling purpose, and then to interpret the subordinate elements by its light and guidance.

The narrative distributes the operation of creation over six days, and divides it into eight distinct acts or deeds. This double divergent arrangement of the material is made to harmonize by the assignment of a couple of acts to the third day, and another couple to the sixth—in each case with a fine and designed effect. We

shall take a bird's-eye view of the contents of these divisions: The chapter opens with a picture of primeval chaos, out of which God commands the universe of beauty, life, and order. Nothing is said of its origin. The story starts with it existent. It is painted as an abyss, dreary and boundless, wrapped in impenetrable darkness, an inextricable confusion of fluid matter destitute of character, structure, or value, without form and void. It is the raw material of the universe, passive and powerless in itself, but holding in it the promise and potency of all existence. For over it nestles, like a brood fowl, the informing, warming, life-giving spirit of God sending through its coldness and emptiness the heat and parental yearnings of the Divine heart, that craves for creatures on which to pour out its love and goodness. This action of the Spirit is, however, no more than preparative, and waits its completion in the accession of a personal fiat of God's will, in which the Divine Word gives effect and reality to the Divine Wish. This is a feature of supreme importance, for in it consists the uniqueness of the Bible narrative. In the pagan accounts of creation we find the same general imagery of dull, dead matter, stirred and warmed into life and development by the action of an immaterial effluence of "thought," "love," or "longing." But in them the operation is cosmic, impersonal, often hardly conscious; in the Bible it is ethical and intensely personal. In them the language is metaphysical, materialistic, or pantheistic; here it is moral, human, personal to the point of anthropomorphism. They show us creative forces and processes; the Bible presents to us, in all His infinite, manifold, and glorious personality, the thinking, living, loving "God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth."

The result of the first day and the first Divine decree is the production of light. The old difficulty about the existence of light before the sun was made, as it was invented by science, has been by science dispelled. The theory of light as a mode of motion, which for the present holds the field, knows no obstacle to the presence of light in the absence of the sun. But this harmony is not due to any prescience of modern science in the writer of Genesis. His idea of light is not undulatory, and not scientific, but just the simple popular notion found everywhere in the Bible. Light is a fine substance, distinct from all others, and it appears first in the list of creation as being the first and noblest of the elements that go to make up our habitable world. The emergence of the light is presented as instantaneously following the Divine decree. That is manifestly the literary effect designed in the curtness of the sequence: "Let there be light, and there was light." The light is pronounced good, is permanently established in possession of its special properties and powers, and is set in its service of the world and man by having assigned to it its place in the "alternate mercy

of day and night." There is a very fine touch in the position of the declaration of goodness. It stands here earlier than in the succeeding sections. Darkness is in the Bible the standing emblem of evil. It would have been discordant with that imagery to make God pronounce it good, though as the foil of light it serves beneficent ends. The jarring note is tacitly and simply avoided by inserting the assertion of the goodness of light before the mention of its background and negation, darkness. The picture of the first day of creation is subscribed with the formula of completeness—"There was evening and there was morning, one day," or "day first"; and has for its net result the production of the element or sphere of light.

The second day and the second Divine decree are devoted to the formation of the firmament. All through the Old Testament the sky is pictured as a solid dome or vaulted roof, above which roll the primeval waters of chaos. The motion is of course popular, a figment of the primitive imagination, and quite at variance with the modern conception of space filled by an inter-astral ether; though it is well to remember that this same ether is no more ascertained fact than was the old-word firmament, and is in its turn simply an invention of the scientific imagination. It is of more moment to note that the real motive and outcome of the day's work is not the firmament. That is not an end but a means, precisely as a sea-wall is not an object in itself, but merely the instrument of the reclamation of valuable land. What the erection of the firmament does toward the making of our world is the production of the intervening aerial space and the lower expanse of terrestrial waters. Since this last portion of the work is not complete prior to the separation of the dry land, the declaration of goodness or perfection is, with exquisite fineness of suggestion, tacitly omitted. The net result of the day is therefore the formation of the realms of air and water as elements or spheres of existence.

The third day includes two works, the production of the solid ground and of vegetation. The dead, inert soil, and its manifold outgrowth of plant-life, are strikingly distinct, and yet most intimately related. Together they make up the habitable earth. They are therefore presented as separate works, but conjoined in the framework of one day. Two sections of the vegetable kingdom are singled out for special mention—the cereals and the fruit-trees. It is not a complete or a botanical classification, and manifestly science is not contemplated. Those divisions of the plant-world that sustain animal and human life, and minister to its enjoyment, are drawn out into pictorial relief and prominence. The intention is practical, popular, and religious. The net result of the day is the production of the habitable dry land.

The fourth day and the fifth decree call into being the celestial

bodies—the sun, moon, and stars. They are called luminaries; that is to say, not masses or accumulations of light, but managers and distributors of light, and the value of this function of theirs, for the religious and secular calendar, for agriculture, navigation, and the daily life of men, is formally and elaborately detailed. Were this account of the heavenly bodies intended as a scientific or exhaustive statement of their Divine destination and place in the universe, it would be miserably inadequate and erroneous. But if the whole aim of the narrative be not science, but religion, than it is absolutely appropriate, exact, and powerful. In the teeth of an all but universal worship of sun, moon, and stars, it declares them the manufacture of God, and the ministers and servants of man. For this practical, religious purpose the geocentric description of them is not an accident, but essential. It is not a blunder, but a merit. It is true piety, not cosmical astronomy, that is being established. In the words of Calvin, “Moses, speaking to us by the Holy Spirit, did not treat of the heavenly luminaries as an astronomer, but as it became a theologian, having regard to us rather than to the stars.” The net result of the fourth day is the production of the heavenly orbs of light.

The fifth day and the sixth work issue in the production of birds and fishes, or, more accurately, all creatures that fly or swim. It is evidently a classification by the eye—the ordinary popular division, and it makes no attempt at scientific pretension or profundity. As having conscious life, these new creatures of God’s love are blessed by Him, and have their place and purpose in the order of being defined and established. The net result of the day is the formation of fowls and fishes.

The sixth day, like the third, includes two works—the land animals and man. The representation admirably expresses their intimate relationship and yet essential distinction. The animals are graphically divided into the domestic quadrupeds, the small creatures that creep and crawl, and the wild beasts of the field. The classification is as little scientific in intention or substance as is the general arrangement into birds, fishes, and beasts, which of course traverses radically alike the historical order of palæontology and the physiological grouping of zoology. The narrative simply adopts the natural grouping of observation and popular speech, because that suffices, and best suits its purpose. With a wonderful simplicity, yet with consummate effect, man is portrayed as the climax and crown of creation. Made in the image and likeness of God, he is clothed with sovereign might and dominion over all the elements and contents of Nature. The personal, conscious counterpart and child of God, he stands at the other end of the chain of creation, and with answering intelligence and love looks back adoringly to his great

Father in the heavens. Mention is made of lesser matters, such as sex and food; but manifestly the supreme interest of the delineation is ethical and religious. Science is no more contemplated as an ingredient in the conception than prose is in poetry. With the making of man the circle of creation is complete, and the finished perfection of the whole as well as the parts is expressed in the superlative declaration that "God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." The net result of the sixth day is the formation of the land animals, and man.

The six days of creative activity are followed by a seventh of Divine repose. On the seventh day God rested; or, as it is more fully worded in Exodus (xxxi. 17), God "rested and was refreshed." It is a daring anthropomorphism, and at the same time a master-stroke of inspired genius. What a philosophical dissertation hardly could accomplish, it achieves by one simple image. For our thought of God, the idea performs the same service as the institution of the Sabbath does for our souls and bodies. The weekly day of rest is the salvation of our personality from enslavement in material toil. During six days the toiler is tired, bent and bowed, to his post in the vast machinery of the world's work. On the seventh all is stopped, and he is free to lift himself erect to the full stature of his manhood, to expand the loftier elements of his being, to re-assert his freedom, and realize his superiority over what is mechanical, secular, and earthly. What in the progressive portraiture of creation is the effect of this sudden declaration that the Creator rested? Why, an intensely powerful reminder of the free, conscious, and personal nature of His action. And this impression of such unique value is secured precisely by the anthropomorphism, as no philosophical disquisition could have done it. The blot and blemish of all metaphysical delineation is that personalities get obliterated and swallowed up in general principles and impersonal abstractions. In all other cosmogonies of any intellectual pretension the process of creation is presented as passive, or necessitarian, or pantheistic, and invariably the free personality of the Creator becomes entangled in His work, or entirely vanishes. By this stroke of inspired imagination the Bible story rescues from all such risks and degradations our thought of the Creator, and at its close leaves us face to face with our Divine Maker as free, personal, living, loving, and conscious as we are ourselves.

We have now got what is, I trust, a fairly accurate and complete summary of the contents of the narrative. It is not necessary for our purpose to discuss its relations to the pagan cosmogonies. From the sameness everywhere of the human eye, mind, and fancy, certain conceptions are common property. There is probably a special kinship between the Biblical and the Babylonian and Phœnician ac-

counts. But with all respect for enthusiastic decipherers, we make bold to believe, with more sober-minded critics, that the first chapter of Genesis owes very little to Babylonian mythology, and very much indeed to Hebrew thought and the revealing Spirit of God. The chapter strikingly lacks the characteristic marks of myth, and is on the face of it a masterpiece of exquisite artistic workmanship and profound religious inspiration. Proof of this has appeared in plenty during our brief study of its structure and contents. Let us proceed to use the results of analysis to determine some more general characteristics of its structure and design.

The process of creation is portrayed in six great steps or stages. Is this order put forward as corresponding with the physical course of events? and, further, does it tally with the order stamped in the record of the rocks? Replying to the second question first, it must be admitted that, *prima facie*, the Bible sequence does not appear to be in unison with the geological. Of attempted reconciliations there is an almost endless variety, but, unfortunately, among the harmonies themselves there is no harmony. At the present moment there is none that has gained general acceptance: a few possess each the allegiance of a handful of partisans; the greater number command the confidence only of their respective authors, and some not even that. It is needless to discuss these reconciliations, because if geology is trustworthy in its main results, and if our interpretation of the meaning of Genesis is at all correct, correspondence in order and detail is impossible. If the order of Genesis was meant as science, then geology and Genesis are at issue; but, on the other hand, if the sequence in Genesis was never meant to be physical, the wrong lies with ourselves, who have searched for geology where we should have looked for religion, and have, with the best intentions, persisted in trying to turn the Bible bread of life into the arid stone of science. Now, we venture to suggest that in drafting this chapter the ruling formative thought was not chronology. It must be remembered that the narrative was under no obligation to follow the order of actual occurrence, unless that best suited its purpose. Zoology does not group the animals in the order of their emergence into existence, but classifies and discusses them in a very different sequence, adopted to exhibit their structural and functional affinities. If the design of Genesis was not to inform us about historical geology, but reveal and enforce religious truth, it might well be that a literary or a logical, and not a chronological, arrangement might best serve its end. As a matter of fact, the order chosen is not primarily historical. Another quite different and very beautiful idea has fashioned, and is enshrined in, the arrangement.

Looking at our analysis of their contents, we perceive that the six days fall into two parallel sets of three, whose members finely cor-

respond. The first set presents us with three vast empty tenements or habitations, and the second set furnishes these with occupants. The first day gives us the sphere of light; the fourth day tenants it with sun, moon, and stars. The second day presents the realm of air and water; the fifth day supplies the inhabitants—birds and fishes. The third day produces the habitable dry land; and the sixth day stocks it with the animals and man. The idea of this arrangement is, on the face of it, literary and logical. It is chosen for its comprehensive, all-inclusive completeness. To declare of every part and atom of Nature that is the making of God, the author passes in procession the great elements or spheres which the human mind everywhere conceives as making up our world, and pronounces them one by one God's creation. Then he makes an inventory of their entire furniture and contents, and asserts that all these likewise are the work of God. For his purpose—which is to declare the universal creatorship of God and the uniform creaturehood of all Nature—the order and classification are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. With a masterly survey that marks everything and omits nothing, he sweeps the whole category of created existence, collects the scattered leaves into six congruous groups, encloses each in a compact and uniform binding, and then on the back of the numbered and ordered volumes stamps the great title and declaration that they are, one and all, in every jot, and tittle, and shred, and fragment, the works of their Almighty Author, and of none beside.

With the figment of a supposed physical order vanishes also the difficulty of the days. Their use is not literal, but ideal and pictorial. That the author was not thinking of actual days of twenty-four hours, with a matter-of-fact dawning of morning and darkening of evening, is evident from the fact that he does not bring the sun (the lord of the day) into action till three have already elapsed, and later on he exhibits the sun as itself the product of one of them. Neither is it possible that the days stand for geological epochs, for by no wrenching and racking can they be made to correspond. Moreover, it is quite certain that the author would have revolted against the expansion of his timeless acts of creative omnipotence into long ages of slow evolution, since the keynote of the literary significance and sublimity of his delineation is its exhibition of the created result following in instantaneous sequence on the creative fiat. The actual meaning underlying the use of the days is suggested in the rubrical character of the refrain, as it appears rounding off and ending each fresh stage of the narration—"And there was evening, and there was morning—day one, day two, day three," and so on. The great sections of Nature are to be made pass in a panorama of pictures, and to be presented, each for itself, as the distinct act of God. It is desirable to enclose each of these pictures in a frame, clear-cut and complete.

The natural unit and division of human toil is a day. In the words of the poet,

"Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close."

In Old Testament parlance, any great achievement or outstanding event is spoken of as "a day." A decisive battle is known as "the day of Midian." God's intervention in human history is "the day of the Lord." When the author of the first chapter of Genesis would present the several elements of Nature as one and all the outcome of God's creative energy, the successive links of the chain are depicted as days. Where we should say "End of Part I.," he says "And there was evening and there was morning—day one." Moreover, it is needless to point out how finely from this presentation of the timeless facts of creation in a framework of days emerges the majestic truth that, not in the dead order of nature, nor in the mere movement of the stars, but in the nature and will of God, who made man in His image, must be sought the ultimate origin, sanction, and archetype of that salutary law which divides man's life on earth into fixed periods of toil, rounded and crowned by a Sabbath of repose.

If this understanding of the structural arrangement of the chapter be correct, we have reached an important and significant conclusion regarding the author's method and design. He does not suppose himself to be giving the matter-of-fact sequence of creation's stages. His interest does not lie in that direction. His sole concern is to declare that Nature, in bulk and in detail, is the manufacture of God. His plan does not include, but *ipso facto* excludes conformity with the material order and process. He writes as a theologian, and not as a scientist or historian. Starting from this fixed point, let us note the outstanding features and engrossing interest of his delineation. We shall find them in the phrases that, like a refrain, run through the narrative and form its keynotes, and finally in the resultant impression left by its general tenor and purport.

The recurrent keynotes of the narrative are three: God's naming His works, His declaration of their goodness, and the swift formula of achievement—"and it was so." The naming is not a childish triviality, nor a mere graphic touch or poetical ornament. It does not mean that God attached to His works the vocables by which in Hebrew they are known. Its significance appears in the definition of function into which in the latter episodes it is expanded. Name in Hebrew speech is equivalent to Nature. When the story pictures God as naming His works, it vividly brings into relief the fixed law and order that pervade the universe. And by the picturesque—if you will, anthropomorphic—fashion of the statement, it attains an effect beyond science or metaphysics, inasmuch as it irresistibly

portrays this order of Nature as originating in the personal act of God, and directly inspired by and informed with His own effluent love of what is good and true and orderly. Thus the great truth of the fixity of Nature is presented, not as a fact of science or a quality of matter, but as rooted in and reflecting a majestic attribute of the character of God. The interest is not scientific, but religious. In like fashion, the unfailing declaration of goodness, though it might seem a small detail, is replete with practical and religious significance.

The pagan doctrines of creation are all more or less contaminated by dualistic or Manichean conceptions. The good Creator is baffled, thwarted, and impeded by a brutish or malignant tendency in matter, which on the one hand mars the perfection of creation, and on the other hand inserts in the physical order of things elements of hostility and malevolence to man. It is a thought that at once degrades the Creator and denudes Nature, as man's abode, of its beauty, comfort and kindliness. How different is it in the Bible picture of creation! This God has outside Himself no rival, experiences no resistance nor contradiction, knows no failure nor imperfection in His handiwork; but what He wishes He wills, and what He commands is done, and the result answers absolutely to the intention of His wisdom, love and power. In its relation to its Maker, the work is free from any flaw. In its relation to man, it contains nothing malevolent or maleficent. It is good. And, once again, mark with what skill in the delineation the light is thrown, not on the work, but on the Worker, and the goodness of creation becomes but a mirror to drink in and flash forth the infinite wisdom, might, and goodness of its Divine Maker. Here also the interest is not metaphysical, but practical and religious.

A third commanding aim of the narrative appears in the significant and striking use of the formula—"and it was so." With absolute uniformity the Divine fiat is immediately followed by the physical fulfillment. There is no painting of the process, no delineation of slow and gradual operations of material forces. Not once is there any mention of secondary causes, nor the faintest suggestion of intermediate agencies. The Creator wills; the thing is. In this exclusion from the scene of all subordinate studies there is artistic design—profound design. The picture becomes one, not of scenery, but of action. It is not a landscape, but a portrait. The canvas contains but two solitary objects, the Creator and His work. The effect is to throw out of sight methods, materials, processes, and to throw into intense relief the act and the Actor. And the supreme and ultimate result on the beholder's mind is to produce a quite overpowering and majestic impression of the glorious personality of the Creator.

Here we have reached the sovereign theme of the narrative, and

have detected the false note that is struck at the outset of every attempt to interpret it as in any degree or fashion a physical record of creation. In very deed and truth the concern of the chapter is not creation, but the character, being, and glory of the Almighty Maker. If we excerpt God's speeches and the rubrical formulas, the chapter consists of one continuous chain of verbs, instinct with life and motion, linked on in swift succession, and with hardly an exception the subject of every one of them is God. It is one long adoring delineation of God loving, yearning, willing, working in creation. Its interest is not in the work, but the Worker. Its subject is not creation, but the Creator. What it gives is not a world, but a God. It is not geology. It is theology.

Why do we so assert, accentuate, and reiterate this to be the central theme of the chapter? Because through the scientific trend and bias of modern inquiry the essential design of the chapter has got warped, cramped, and twisted till its majestic features have been pushed almost clean out of view, and all attention is concentrated on one trivial, mean, and unreal point in its physiognomy. Its claim to be accounted an integral part of a real revelation is made to hinge on its magical anticipation of, and detailed correspondence with, the changeful theories of modern geology. The idea is, in our humble but decided opinion, dangerous, baseless, and indefensible. The chapter may not forestall one single scientific discovery. It may not tally with one axiom or dogma of geology. Nevertheless, it remains a unique, undeniable, and glorious monument of revelation, second only in worth and splendor to the record of God's incarnation of His whole heart and being in the person of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer.

Consider what this chapter has actually accomplished in the world, and set that against all theories of what it ought to be doing. For our knowledge of the true God and the realization of mankind's higher life it has done a work beside which any question of correspondence or non-correspondence with science sinks into unmentionable insignificance. Place side by side with it the chiefest and best of the Pagan cosmogonies, and appreciate its sweetness, purity, and elevation over against their grotesqueness, their shallowness, and their degradation alike of the human and the Divine. Realize the world whose darkness they re-echo, the world into which emerged this radiant picture of God's glory and man's dignity, and think what it has done for that poor world. It found heaven filled with a horde of gods—monstrous, impure, and horrible, gigantic embodiments of brute force and lust, or at best cold abstractions of cosmical principles, whom men could fear, but not love, honor, or revere. It found man in a world dark and unhomelike, bowing down in abject worship to beasts and birds, and stocks and stones, trembling with

craven cowardice before the elements and forces of Nature, enslaved in a degrading bondage of physical superstition, fetishism, and polytheism. With one sweep of inspired might the truth enshrined in this chapter has changed all that, wherever it has come. It has cleansed the heaven of those foul gods and monstrous worships, and leaves men on bended knees in the presence of the one true God, their Father in heaven, who made the world for their use, and then for Himself, and whose tender mercies are over all His works. From moral and mental slavery it has emancipated man, for it has taken the physical objects of his fear and worship, and, dashing them down from their usurped pre-eminence, has put them all under his feet, to be his ministers and servants in working out on earth his eternal destiny. These conceptions of God, Man, and Nature have been the regeneration of humanity; the springs of progress in science, invention, and civilization; the charter of the dignity of human life, and the foundation of liberty, virtue, and religion. The man who in view of such a record can ask with anxious concern whether a revelation, carrying in its bosom such a wealth of heavenly truth, does not also have concealed in its shoe a bird's-eye view of geology, must surely be a man blind to all literary likelihood, destitute of any sense of congruity and the general fitness of things, and cannot but seem to us as one that mocks. The chapter's title to be reckoned a revelation rests on no such magical and recondite quality, but is stamped four-square on the face of its essential character and contents. Whence could this absolutely unique conception of God, in His relation to the world and man, have been derived except from God Himself? Whence into a world so dark, and void, and formless, did it emerge fair and radiant? There is no answer but one. God said, "Let there be light; and there was light."

The specific revelation of the first chapter of Genesis must be sought in its moral and spiritual contents. But may there not be, in addition, worked into its material framework, some anticipation of scientific truths that have since come to light? What were the good of it, when the Divine message could be wholly and better expressed by the sole use of popular language, intelligible in every age and by all classes? It is dignified to depict the spirit of inspiration standing on tiptoe, and straining to speak, across the long millenniums and over the head of the world's childhood, to the wise and learned scientists of the nineteenth century? It is never the manner of Scripture to anticipate natural research, or to forestall human industry. God means men to discover physical truth from the great book of Nature. What truth of science, what mechanical invention, what beneficent discovery in medicine, agriculture, navigation, or any other art or industry, has ever been gleaned from study of the Bible? Not one. These things lie outside the scope of

revelation, and God is the God of order. Moreover, in Scripture itself the framework of the chapter is not counted dogmatic nor uniformly adhered to. In the second chapter of Genesis, in Job, in the Psalms, and in Proverbs there are manifold deviations and variations. The material setting is handled with the freedom applicable to the pictorial dress of a parable, wherein things transcendental are depicted in earthly symbols. In truth, this is essentially the character of the composition.

We have seen that the delineation, classification, and arrangement are not scientific and not philosophical, but popular, practical, and religious. It is everywhere manifest that the interest is not in the process of creation, but in the fact of its origination in God. While science lingers on the physical operation, Genesis designedly overleaps it, for the same reason that the Gospels do not deign to suggest the material substratum of Christ's miracles. Creation is a composite process. It begins in the spiritual world and terminates in the material. It is in its first stage supernatural; in its second, natural. It originates in God desiring, decreeing, issuing formative force; it proceeds in matter, moving, cohering, moulding, and shaping. Revelation and science regard it from opposite ends. The one looks at it from its beginning, the other from its termination. The Bible shows us God creating; geology shows us the world being created. Scripture deals solely with the first stage, science solely with the second. Where Scripture stops there science first begins. Contradiction, conflict, collision are impossible. In the words of the Duke of Argyll:—

“The first chapter of Genesis stands alone among the traditions of mankind in the wonderful simplicity and grandeur of its words. Specially remarkable—miraculous, it really seems to me—is that character of reserve which leaves open to reason all that reason may be able to attain. The meaning of these words seems always to be a meaning ahead of science, not because it anticipates the results of science, but because it is independent of them, and runs, as it were, round the outer margin of all possible discovery.”

May we not safely extend this finding to the entire Bible, and on these lines define its relation to modern thought? Its supernatural revelation is purely and absolutely ethical and spiritual. In questions physical and metaphysical it has no concern and utters no voice. With the achievements of science it never competes, nor can it be contradicted by them. It encourages its researches, ennobles its aspirations, crowns and completes its discoveries. Into the dead body of physical truth it puts the living soul of faith in the Divine Author. Like the blue heaven surrounding and spanning over the green earth, revelation over-arches and encircles science. Within that infinite embrace, beneath that spacious dome, drawing from its azure depths light and life and fructifying warmth, science, unhindered and unhindered, works out its majestic mission of blessing to

men and glory to God. Collision there can be none till the earth strike the sky. The message of the Bible is a message from God's heart to ours. It cannot be proved by reason nor can it be disproved. It appears, not to sight, but to faith, and belongs to the realm of spirit, and not to that of sense. Science may have much to alter in our notions of its earthly embodiment, but its essential contents it cannot touch. That is not theory, but reality. It is not philosophy, but life; not flesh, but spirit. It is the living, breathing, feeling love of God become articulate. It needs no evidence of sense. In the immutable instincts of the human heart it has its attestation, and in a life of responsive love it finds an unfailing verification. It rests on a basis no sane criticism can undermine nor solid science shake. Happy the man whose faith has found this fixed foundation, and whose heart possesses this adamant certainty: "He shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And he rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."—PROF. W. GRAY ELMSLIE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

CAPTURED BRIDES IN FAR CATHAY.

HISTORY tells us that there are almost as many ways of marrying a wife as there are roads to Rome. When the world was young, capture was the form which commended itself to young men in the older continents, just as at the present day Australian youths depend on the strength of their right arm for their supply of consorts. But the advance of civilization has changed all that, and by a constant succession of progressive stages, the rite has reached the highest pitch of development, in which the liberty of choice is allowed its fullest latitude. But there is yet some old leaven remaining; and as traces of ancient sun-worship are still unconsciously preserved in ecclesiastical architecture, so in the most complex marriage rite of modern days, a survival of the primitive practice of capture is plainly observable. The bridegroom takes his "best man"—that is to say, the strongest and most daring among his associates—and goes to carry off his bride in defiance of her protecting bridesmaids, who, in these degenerate days, exhaust their energies by hurling satin shoes at the retreating but triumphant bridegroom.

"Lo, how the woman once was wooed!
Forth leapt the savage from his lair,
He felled her, and to nuptials rude
He dragged her, bleeding, by the hair,
From that to Chloe's dainty wiles,
And Portia's dignified consent,
What distance?"

Ay, so great a distance, that we Westerns can scarcely recognize in the modern rite of holy Mother Church the root from which it sprang; but in the East, that treasury of antiquities, we find the stages in the long road which separates the two extremes clearly marked out and still serving as halting-places for the people who are perpetually marching onward to a higher goal. The Kirghis, for instance, are still at the end only of the first lap in the race. The wild savagery of the primitive assault has disappeared, and a preliminary understanding between the friends of the bride and her suitors has been arrived at, but still the prize has to be won by capture; and so on the wedding day the bride mounts a swift horse and starts from the door of her father's tent, pursued by all the young men who make pretensions to her hand. The one who catches her claims her as his own; and as, in addition to the protecting fleetness of her horse, she has the right of defending herself with her whip against unwelcome suitors, the invariable result follows that the favored lover is the successful one.

On a par with these dwellers in the desert are certain tribes of Lolos of Western China, among whom it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning, to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes, and pinches from the dowagers; and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride, that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate but communicating compartments. At a given signal, so soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, "tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them." As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.

The capture assumes another and a commoner form among other Lolo tribes of China, by whom the rite is ordinarily spread over several days. During the long-drawn-out function, alternate feasting and lamentation are the order of the day—a kind of antiphonal chant being kept up at intervals between the parents and their daughter. Mr. E. C. Baber, in his *Travels and Researches in the Interior of China*, says;

"A crisis of tearfulness ensues, when suddenly the brothers, cousins, and friends of the husband burst upon the scene with tumult and loud shouting, seize the almost distraught maid, place her pick-a-back on the shoulders of the 'best man,' carry her hurriedly and violently away, and mount her on a horse, which gallops off to her new home. Violence is rather more than simulated; for though the male friends of the bride only repel the attacking party with showers of flour and wood-ashes, the attendants are armed with sticks, which they have the fullest liberty to wield."

Traces of the same primitive custom are observable in the marriages of the Miao tribes in south-western China. The women of one tribe, without waiting for the attack, simulated or otherwise, of their wooers, go through the wedding ceremonies, such as they are, with disheveled hair and naked feet. Other branches of the same people dispense with every form of marriage rite. With the return of each spring the marriageable lads and lasses erect a "devil's staff," or May-pole, decked with ribbons and flowers, and dance round it to the tune of the men's castanets. Choice is made by the young men of the particular maids who take their fancy, and if these reciprocate the admiration of their wooers, the pairs stray off to the neighboring hills and valleys for the enjoyment of a short honey-moon, after which the husbands seek out their brides' parents, and agree as to the amount in kind which they shall pay them as compensation for the loss of their daughters. Among other clans the young people repair to the hillsides in the "leaping month," and play at catch with colored balls adorned with long strings. The act of tying two balls together, with the consent of the owners of both, is considered a sufficient preliminary for the same kind of *al fresco* marriage as that just described. In the province of Kwang-se a kind of official sanction is given these spontaneous alliances. The young men and women of the neighboring aboriginal tribes assemble on a given day in the courtyards of the prefects' *yamuns*, and seat themselves on the ground, the men on one side of the yards and the women on the other. As his inclination suggests, each young man crosses over and seats himself by the lady of his choice. He then, in the words of the Chinese historian, "breathes into her mouth;" and if this attention is accepted in good part, the couple pair off without more ado. The act thus described is probably that of kissing; but as that form of salutation is entirely unknown among the Chinese, the historian is driven to describe it by a circumlocution.

In the province of Yunnan the native tribes have adopted much of the Chinese ceremonial, though they still preserve some of their peculiar customs. By these people much virtue is held to be in the bath taken by the bride on her wedding morning, and in the unctuous anointment of her whole body with rose-maloes which succeeds the ablution. But among the Kakhyens on the Burmese frontier, the relics of capture become again conspicuous. When the day which

is to make a Kakhyen young man and maiden one arrives, we are told by Dr. Anderson, in his *Mandelay to Monson*—

“Five young men and girls set out from the bridegroom’s village to that of the bride, where they wait till nightfall in a neighboring house. At dusk the bride is brought thither by one of the stranger girls, as it were, without the knowledge of her parents, and told that these men have come to claim her. They all set out at once for the bridegroom’s village. In the morning the bride is placed under a closed canopy outside the bridegroom’s house. Presently there arrives a party of young men from her village, to search, as they say, for one of their girls who has been stolen. They are invited to look under the canopy, and bidden, if they wish, to take the girl away; but, they reply, ‘It is well; let her remain where she is.’”

This practice is identical with the custom which prevailed among the Maoris of New Zealand before they learned from our countrymen that there were other and more civilized ways of entering the state of matrimony.

The Le people of Hainan, like the Soligas of India and the Kookies of Chittagong, have no marriage ceremony. A mutual inclination is all that is considered necessary to constitute a union, though supreme importance is attached to the outward and visible sign of the contract. The man, to mark the bride as his own, tattoos her face with a pattern which may be described as his coat of arms, it being the insignia of his family; and with the same tracery he covers her hands.

Among the lowland Formosans there is an approach in some matters to the Chinese ritual. The happy pair constitute themselves man and wife by pouring out libations to heaven and earth, and by worshiping at their ancestral shrines; but in the preliminary stage they are unhampered by any such civilized custom. The young man having fixed his affections on a particular maid, serenades her with all the music at his command, and she, if she favors his suit, allows herself to be enticed by the melody into his company. But after the manner of the Turkomans, so soon as the marriage ceremony is over the bride returns to her father’s house, and the husband is only permitted to hold communication with her by stealth, going at nightfall to her home, and returning at early dawn, until he has reached the age of forty, or until her first child is born. After either of these events she assumes her natural place as mistress of his household.

Although one and all of these customs are held in supreme contempt by orthodox Chinamen, they themselves preserve in their marriage rites many traces of the ancient usage which these symbolize. For instance, a Chinese groom always sends a company of men for his bride, and very commonly at night, as though to make his assault easier and a rescue more difficult, as used to be the case in Sweden, where marriages were commonly celebrated at night and under the protection of armed men. But at the foundation of the

Chinese marriage code is the law which forbids a man to marry a bride of the same surname as himself. As each surname is supposed to represent a clan, this law of exogamy points backward to a time when even the ceremonial Chinaman captured his bride from a foreign tribe, as possibly the existence of female infanticide may be a reflection of a time when the Chinese found their daughters objects of attack and their sons sources of strength. It is a suggestive fact also, that the symbol representing the word *Sing*—a “tribe, clan, or surname”—is composed of two parts, which mean “born of a woman.” This plainly has reference to a time before the institution of marriage, when, on account of promiscuity of intercourse, or of the custom of polyandry, kinship was reckoned through the females, and not through the males. Another feature among the Chinese, which may possibly point to a polyandrous origin, is the fact that, as among the Tamul and Telugu people of Southern India, paternal uncles are usually called fathers, the eldest being *Pohfu*, or *Tafu*, “eldest father” or “great father,” and the younger *Shuhfu*, or “younger father.” But a still further piece of evidence is furnished by the circumstance that cousins are called *T'ang hiung-ti*, or “home brothers,” showing that the sons of brothers were at one time reckoned as brothers to each other.

As, however, orthodox Chinese history begins at a period when the rites of marriage were in full force, it is only by these faint echoes of a still earlier period that we can trace back the ritualistic Chinaman to the level of less civilized races. But even in Chinese history we find references to ancient sages whose mothers' names only were recognized, their fathers' being unknown even to tradition. In this difficulty, the annalists have had resort to the *deus ex machinâ*, commonly produced to explain any fact unintelligible to them, and tell us that to miracle must be ascribed the event which has dropped out of history. Thus Fuh-he (B. C. 2852–2737), the legendary founder of Chinese civilization, is said to have been conceived in consequence of his mother treading in the footstep of a god when wandering on an island in the western river. But it was by this fatherless Fuh-he that the marriage rite was, according to tradition, first instituted; and the light in which it was anciently regarded may be gathered from the symbols which at an early period were adopted to express the words signifying “to marry” as applied respectively to the marriage of the man and of the woman. The man is said to *Ts'ü* his bride—that is to say, in accordance with the gloss put on the expression by the symbol, “to seize on the woman;” while the lady is said to *Kia*, or “woman the household” of her husband.

The ceremonies employed in Chinese marriages differ widely in the various provinces and districts. In all, however, a “go between” is engaged to find, in the first instance, a fitting bride for the would-

be bridegroom; to conduct the preliminary proceedings of bringing the parents to terms; and to see to the casting of the horoscopes and the exchange of presents. The gifts presented are of infinite variety; but in almost every case a goose and a gander, the recognized emblems of conjugal fidelity, figure conspicuously among the offerings made by the bridegroom. The choice of these birds is so strange, that one is apt to consider it as one of the peculiar outcomes of the topsyturvy Chinese mind, which regards the left hand as the place of honor, and the stomach as the seat of the intellect. But this is not quite so, for we find from George Sand that at the marriage of French peasants in Berry, a goose was commonly borne in the bridegroom's procession.

For several days before the wedding the Chinese bride and her companions go through the form of uttering cries and lamentations at the prospect of the fate in store for her; but it may be safely assumed that

"What she thinks from what she'll say,
Lies far as Scotland from Cathay."

And certainly, as a rule, on the marriage-morn no traces of grief mar the features of the victim. So soon as the arrival of the "best man" is announced, a large red silk wrapper is thrown over the bride's head and face, and thus veiled she is conducted by the "best man" to the wedding sedan-chair in waiting. Accompanied by music, and escorted by forerunners and followers, she is carried to the door of her new house. As the chair stops, the bridegroom comes out and taps the door with his fan, upon which it is opened by the bridesmaids, who help the bride to alight. She is not, however, allowed to enter the house in the ordinary way, but is carried across the threshold on the back of a servant, and over a charcoal fire. The act of carrying her into the house, wrapped in her red silk covering, suggests the idea that the practice may be a survival of some such custom as that still in vogue on such occasions among the Khonds of Orissa. On this point General Campbell, in his *Personal Narrative of Service in Khondistan*, writes:—

"I saw a man bearing away upon his back something enveloped in an ample covering of scarlet cloth; he was surrounded by twenty or thirty young fellows, and by them protected from the desperate attacks made upon him by a party of young women. On seeking an explanation of this novel scene, I was told that the man had just been married, and his precious burden was his blooming bride, whom he was conveying to his own village."

What may be the meaning of lifting the bride over a charcoal fire it is difficult to say. It has been suggested that it may either be an act of purification, or the fire may possibly have been originally intended to serve as a bar against the rescuing force, and to prevent the possibility of escape on the part of the bride. But having once

been safely deposited in the reception hall, the lady prostrates herself before her husband, and submits to have her red veil lifted by her lord with a fan—a custom which, again, finds a parallel among the peasants of Berry, where, we are told, “On assyait trois jeunes filles avec la mariée sur un banc, on les couvrait d’un drap, et, sans les toucher autrement qu’avec une petite baguette, le marié devait, du premier coup d’œil, deviner et désigner sa femme.” Worshipping heaven, earth, and their ancestors, followed by a mutual pledge in wine, completes the ceremony, after which, among the well-to-do classes, the young people take up their abode in the household of the husband’s parents. In some parts of the Canton province, however, it is the custom, as also among the Formosans, for the bride to return to her father’s house immediately on the conclusion of the marriage ceremony. In such cases the husband is for three years only allowed to gain stolen interviews with his wife, and it is only at the end of that period that she becomes part of his household.

The adoption of these more permissive forms of marriage has had the unexpected effect of encouraging young girls to protest against the evils arising from the prevailing system of concubinage, by rebelling against marriage altogether, and the result has been the formation in parts of the Canton province of large and increasing anti-matrimonial associations.

“The existence of the Amazonian League has long been known, but as to its rules and the number of its members, no definite information has come to hand. It is composed of young widows and marriageable girls. Dark hints are given as to the methods used to escape matrimony. The sudden demise of betrothed husbands, or the abrupt ending of the newly married husband’s career, suggest unlawful means for dissolving the bonds.”

Even when compelled to submit to marriage, says Mr. B. C. Henry in his *Ling-nam; or Interior Views of Southern China*, “they still maintain their powers of will. It is a common saying that when a man marries a Sai-tsin woman, he makes up his mind to submit to her demands. The same characteristics are said to prevail among the women of Loong-Kong, the next large town to the south, one of their demands being that the husband must go to the wife’s home to live, or else live without her company.” The effect produced by this petticoat rebellion upon local society has been to reduce it to its original elements—a condition of things which, in the old world, would have suggested the necessity of marriage by capture in its most primitive form.—*Blackwood’s Magazine*.

THE TIME IT TAKES TO THINK.

ALL science is partly descriptive and partly theoretical. Care must, however, be taken lest too much theory be built up without sufficient foundation of fact, or there is danger of erecting pseudo-sciences, such as astrology and alchemy. The theories of the conservation of energy and of the evolution of species are more interesting to us than the separate facts of physics and biology, but facts should be gathered before theories are made. The way of truth is a long way, and short cuts are apt to waste more time than they save. Psychology is the last of the sciences, and its present business seems to be the investigation of the facts of consciousness by means of observation and experiment. Everywhere in science experiment is worth more than observation; it is said that the evidence in pathology is so contradictory, that almost anything can be proved by clinical cases. Psychology, owing to its very nature, must always depend largely on observation for its facts, and some progress has been made in spite of the difficulties lying in the way of introspection and the correct interpretation of the actions of others. The application of experimental methods to the study of mind is, however, an important step in advance, and would seem to be a conclusive answer to those who, with Kant, hold that psychology can never become an exact science. I propose explaining here how we can measure the time it takes to think, and hope this example may show that the first-fruits of experimental psychology are not altogether insignificant or uninteresting. Just as the astronomer measures the distance to the stars and the chemist finds atomic weights, so the psychologist can determine the time taken up by our mental processes. It seems to me the psychical facts are not less important than the physical; for it must be borne in mind that the faster we think, the more we live in the same number of years.

It is not possible directly to measure the time taken up by mental processes, for we cannot record the moment either of their beginning or of their end. We must determine the interval between the production of some external change which excites mental processes, and a movement made after these processes have taken place. Thus, if people join hands in a circle, and one of them, A, presses the hand of his neighbor, B, and he as soon as possible afterward the hand of C, and so on round and round, the second pressure will be felt by each of the persons at an interval after the first, the time depending on the number of people in the circle. After the hand of one of the persons has been pressed an interval very nearly constant in length passes before he can press the hand of his neighbor. This interval, which we may call the reaction-time, is made up of a number of

factors. A period elapses before the pressure is changed into a nervous message or impulse. This time is very short in the case of touch; but light working on the retina seems to effect chemical changes in it, and these take up some little time, probably about one-fiftieth of a second. After a nervous impulse has been generated it moves along the nerve and spinal cord to the brain, not traveling with immense rapidity like light, but at the rate of an express train. In the brain it must move on to a center having to do with sensation, where changes are brought about, through which a further impulse is sent on to a center having to do with motion, and a motor impulse having been prepared there is sent down to the hand. Another pause, of from one two-hundredth to one-hundredth of a second now occurs, while the muscle is being excited, after which the fingers are contracted and the reaction is complete. The entire time required is usually from one-tenth to one-fifth of a second. The reaction-time varies in length with different individuals and for the several senses, but as long as the conditions remain the same the times are very constant, only varying a few thousandths of a second from each other. One may wonder how it is possible to measure such short times and with such great accuracy. It would not be easy if we had not the aid of electricity; but when it is called to mind that a movement made in London is almost instantaneously registered in Edinburgh, it will not seem inconceivable that we can record to the thousandth of a second the instant a sense-stimulus is produced and the instant a movement is made. The time passing between these two events can be measured by letting a tuning-fork write on a revolving drum. The tuning-fork can be regulated to vibrate with great exactness, say five hundred times a second; it writes a wavy line on the drum, each undulation long enough to be divided into twenty equal parts, and thus time can be measured to the ten-thousandth of a second.

The psychologist is chiefly interested in what goes on in the brain and mind. It seems that about one-half of the entire reaction-time is spent while brain changes take place, but we know very little as to these changes, or as to how the time is to be allotted among them. It is probable that in the case of the simple reaction the movement can be initiated before the nature of the impression has been perceived. We can, however, so arrange the conditions of experiment that the observer must know what he has seen, or heard, or felt, before he makes the movement. He can, for example, be shown one of a number of colors, and not knowing beforehand which to expect, be required to lift his finger only when red is presented. By making certain analyses and subtracting the time of the simple reaction from the time in the more complex case, it is possible to determine with considerable accuracy the time it takes to *perceive*, that is, the time passing from the moment at which an impression has reached con-

sciousness until the moment at which we know what it is. In my own case about one-twentieth of a second is needed to see a white light, one-tenth of a second to see a color or picture, one-eighth of a second to see a letter, and one-seventh of a second to see a word. It takes longer to see a rare word than to see a common one, or a word in a foreign language than one in our native tongue. It even takes longer to see some letters than others.

The time taken up in choosing a motion, the "will-time," can be measured as well as the time taken up in perceiving. If I do not know which of two colored lights is to be presented, and must lift my right hand if it be red and my left hand if it be blue, I need about one-thirteenth of a second to initiate the correct motion. I have also been able to register the sound waves made in the air by speaking, and thus have determined that in order to call up the name belonging to a printed word I need about one-ninth of a second; to a letter one-sixth of a second; to a picture one-fourth of a second; and to a color one-third of a second. A letter can be seen more quickly than a word, but we are so used to reading aloud that the process has become quite automatic, and a word can be read with greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. The same experiments made on other persons give times differing but little from my own. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged, and in the uneducated.

It is possible, further, to measure the time taken up in remembering, in forming a judgment, and in the association of ideas. Though familiar with German, I need on the average one-seventh of a second longer to name an object in that language than in English. I need about one-fourth of a second to translate a word from German into English, and one-twentieth of a second longer to translate in the reverse direction. This shows that foreign languages take up much time even after they have been learned, and may lead us once more to weigh the gain and loss of a polyglot mental life. It takes about two-fifths of a second to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated, or the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the name of next month in half the time we need to think of the name of last month. It takes on the average one-third of a second to add numbers consisting of one digit, and a half-second to multiply them. Such experiments give us considerable insight into the mind. Those used to reckoning can add two to three in less time than others; those familiar with literature can remember more quickly than others that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. In the cases which we have just been considering a question was asked admitting of but one answer, the mental process being simply an act of memory. It is also possible to ask a question that allows of several answers, and in this case a little more

time is needed; it takes longer to mention a month when a season has been given than to say to what month a season belongs. The mind can also be given still further liberty; for example, a quality of a substantive, of a subject or object for a verb, can be required. It takes about one-tenth of a second longer to find a subject than to find an object; in our ordinary thinking and talking we go on from the verb to the object. If a particular example of a class of objects has to be found, as "Thames" when "river" is given, on the average a little more than a half-second is needed. In this case one nearly always mentions an object immediately at hand, or one identified with one's early home; this shows that the mind is apt to recur either to very recent or to early associations. Again, I need one second to find a rhyme, one-fifth of a second longer to find an alliteration. The time taken up in pronouncing an opinion or judgment proved to be shorter than I had expected; I need only about a half-second to estimate the length of a line, or to say which of two eminent men I think is the greater.

Our thoughts do not come and go at random, but one idea suggests another, according to laws which are probably no less fixed than the laws prevailing in the physical world. Conditions somewhat similar to those of our ordinary thinking are obtained, if on seeing or hearing a word we say what it suggests to us. We can note the nature of the association and measure the time it takes up, and thus get results more definite and of greater scientific value than would be possible through mere introspection or observation. By making a large number of experiments, data for laws of association can be collected. Thus if a thousand persons say what idea is suggested to them by the word "Art," the results may be so classified that both the nature of the association and the time it occupies throw much light on the way people usually think. Such experiments are useful in studying the development of the child's mind; they help us to understand the differences in thought brought about by various methods of education and modes of life, and in many ways they put the facts of mind into the great order, which is the world.—J. McK. CATTELL, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

KINGLAKE'S "INVASION OF THE CRIMEA."—The Crimean War lasted not quite two years, from September, 1854 to July, 1856. It was by no means a great war, either in object, execution, or results. Not so thinks Mr. Alexander William Kinglake, who has been engaged for a score of years in writing the history of the war. After the preparatory labor of several years, he put forth four volumes in 1863; a fifth volume appeared in 1875, and a sixth in 1879. And now when verging upon fourscore, the author issues the seventh and eighth

volumes of a work which he took in hand at the age of forty-five. Surely so little a war as that in the Crimea was ever so largely written about. Of this work and its author the *Pull Mall Gazette* says:—

“There is something pathetic in the spectacle which Mr. Kinglake has just presented to the world in the completion of his *History of the Invasion of the Crimea*. It affords an instance rare in our times of a brilliant author consecrating his life to the production of a single work. Mr. Kinglake has written *Eothen*, but he has put his life into his *Invasion of the Crimea*. The seventh and eighth volumes, which have just appeared, bringing the history down to its close, are an opportune reminder that even in this age of journalism and electricity we are not lacking in the famous type of the patient and laborious student who spends with unremitting zeal his allotted span of life in the production of one book. Mr. Kinglake's dedication of more than thirty years of existence to the literary task which he has just brought to its intended close carries the mind back to the days when Europe was full of pale and patient toilers who in the seclusion of their monastic cell wrought their life into their work, devoting fifty years to the illumination of a single missal. Mr. Kinglake's *History* is not unlike their work. He is an historical missal painter, and he has exhausted upon the *Invasion of the Crimea* as much patience and devotion as ever enthusiast lavished over the illustration of the Gospel or the adornment of his breviary. It is ended now. The long labor is over, and Mr. Kinglake's work is done. It used to be said that he shrank from finishing it because he felt that when his book was done his life would close. We hope that brighter days and better health may still await this literary veteran, but at present we regret to hear that age and the increasing infirmities which wait in its train give him but too much ground for fearing that his melancholy prognostic may come true. And yet why melancholy? Nothing seemed to cause Carlyle greater regret and excite more impatient resentment against the inscrutable purpose of the Unseen Powers than the fact that they kept him lingering superfluous in the world after his work was done. It may be no evil destiny, but a beneficent

Providence, which will realize Mr. Kinglake's forebodings.”

THE FOUNDER OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

—Only one specimen of the handwriting of John Harvard has been known to be in existence, and is his signature to a document deposited in the Registry of the English University of Cambridge. Another document containing his signature and that of his brother Thomas, has just been brought to light. Of this a correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes:—

“I ask a small portion of your space for the purpose of recording the discovery of an autograph of John Harvard, and also of his brother Thomas, of whom I believe no other writing has been found. The brothers, as is known, held certain property by lease from the Hospital of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London. Communications were, therefore, opened with the present authorities of the Hospital, by whom they were very kindly received, and a thorough search of the very numerous muniments of the hospital was made by direction of Sir Arnold White, the Chapter Clerk of St. Katharine's. The result, now first made public, was the bringing to light of the original counterpart lease from the hospital to ‘John Harvard, Clerke, and Thomas Harvard, Cittizen and Clothworker of London,’ of certain tenements in the parish of All-hallows, Barking, the lease bearing date July 29th, 1635, and the counterpart being executed by John Harvard and Thomas Harvard. A feature of no little interest is that this is not an antiquarian curiosity whose history has to be traced, with more or less of uncertainty and doubt, from one hand to another during a period of 250 years, but a document which not only is in legal custody, but in the selfsame custody into which it passed so soon as the ink of the signatures to it was dry, and in which, I may add, it will remain so long as it shall endure. Custody is a point the supreme importance of which will be recognized without the need of further remark from me. Thanks to permission courteously given, a facsimile, of the full size of the original—some 17 in. by 20 in.—and in the very best style, is now being executed, copies of which will very shortly be procurable.”

MR. DONNELLY AND SHAKESPEARE.—The London *Athenæum*, not long ago,

published, as a bit of "Gossip," that "in spite of the patent absurdity of the theory, Messrs. Sampson Low & Company intend to bring out Mr. Donnelly's volume." To this Messrs. Low & Company rejoin: —

"We trust you will allow us to say, that we think it would only have been fair to Mr. Donnelly, as the author, and ourselves as the publishers, of a work one-half of which is not yet printed, had you suspended your judgment as to this 'patent absurdity,' until the complete volumes had been in your hands. It may interest some of your readers to be informed that the writer of the articles in the *Daily Telegraph* has not seen a sixth part of the proof-sheets of the complete work, and that only in detached portions; and yet he, stout Shakespearean though he certainly is, has been sufficiently impressed with Mr. Donnelly's intense earnestness and honesty to speak of his immense labors and extraordinary ingenuity with respect; he does not pronounce him a fool or a charlatan, as many have flippantly done without any knowledge whatever of what he has really done. For ourselves, since you, not pleasantly, point to us as the future publishers of this 'patent absurdity,' we think it is only necessary to say that, except within certain bounds of decency and respectability, we cannot be held responsible for the opinions or convictions of our authors. It will be our endeavor to put this work before the public as quickly and as decently as we can. Then you, and Mr. Donnelly, and the public can thresh the question out between you, whilst we stand and look on, holding still to the old motto, '*Magna est veritas et praevalabit.*' In a few weeks the volume will be issued."

GEORGE ELIOT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope has certainly seen a good many persons and things during the seven-and-seventy years of his life. In his recently published

book, *What I Remember*, he describes the author of *Romola*, whom he seems to have known very well:—

"She was not, as the world in general is aware, a handsome, or even a personable woman. Her face was long; the eyes not large nor beautiful in color—they were, I think, of a greyish blue—the hair, which she wore in old-fashioned braids coming low down on either side of her face, of a rather light brown. It was streaked with grey when last I saw her. Her figure was of middle height, large-boned and powerful. Lewes often said that she inherited from her peasant ancestors a frame and constitution originally very robust. Her head was finely formed, with a noble and well-balanced arch from brow to crown. The lips and mouth possessed a power of infinitely varied expression. George Lewes once said to me, when I made some observation to the effect that she had a sweet face (I meant that the face expressed great sweetness), 'You might say what a sweet hundred faces! I look at her sometimes in amazement. Her countenance is constantly changing.' The said lips and mouth were distinctly sensuous in form and fullness. She has been compared to the portraits of Savonarola (who was frightful) and of Dante (who, though stern and bitter-looking, was handsome). Something there was of both faces in George Eliot's physiognomy. Lewes told us in her presence of the exclamation uttered suddenly by some one to whom she was pointed out at a place of public entertainment: 'That,' said a by-stander, 'is George Eliot.' The gentleman to whom she was thus indicated gave one swift, searching look and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, 'Dante's aunt!' Lewes thought this happy, and he recognized the kind of likeness that was meant to the great singer of the *Divine Comedy*. She herself playfully disclaimed any resemblance to Savonarola. But, although such resemblance was very distant—Savonarola's peculiarly unbalanced countenance being a strong caricature of hers—some likeness there was."

MOHAMMEDANISM IN AFRICA.

IN the month of June last, I received a pressing and often repeated invitation from the Bishop of Lichfield, and the organizing secretaries of the Church Congress, to read a paper, during the October session of that body, on the subject of Mohammedanism in Africa. There was much that was attractive to me in the proposal. It was a question which I had studied long and deeply. I was alive to its profound interest and importance. More than this, I had published, thirteen years previously, in my lectures on *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*, certain views upon the subject, which had only dawned upon me gradually in the course of my inquiries, and were many of them, at that time, new, or almost new, to the Christian world. They were truths—if truths indeed they turn out to be—many of which had not then risen above the horizon. After much consideration I declined the invitation. I did so entirely on the ground that, during the twenty minutes allowed by the inexorable laws of the Congress, it would be impossible to give even the barest outline of the facts of Mohammedan progress in Africa, much less to draw the inferences which I should wish to draw from them, and to hedge them in with all the qualifications and reserves which so complex and so sacred a subject must needs suggest to any serious mind. By flinging the bare conclusions, at which I had ultimately arrived, at the heads of my hearers, without indicating the processes by which I had arrived at them, I should give needless offence. I should be misunderstood and misrepresented; and—what was much more important—the cause which I had most at heart, the sympathetic appreciation of a great and, after all, a kindred religion, would be retarded rather than advanced.

I gave up the project with much reluctance, and I am bound to say that that regret was intensified when, a few days ago, I came across the report, given in the newspapers, of the epigrammatic and telling paper by Canon Isaac Taylor of York, to whom, as I presume, the invitation had, on my declining it, been transferred by the authorities of the Congress. I could see, at a glance, that without, so far as appeared, any adequate preparation or study of the subject at first hand, he had rushed with headlong heedlessness upon all the dangers which had deterred or daunted me; and, what more nearly concerned me, that, while the views which he thrust on a sensitive and excited audience were as nearly as possible identical with those which, thirteen years ago, I had promulgated in my book *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*, they were couched in an exaggerated form, and without any of the modifications or explanations which I should have thought essential. Whatever Canon Isaac Taylor's intentions,

the net result of his paper has been well expressed by one of his critics, who has long lived in Algeria, thus:—

“Canon Taylor has constructed, at the expense of Christianity, a rose-colored picture of Islam, by a process of comparison in which Christianity is arraigned for failures in practice, of which Christendom is deeply and penitently conscious, no account being taken of Christian precept; while Islam is judged by its better precepts only, no account being taken of the frightful shortcomings in Mohammedan practice, even from the standard of the Koran.”

One good result, though it is difficult, under the circumstances, for me to feel any gratitude to Canon Taylor for it, may, no doubt, indirectly follow from the crudities which he promulgated before so influential a gathering. More attention has been and will be called to the subject, and out of the heated discussion which is now going on, we may hope that the truth will ultimately emerge. But even this advantage has, in the meantime, its serious drawbacks, for thoughtless and vehement eulogy naturally provokes an equally vehement and unreasoning detraction.

And now I will endeavor to do here what I could not have done in the twenty minutes allowed me by the Church Congress, and set forth, in outline at least, what I conceive to be the main facts connected with the progress of Islam in Africa; what, as appears to me, it has done, is doing, and can do—what also it cannot do—for the Negro race; what Christendom or Christianity—for the two are not, as Canon Taylor appears often to imagine, synonymous and convertible terms—have done, or not done, or may yet do for them; what attitude, in view of these facts and inferences, should be taken by Christians in reference to the great opposing, and yet kindred, creed, and how, in particular, Christian missions will be affected thereby. If I often appear to agree with Canon Taylor in his statements and conclusions, it is little wonder, for, in so doing, I am only agreeing with myself, and seem to be hearing my own book of years past read aloud to me. If I differ from him, as I sometimes shall, it is, partly, for the reasons which I have already indicated; partly also, because in the thirteen years which have passed since the first edition of my book appeared, I have, as far as possible, amid other permanent occupations and special studies, not shut my eyes or ears to what was going on in Africa. As the result of what I then wrote on the subject, it has been my happiness to receive many private communications, and to form many intimate friendships with Negro missionaries, Negro philanthropists and Negro princes. In particular, I have been in frequent communication, both by letter and in person, with Mr. Edward Blyden, whom I regard as one of the most remarkable men, and whose book, entitled *Christianity, Moham-medanism, and the Negro Race*,* which has recently appeared, I

* See LIBRARY MAGAZINE, December, 1887,

regard, taking into consideration all the circumstances, as one of the most remarkable books I have ever met.

Many scattered lights have, no doubt, been thrown upon the complex questions connected with the condition of Africa and its religious future by the long line of enterprising travelers, of self-sacrificing missionaries, of earnest philanthropists who have visited the country, from the times of Ibn Batuta or Leo Africanus down to those of Mungo Park or Barth, Moffat or Livingstone. These men have gone to Africa, have traveled or lived among the natives, have studied their manners, have endeavored to sympathize with and understand them, and have come back to their homes, laden with the guesses, the hopes, or the fears, the difficulties, the dangers, or the disappointments, which any attempt to grapple with so vast a problem must needs involve. But, hitherto, no light has shone, no voice has come, audible at all events to the outer world, from Africa itself. It is in the pages of Mr. Blyden's book that the great dumb, dark continent has, at last begun to speak, and in tones which, if I mistake not, even those who most differ from his conclusions will be glad to listen to and wise to ponder. The essays they contain have been written at very different times and cover widely different portions of the African field, but they are all inspired by a common purpose, and converge toward the same conclusions, and in their pathos and their passion, their patriotic enthusiasm and their philosophic calm, their range of sympathy and their genuine reserve of power, they will, I think, quite irrespective of the importance of the questions which they handle, arrest the attention of even the most casual reader.

If ever any one spoke upon his special subject with a right to be heard upon it, it is Mr. Blyden, and, for this simple reason, that his whole life has been a preparation for it. With physical energy, and literary ability, and general intellectual power, which, had he been a European, would have enabled him to fill and to adorn almost any public post, a great traveler and an accomplished linguist, equally familiar with Hebrew and Arabic, with Greek and Latin, with five European and with several African languages, he has deliberately chosen to consecrate all his gifts to what must, once and again in his career, have seemed to him an almost thankless and hopeless task, the elevation and regeneration of his race. A Negro of the Negroes, and keenly alive to their sufferings, their short-comings and their vices, he has, nevertheless, an unwavering belief in their future; and that future, who can say how much his single efforts may, with the help of those whom his book may, now and hereafter, influence, go far to secure? He has studied the Negro wherever he is to be found—in the West Indies, where he was himself born; in the United States, both before and since emancipation; in the English settlement of Sierra Leone, and in the republic of Liberia, where a thin

varnish of European civilization often serves only to mask or to destroy his individuality; and, in the Muslim and Pagan communities of the interior, where a white face has been but rarely seen. His book may make its way slowly at first; but I venture to think it will form a new starting-point in the history of his race, and will seriously and permanently modify the views which Europeans have hitherto held of them and of their future. I wish I had space to quote largely from his pages, but must content myself here by referring those who are interested in the subject to the work itself; and, meanwhile, not content to say with Pontius Pilate that "what I have written, I have written," and, availing myself of the advantages to which I have referred, I would endeavor to handle again the subject of Islam in Africa, modifying, or strengthening, or unsaying any statements which, in the light of longer study and a wider knowledge, may appear to me to require it.

First, then, what are the leading facts as regards the geographical extent of Islam in Africa? They are very imperfectly realized, even now, by many of those who speak and write upon the subject. Ever since the conqueror Akbar swept in one sweep of unbroken conquest from the Nile to the Pillars of Hercules, and spurred his horse into the waves of the Atlantic, indignant that he could carry the Koran no further in that direction, Islam has kept its grip—for over twelve hundred years, that is—on the whole of the Barbary States; in other words, on the whole of the regions which, in ancient times, served as the only connecting link between Africa and the outer world, the field of Egyptian and of Phœnician, of Roman and of Vandal civilization; the headquarters of African and the birthplace of Latin Christianity, as the great names of Tertullian and of Cyprian, of Arnobius and of Augustine, may well remind us. Turned southward by the bend of the continent, Islam next crossed the Great Desert, asserting its sway over the wild nomad races, who had never owned any other control, moral, political, or religious—the Berbers, the Touaricks, and the Tibbus. Wherever in this vast expanse, this waterless ocean, three times as large as the Mediterranean, there is a salt-mine, a spring of brackish water or a few palm trees, there are to be found the uncouth followers of the Prophet. In the larger oases of Aderer and Agades, Tafilet or Tidikelt, Wargla and Ghadames, Bilma and Tibesti, they are to be found in numbers, and the great caravans which pass and repass the desert, twice in each year, from Morocco to Timbuctoo, or from Tripoli to Lake Tchad, exchanging the hardware and cotton stuffs of England with the ground-nuts, or gold dust, or ostrich feathers, or slaves of the Soudan, are managed by Muslims only, and pass from none but Muslim, to none but Muslim countries.

South of the Sahara, Islam holds almost exclusive possession of the

most fertile and the most populous region of Africa, the enormous stretch of country called Negroland, or the Soudan, extending from the Niger to the Nile, or, to speak more accurately, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and including the powerful, and organized, or at least, semi-civilized, governments of Futa Jallou, of Bambarra, of Massena, of Gando, of Sokoto, of Bornu, of Baghirmi, of Wadai, of Darfur, Khordofan, and of Sennaar. Beyond this region, toward the Gulf of Guinea, some of the most widely extended and vigorous and intelligent Negro tribes—tribes whose prowess we have experienced, whether fighting on our side or fighting against us, in the Ashantee or other wars—the Mandingoes and the Foulahs, the Jollofs and the Haussas, are, to a man almost Mohammedan. And, even along the coast-line, where various European powers, the French, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Danes, the English, the Spaniards, or the Germans, have, at various times, planted their commercial settlements, and where they can boast of a narrow and superficial fringe of Christianity and Civilization as the result, the trader-missionaries, or missionary-traders of Islam—for, in Africa, they are, generally, both in one—are pushing their encroachments, and manage to make many converts, alike from the Pagan and the semi-Christianized natives. Sierra Leone and Lagos, the two chief English settlements where Islam had been, till within a few years ago, quite unknown, now possess large and flourishing and self-supporting Muslim communities.

Nor is this all. The great Eastern horn of Africa has been, for centuries, peopled by Mohammedan races, ferocious and fanatical, such as the Somalis and the Gallas. Far to the south, Mohammedanism is dominant along the whole extent of the Suaheli coast, in the Arab Sultanate of Zanzibar. The followers of the Prophet are settled in considerable numbers in Northern Madagascar and in Mozambique; and far inland—chiefly, it is sad to say, as slave-traders—around all the great lakes, and along all the upper reaches of the Congo; and, southward of this again, they are to be found scattered here and there, always anxious to propagate their creed, even among the “unbelieving” Kaffirs, and, still further afield, in Cape Colony. It is hardly too much to say that one-half of the whole of Africa is already dominated by Islam, while, of the remaining half, one-quarter is leavened and another threatened by it. Such is the amazing, the portentous problem which Christianity and Civilization have to face in Africa, and to which neither of them seems, as yet, half awake.

And, now, what is the character of the religion which is thus extending itself by leaps and bounds over the most backward and unfortunate and ill-treated of all the continents of the earth, and what is the nature of the change which, speaking with the necessary breadth of view, it produces in the inhabitants? So persistent and so gross

are the misconceptions which cling, like serpents' eggs together, about the creed and the founder of Islam, that, not even in the century which has witnessed the birth and growth of the Science of Comparative Religion, and not even among the readers of this Review, which has done so much to help that study forward, is it quite safe to assume a knowledge of even the simpler and more salient facts.

And, first, I would remark that the name which we commonly give to the religion is a misnomer. To call a follower of the Prophet a "Mohammedan" is to offer him the same kind of insult that it is to call a devout Catholic, a Papist. "Is it Mohammed," cried Abu Bekr, the most faithful of the Prophet's followers, to the fierce Omar, who, in the agony of his grief, swore that he would strike off the head of the first man who dared to say that the Prophet was dead—the Prophet could not be dead—"is it Mohammed or the God of Mohammed that he taught you to worship? "The creed is not Mohammedanism," but "Islam"—a verbal noun, derived from a root which means submission to and faith in God—and the believer who so submits himself, calls himself not a Mohammedan, but a "Muslim"—a word derived from the same root, and also connected with *Salim*, peace and *Salym* healthy.

"*Allahu Akbar*, God is most great, and there is nothing else great," this is the Mussulman creed; "Islam," that is, man must submit to God and find his greatest happiness in so doing, this is the Mussulman life. Mohammed claimed to be a divinely inspired Prophet, who came to deliver these two messages to those who believed in neither one nor the other; nothing less, but nothing more. These are the two doctrines which are propagated everywhere by the missionaries of the faith, and these are they which an African tribe, sunk in polytheism or fetishism of the most degraded kind, with all its attendant superstitions and abominations, accepts, or professes to accept, when it embraces Mohammedanism. Of the other leading doctrines of the Muslim faith, the written revelation of the Koran, the existence of angels, the succession of prophets, the responsibility, of man, the future life, the resurrection and the final judgment, or of its four chief practical duties, almsgiving, fasting, prayer, and pilgrimage, I have no space to give any account here, nor is it necessary for my purpose. But two passages from a single chapter of the Koran, one of the last delivered by the Prophet, and therefore, probably, containing his deepest and his final convictions, I must quote, one of them as giving the noblest summary of its theology, the other of its morality:—

"God, there is no God but He, the Living, the Eternal. Slumber doth not overtake Him, neither sleep; to Him belongeth all that is heaven and earth. Who is he that can intercede with Him but by His own permission? He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto men, and they shall not comprehend anything

of His knowledge but so far as He pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth and the upholding of both is no burden unto Him; He is the Lofty and the Great."

Such is the theology of the Koran; and here is its morality:—

"There is no piety in turning your faces to the East and the West; but he is pious who believeth in God, and the Last Day, and the Angles and the Scriptures, and the Prophets; who, for the love of God, disburseth his wealth to his kindred and to the orphans, and to the needy, and to the wayfarer, and to those who ask aid for ransoming, who observeth prayer and payeth the legal alms, and who is of those who are faithful to their engagements, when they have engaged in them, and is patient under ills and hardships, and in time of trouble, these are they who are just and who fear the Lord."

It may be observed that the primary message delivered by Mohammed to the Arabs had been given in almost the same words, in almost the same country, to a people in almost the same stage of civilization, by the great Hebrew law-giver, some two thousand years earlier. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One God." Mohammed never professed to be giving what was new, only to be restoring what was old. But there was this all-important difference between the two. The message of the Hebrew prophet was confined, with rare exceptions, to his own people; the message of the Arabian prophet was to be conveyed by his hearers, in whatever way they best could to the world at large. In other words, the Israelites might seem to be forfeiting their birthright, if they communicated the message to any other people; the Arabs forfeited theirs, if they did not do so.

Now what is the effect politically, socially, morally, and religiously upon a Negro tribe, when it receives and embraces the message I have described? Is it for evil or for good? No one will be so foolish as to suppose that a tribe throws off at once all traces of its old beliefs, all its primeval superstitions, all the sanguinary rites which the new religion, in its authoritative documents, condemns. Such a revolution, even if it were possible—which it is not—would not be real or lasting. Did the barbarian races who overran the fairest portions of Europe, the Ostro-Goths, the Visi-Goths, the Vandals, the Burgundians, the Franks, the Magyars, the Northmen, at once throw off their barbarism when they accepted Christianity, and rise to an altogether higher life? Take two illustrations only. When the fierce warrior Clovis first heard the story of the sufferings of the Saviour on the cross, it was a burning desire to avenge His injuries, not to follow His example, that filled his heart; and he would have been more or less than a man if it had not been so. When the body of Rolf the Ganger, who had accepted Neustria and Christianity together, for himself and for his roving Norse followers, was being buried, the gifts to the monasteries for the repose of his soul were accompanied by a sacrifice of one hundred human victims. But, I am persuaded from a vast con-

sensus of testimony which has come to me in ever-increasing volume, from native Christian missionaries, whose testimony is not likely to be biased on the side of Islam, no less than from European travelers and officials, that the moral elevation in an African tribe which accepts Islam is a most marked one.

The worst evils which, there is reason to believe, prevailed at one time over the whole of Africa, and which are still to be found in many parts of it, and those, too, not far from the West Coast and from our own settlements—cannibalism and human sacrifice and the burial of living infants—disappear at once and for ever. Natives who have hitherto lived in a state of nakedness, or nearly so, begin to dress, and that neatly; natives who have never washed before begin to wash, and that frequently; for ablutions are commanded in the sacred law, and it is an ordinance which does not involve too severe a strain on their natural instincts. The tribal organization tends to give place to something which has a wider basis. In other words, tribes coalesce into nations, and, with the increase of energy and intelligence, nations into empires. Many such instances could be adduced from the history of the Soudan and the adjoining countries during the last hundred years. If the warlike spirit is thus stimulated, the centers from which war springs are fewer in number and further apart. War is better organized, and is under some form of restraint; quarrels are not picked for nothing; there is less indiscriminate plundering and greater security for property and life. Elementary schools, like those described by Mungo Park a century ago, spring up, and, even if they only teach their scholars to recite the Koran, they are worth something in themselves, and may be a step to much more. The well-built and neatly-kept mosque, with its call to prayer repeated five times a day, its Mecca-pointing niche, its Imam and its weekly service, becomes the center of the village, instead of the ghastly fetish or Juju house. The worship of one God, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, and compassionate, is an immeasurable advance upon anything which the native has been taught to worship before. The Arabic language, in which the Mussulman scriptures are always written, is a language of extraordinary copiousness and beauty; once learned, it becomes a *lingua franca* to the tribes of half the continent, and serves as an introduction to literature, or rather, it is a literature in itself. It substitutes, moreover, a written code of law for the arbitrary caprice of a chieftain—a change which is, in itself, an immense advance in civilization.

Manufactures and commerce spring up; not the dumb trading or the elementary bartering of raw products which we know from Herodotus to have existed from the earliest times in Africa, nor the cowrie-shells, or gunpowder, or tobacco, or rum, which still serve as a chief medium of exchange all along the coast, but manufactures

involving considerable skill, and a commerce which is elaborately organized; and under their influence, and that of the more settled government which Islam brings in its train, there have arisen those great cities of Negroland whose very existence, when first they were described by European travelers, could not but be half discredited. Such are Sego, the capital of Bambarra, a walled town of 30,000 inhabitants, with its square houses and Moorish mosques, its richly cultivated fields, and its fleets of canoes plying for hire on the majestic river Niger, which stirred into a burst of admiration and surprise the heart of Mungo Park, the first great traveler in Negroland, a century ago. Such is Kuka, the capital of Bornu, on Lake Tchad, a town first visited and described by Denham and Clapperton, and, subsequently, by Barth, and Rohlfs, and Nachtigal, and containing a population of 60,000 souls, with its huge market well stocked, every day, with cattle and horses, sheep and camels, butter and eggs, wheat and leather, ivory and indigo—everything, in fact, which indicates a life of, at least, semi-civilization and security; such is Kano, the Manchester, as it has been called, of Negroland, with its manufacture of blue cotton cloth, 1,500 camel-loads of which are transported annually, on the backs of camels, across the Sahara to the towns of Barbary; and such, once more, among many others, is Ilorin, in the Yoruba country, recently visited by Rohlfs in his venturesome journey across Africa, with its 60,000 inhabitants, its wide streets, its little market squares, and its many mosques.

I am far from saying that the religion is the sole cause of all this comparative prosperity. I only say it is consistent with it, and it encourages it. Climatic conditions and various other influences co-operate toward the result; but what has Pagan Africa, even where the conditions are very similar, to compare with it? As regards the individual, it is admitted on all hands that Islam gives to its new Negro converts an energy, a dignity, a self-reliance, and a self-respect which is all too rarely found in their Pagan or their Christian fellow-countrymen. These are no slight benefits, but there is something more. There are in Africa two evils, widely prevalent and which are specially characteristic, the one, of all those parts of Africa which have been brought, however superficially, under the influence of European civilization, the other, of that much larger part of it which is still Pagan—Intemperance and the Belief in Witchcraft. Take Intemperance first:—

Wherever the European trader comes, he brings his rum-bottle; he drinks to excess himself, and, for his own selfish purposes, he encourages the natives to do the same. They fall victims to this desolating flood of ardent spirits with terrible rapidity, and the trader thus manages to introduce into Africa on an extensive scale, not only a vice which, in itself, is bestial, but the innumerable other crimes

and miseries which follow in its train. "O true believers!" said Mohammed, "surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows are an abomination and the work of Satan; therefore avoid them that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God and from prayer. Will ye not therefore abstain from them?" By this absolute prohibition in its Sacred Book, Islam has established, once and for ever, a "total abstinence association" in all the countries that own its sway; in other words, in those parts of the world which least need the stimulus of alcoholic liquors, and in which indulgence in them would be most fatal. In Africa, as I have already shown, this association now stretches right across the continent, from sea to sea.

The other evil is much more widely spread, and far more deeply rooted—the Belief in Sorcery and Fetishes. What is this belief? It is one which, not many centuries ago, was prevalent, in various shapes, in many countries of Europe, and, in the most remote districts, is not wholly extinct even now; but so fast has the civilized world moved on from the atmosphere in which such beliefs luxuriate, that it is difficult, now, either thoroughly to understand them oneself, or to make them intelligible to others. The African believes that there are everywhere evil spirits who are amenable to charms or incantations, or, as he calls them, *fetishes*, and that certain unknown or half-known persons whom he calls wizards, are acquainted with these charms, and use their occult knowledge for nefarious purposes. He believes, further, that certain other persons are gifted with the power of tracking or "smelling out" the offenders. So universal is this belief that almost every village of Pagan Africa, particularly toward the West Coast, has its fetish-house, a grim and ghastly building, often ranged round with human skulls in every stage of decomposition, and a fetish-man who is its high priest. No human being, surely, ever had a more terrific power committed to him, and few have used it more unsparingly or unscrupulously. The fetish-man is bound by no law; he recognizes no rules of evidence. Anything which happens, even in the most ordinary course of nature, he may pronounce to be the work of a fetish or a wizard, and to need his assistance to ferret it out. A heavy rainfall or a drought, a murrain among the cattle, a pestilence or a conflagration, a child devoured by a wild animal, an illness or a death, each and all of these may be pronounced to be *fetish*—somebody has done it, and he must be detected.

So possessed are the natives by this belief, it so forms part of their being, that it never occurs to any one of them, though he knows that his own turn may come next, to question the reality of this uncanny power; and, in the panic terror which waits upon the movements of

the fetish-man and his decisions, the Negro loses, for a time, some of his most essential and amiable characteristics, his frivolity, his light-heartedness, even his family affection. A son will join in putting his father to death; a brother will help to tear in pieces a brother. If the accused dares to deny the charge—which he seldom does, however preposterous or impossible it may be—he has to submit to some terrible ordeal, such as the running at full speed under an avenue of hooped arches about half his height, when, if he stumbles, or rather, as soon as he stumbles, he is hacked to death; or the drinking of some deadly decoction, such as the Casca-bark, when his one chance of escape is handsomely to bribe the fetish-man to give him the exact quantity or quality which will make him desperately sick, before the poison has well begun its deadly work. In Ashantee and Dahomey, at Bonny and Calabar, in the Fan country and throughout Angola, this terrible belief prevails, and, as may well be imagined, it ramifies out into every kind of villainy and crime.

It was my happiness, last year, to have staying with me at Harrow a highly enlightened Negro chief, Tetteh Agamazong by name, the hereditary chief of Quiah, a region to the north-east of Sierra Leone, and inhabited by a branch of the great Timneh tribe, the people from whom we originally purchased the peninsula on which Free Town stands, and who, though within a few miles of our settlements, are all Pagans and all, heart and soul, believers in the fetish-man. Himself a Christian, who had served the English government, in various capacities, at various points along the West Coast, he was about to return to his own country and assume the full sovereignty, in the hope that he might be able gradually to introduce some few elements of Civilization and Christianity among his people. One incident, told me, by him, will illustrate better than many pages of disquisition, the intractable nature of this belief in fetishes, and the terrible impediment that it is to all improvement:—

His people believe that certain of their number have the power of changing themselves into crocodiles—an animal which is numerous and destructive in the rivers of his country—and, in that shape, carry off those against whom they have any grudge. One day a man was brought before him as king, charged with this offense:—"I shot at and killed a crocodile the other day," said the accuser, "and this man, who was lying asleep in a hammock near, tumbled out of it at the moment when I shot. He must therefore have been inside the crocodile, and must be put to death." In vain did the king represent that, if the accused was in the hammock, he could not have been in the crocodile, and, if the crocodile was killed when the prisoner was concealed within it, he must have been killed too, and he could not therefore have been, at the same time, alive in his hammock. It was no use. "Why," asked the accuser triumphantly, "did he tum-

ble out of his hammock when I shot the crocodile, if he and the crocodile were not one and the same?" And, strangest thing of all, the accused agreed with the accuser, and confessed his guilt! What could be done? *Habemus confitentem reum*. The king could not bring himself to put to death a man for doing that of which he knew him to be innocent; nor did he dare to acquit him of having done what he had himself confessed, and what his neighbors were now more than ever convinced he had often done before. He adjourned the matter till his visit to England should be over, in the faint, and I fear the forlorn, hope that something or other might, in the meantime, "turn up" to save the unhappy man. Now this stubborn and intractable belief, with all the horrors and loss of life which follow in its train, loss of life probably only second to that caused, at the present day, by the slave trade itself, Islam has, somehow or other, over a large portion of North Africa, succeeded in eradicating.

And here, before I pass on from the subject of the terrible loss of life involved in many of the beliefs and customs of the Pagan Negro, I must guard myself against an inference which some might be tempted to draw from what I have said, that there is any inherent or extraordinary depravity, any "double dose of original sin," in the Negro race as a whole. There is nothing of the kind, and it is well that it is not so; for, while many other native races are dying out before the encroachments or the mere presence of the white man, the Negro gives no sign of so doing. His race-vitality is equal to that of any race in existence, and he has many and marked virtues of his own. His receptivity, his simplicity, his kindliness, his family affection have been borne emphatic testimony to, by every great African traveler, from Adamson or Mungo Park down to Livingstone. The customs of a primitive and barbarous people are not to be judged by a European standard. There is all the difference in the world between cruelty for the sake of cruelty—the cruelty which is an end in itself—and cruel deeds done, as a solemn duty, in obedience to a supposed supernatural sanction. The one argues original depravity, the other does nothing of the sort; and under this last head fall the human sacrifices of Ashantee, and the annual "customs" of Dahomey. The stories circulated by early travelers as to the wild Saturnalia of slaughter and canoes swimming in human blood have happily turned out to be, at all events, exaggerated. The victims sacrificed at the death of a king are often captives or criminals, and are supposed to become his servants in another world. Those killed at intervals afterward are supposed to be messengers to him from this. Their despatch is considered by each successive king of Dahomey to be incumbent upon him as a matter of duty alike to his father, to the state, and the gods. He walks about among the messengers, delivers to them his messages, and talks amicably to each of them

upon the subject, as another authentic anecdote, inimitable in its humor, told me by Tetteh Agamazong will show.

One day, in going his rounds, the king came to a remarkably fine-looking man, a native of the Yoruba country, and said to him, "Well, you have got to go; tell my father I am getting along pretty well, and am governing the people as he would wish me to do." "Yes," said the man, "I have got to go, but I want to tell you one thing first." "What is that?" asked the king. "I want to tell you," replied the man, "that I will not deliver your message." "Not deliver my message?" exclaimed the king. "No, I will not!" "Why not?" asked his Majesty. "First," replied the victim, "because I don't want to go, and I don't see why I should deliver it for you; and, secondly, because I am a Yoruba man and he is of Dahomey, and the Yoruba people do not see or talk to the Dahomey people here, nor do they up there; therefore, I neither can nor will deliver your message." The king looked astonished, and turning to the executioner, who was ready to begin his bloody work and despatch the messenger, if not the message, simply said, "He is a bad messenger—don't send him." And the man was let go scot-free; rather a dangerous precedent, one would think, under such circumstances, for the future!

Are there any drawbacks to the great and, as they appear to me, indisputable benefits conferred by Islam on those who receive it? I think that there are, although they are practically ignored in Canon Taylor's paper, and, probably, for the simple reason that it did not fall within the scope of the work which he has so closely followed, to dwell at length upon them. In the new-born enthusiasm for a noble subject, and under the influence of the revelations, which each day, when I was studying it, seemed to bring me, I was, as I can now see, looking back with older and sadder, if not wiser eyes, neither very able nor very anxious to look out for the darker spots, or to bring into strong relief the shortcomings which might have been detected in what seemed to me then, and seems to me still, upon the whole, to have been so beneficent a revival of Eastern life, and thought and energy. In any case, others had done that part of the work sufficiently before me, and some are doing it still, though in a much more temperate spirit, as the controversy awakened by Canon Taylor's paper proves.

My subject now, however, definitely calls for an estimate of the losses as well as the gains caused by the spread of Mohammedanism in Africa. Let me enumerate some of them, always bearing in mind that it is easy to be too severe on the shortcomings of a religion which deals with a civilization so widely different from our own, and that it is also easy to forget how many of the misdeeds of Moham-

medan nations have had their counterpart among Christians, at no distant time.

First, then comes the Slave-trade, that "open sore of the world," as Dr. Livingstone called it, and which remains open in Africa still, chiefly because Mohammedan nations support and practice it. It is quite true that no European nation is clean-handed in the matter. It is also true that European nations have sinned against infinitely greater light, and with infinitely less temptation, and, therefore, any condemnation which they may be inclined to mete out to African and Asiatic nations must be tempered with bitter self-humiliation. Yet it is a matter of fact that the slave-trade is now abandoned and condemned by every Christian nation, and, what is more important, is hateful to every individual who has any right to call himself a Christian. It may be true again, as reported by Tradition, that Mohammed said that "the worst of men was the seller of men," but, so far, no sign of any strenuous or concerted effort has been shown on the part of Mussulman rulers or Mussulman doctors to bring the traffic to an end. I am afraid that they consider, with however little reason, that they are only carrying out the Prophet's law, and doing what is inherently right and for the good of both parties, in enslaving the unbeliever. No Greek philosopher was ever more firmly convinced that the barbarian was marked out by nature to be his slave than, in defiance of the general course of History, is the Muslim convinced that such is the natural destiny of the Pagan and the Christian. What is the loss of human life, the waste of human energy, the sum total of human misery, which are involved in the slave-trade, some slight notion may be obtained from the works of any African traveler, whose painful duty it has been to follow in the footsteps of the slave-trader. It is some satisfaction, on the other hand, to remember that the more Islam spreads over Africa, the more is the area for slave-hunting curtailed—for it is forbidden to enslave the true believer—and it is indisputable that the condition of the domestic slave in most Muslim countries is much better than it used to be in most Christian. The example and precept of Mohammed are at one on this head. "See that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves, and clothe them with the dress ye yourselves wear, for they are the servants of the Lord and not to be tormented." "How many times a day," asked a follower of Mohammed, "ought I to forgive a slave who displeases me?" "Seventy times a day," replied the Prophet.

Secondly, and closely connected with the former, Muslims, like other people, have the defects of their good qualities, and, if it be true that the reception of Islam by a Negro gives him that personal dignity and self-respect on which I have enlarged, and enrols him as one of a superior caste, all of whose members are equal and are

equally eligible for all offices in the State, it is no less true that he tends to look down upon all who are outside the fold as so much dirt beneath his feet; they are Pariahs without the pale, in almost the Hindu sense of the word. There is, probably, no scorn which is so sublime, and, I would add, so withering, and so anti-social, as that with which the worshiper of the One God looks down upon the worshiper of the many.

Thirdly, Religious Wars. The doctrine that it ever can be right to use the sword as an instrument of conversion is one which has given rise to the most terrible wars in all history. Here, again, Christian nations cannot afford to throw stones at Muslim; but there is this enormous difference between the two, that such wars are explicitly sanctioned by the founder of Islam, they are explicitly condemned by the Founder of Christianity. It may well have seemed to Mohammed that a war of religious propagandism, if an evil at all, was a less evil than the state of things which it was intended to supersede, and it may well seem so now to those half-military, half-religious geniuses, like Schamyl or Abd-el-Kader, in better known Mussulman countries, or like Soni Heli-Ischia or Omaru-al-Haj, or, later still, like the Imam Samadu in the heart of the Soudan, whom Islam in all its stages, in its decadence no less than in its vigorous youth, seems capable of throwing off. Gibbon has somewhere remarked that the use and abuse of religion are feeble to stem, they are irresistible to impel, the stream of national manners. Mohammed gave a religious sanction to some at least of the Arab national proclivities—the appetite for war, for plunder, and for adventure—just as, four centuries later, the popes enjoined upon the Christian chivalry of Europe as a penance, what they themselves regarded as a pastime, the armed pilgrimages to the Holy Land; and, in either case, the result was a sublime outburst of national and religious enthusiasm which it would have baffled all the cool calculations of a philosopher to anticipate, and all the received maxims of the art of war to resist. But, here again, the fact remains that religious wars are now scouted by all Christian nations. They are sanctioned, in theory, at least, by all Muslim nations; and the theory passes into fact whenever, as in Africa, circumstances are favorable. The Muslim missionaries may carry the Koran in one hand, and many, perhaps most, of the conversions to Islam in Africa are now effected by it alone; but, potentially, at least, he carries the sword in the other, and, for many centuries, Islam has thus been a fertile source of war in Africa on a large scale.

Fourthly, and most important of all, Polygamy and its attendant evils. Mohammed did something, according to his light, for the condition of women; but it was not very much. The limitation of the number of authorized wives to four, does not go far if, practically,

there is unlimited freedom of divorce, and if, at the same time, the whole of a Muslim master's female slaves are, by the Muslim law, placed at his absolute disposal. That woman is regarded as a chattel and nothing more, is painfully evident throughout the Muslim world, and chastity, as was pointed out in a very able article in the *Spectator* the other day, is not, therefore, in any higher sense of the word, a Muslim virtue. It is impossible to discuss the subject adequately here. Polygamy is a gigantic evil, corrupting society at the fountain-head. How can society be even tolerably pure when the family, which is the source and school of all the gentler, all the more saintly, all the less self-regarding virtues is tainted? Eliminate from Christendom all that the mother, the wife, the sister, and the daughter have done for it, and what would the residuum be like? The manly virtues, which are unquestionably inculcated by Islam, lose half their value, and more than half their beauty, when they are not set off and relieved by the gentler. How then can Christianity, however hopeless, at times, the struggle may appear, be expected to retire from it, and, contentedly, to acquiesce in the possession by Islam of so large a portion of the earth, when Islam leaves half of all its votaries—the whole female sex, that is—almost in the position in which it found them?

I now pass on to the second division of my subject—What Christianity has done, or may do, for Africa; and how, in view of the above facts and influences, she ought to regard the great kindred religion. And I shall be able to treat this part of the subject more briefly than I have done the first, partly, because much that I might be disposed to enlarge on, follows naturally from what I have already said, and partly, because I have discussed the whole subject fully, and in a spirit and with objects from which I have, as yet, seen no good reason to depart, in my lectures on *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*.

There is no disguising the fact that, hitherto, with the exception of one or two isolated spots, such as Abbeokuta and Kuruman, Christian effort has been anything but markedly successful in Africa. No benefits comparable in extent or character to those which I have pointed out as the result of Mohammedanism have been, as yet, conferred on Africa by Christianity; and, on the other hand, the sufferings inflicted, at all events in past times, on this the most backward and the most heavily-weighted, by geographical and other peculiarities, of all the great divisions of the world, by nations calling themselves Christian, bear only too close an analogy to those which have been, and still are, inflicted on them by Muslims. For many centuries, the maritime and commercial nations of Europe have torn away tens of thousands of Africans from their homes, with every circumstance of atrocity, and carried them off to a living death in the new world. The horrors of the middle passage and of the cotton plan-

tation may well be set against those of the inland slave traffic in the hands of Muslims, and intemperance in the matter of intoxicating liquors, which extends exactly so far as European influence extends, may be regarded as, at least, a partial set-off to the degradation of women, and to the sensuality which, too often, accompanies Mohammedanism. Christianity is in no sense to blame for this, but Christian nations are. If Christian philanthropy, in which England has taken the leading part, has, at last, succeeded in abolishing the Oceanic slave-trade, it has only succeeded in undoing what Christian nations themselves began; and, as our sad experience in Ireland shows, it is easier far to remove abuses than to undo the impression which those abuses have created, and which has been burned into the souls of the sufferers. What wonder, as Mr. Blyden remarks, that no single African tribe as a tribe, and no leading African chief as a chief, has, as yet, been converted to Christianity on the West Coast of Africa? Not that there has been any want of effort during the last hundred years. There is hardly a nation or a denomination in Christendom which has not done its little something towards wiping out the stain. Protestant missionaries have vied with Catholic, Nonconformists of every type with Episcopalians, Americans with Swiss, and Scotchman with Englishmen. In no country in the world has that "enthusiasm of humanity" which, whether it is acknowledged or not, is, except in rare and isolated cases, the result of Christianity and Christianity alone, manifested itself in nobler individual efforts for the good of the suffering and the degraded. Moffat and Livingstone and Krapf and Rebmann in the front rank of all, and Bishops Mackenzie, and Steere, and Hannington, in the second, are but the better known and more brilliant examples of a long succession of Christian philanthropists, who, filled with burning love to man and unfaltering faith in God, and flinging to the winds all considerations of wealth, and ease, and social position, and worldly honor, have left behind them house and home, and friends and country, and everything which is ordinarily supposed to make life worth having, if, haply, they might help forward into light some of the inhabitants of the dark continent. Why, then, has Christianity failed? If we can discover the causes of the failure, then, as Lord Bacon is fond of pointing out, unless the causes are altogether intractable and irremovable, we have great grounds of hope for the future; and, on this subject, I would, once again, take the opportunity of begging every one who is interested in it, to study the first three essays of Mr. Blyden's volume. The first on "Mohammedanism and the Negro Race" is perhaps the most striking of the three, and the gem of the whole volume. I need do little more, in this part of my paper, than epitomize and reproduce, *mutatis mutandis*, some of his points.

First and foremost, then, Christianity has come to the Negro—if I may use a phrase which is all too familiar to Englishmen at present, and with all too little reason—in a “foreign garb.” Mohammedanism, though it had the sword to back it, first reached the Negro when he was in his own country, when he was amidst his own surroundings, and when he was master of himself. It was not till it had acclimatized itself and taken root in the soil of Africa, that it was handed on to others, and then, no longer exclusively by Arab warriors or missionaries, but by men of the Negro’s own race, his own proclivities, his own color. It was a call to *all* who received it to come up higher, politically, socially, morally, religiously; to elevate themselves above their surroundings, and then, in turn, to elevate them. It was able to accommodate itself, as it has been able amongst other races who have embraced it—the Arabs, the Syrians, the Persians, the Afghans, the Hindus, the Malays, the East India Islanders, the Chinese, the Turks, the Turcomans, the Egyptians, and the Moors—to many of the customs and peculiarities of the Negro race. It thus, in time, became amalgamated with those customs, and passed on to fresh and ever-fresh tribes, with an ever-increasing momentum and prestige.

Christianity, on the other, first reached the Negro when he was a slave in a foreign land. It was, or appeared to be, the creed, not of his friends, his well-wishers, his kindred, but of his masters and his oppressors. His teachers differed from him in education, in manners in color, in civilization. An immeasurable gap yawned between them. However humane his purpose, his Christian instructor evidently regarded him with something of that instinctive feeling of race repulsion which has been felt even by the warmest Abolitionists, and makes itself painfully evident wherever the black man comes in contact with the white. Thus, when the Negro in America accepted Christianity, it was chiefly that side of it which bids men look to a better world to right the wrongs and woes of this; and the practical duties most forcibly impressed upon him—as some of the still existing catechisms quoted by Mr. Blyden show—were those of humility, of submission, of contentment with that not very desirable condition of life, to which it was assumed that it had pleased God to call him. The other side of Christianity—the side which has produced the most active and noblest heroism, side by side with the saintly virtues, the heroism of Polycarp and the monk Telemachus, of St. Boniface and St. Bernard, of King Alfred and King Louis the Ninth, of Las Casas and St. Francis Xavier, of Gustavus Adolphus and Admiral Coligny, of Henry Martin and William Wilberforce, of Henry and John Lawrence, of General Gordon and Father Damien—was almost a closed book to him.

Secondly, Christianity came to the Negro, not as a development

from within, but as a system from without. The white man's religion was a part of the white man's civilization which, as far as possible, was to be swallowed with it; and therefore it is, as Mr. Blyden points out, that, everywhere in Christian lands, the Negro plays, at the present moment, the part of the slave, the ape, or the puppet. His efforts to conform to the canons of taste suggested indirectly by Christian art, as well as directly by Christian teaching, have undermined and destroyed his individuality and his self-respect, and made him the stunted spiritless creature with which we are all familiar. Thus, Mr. Blyden himself heard a Negro at one of those prayer meetings which form so large and so happy a part of the Negro's life in the United States, pray to the Deity "to stretch out His *lily-white* hands" to his worshipers; while another, preaching on the words "We shall be like Him," exclaimed, "Brethren, imagine a beautiful white man with blue eyes, rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, and *we shall be like him.*" If the idiosyncrasies of race are, as I believe them to be, the most precious heritage of man, and, therefore, deserve to be guarded with the tenderest and the most jealous care; if a lower development on the lines indicated by Nature is more genuine, more real, more lasting than a higher development which is, at the time, altogether alien to them, then, there is something radically wrong in the way in which Christianity has hitherto been presented to the Negro in Christian lands. Mr. Blyden says:—

"From the lessons he every day receives the Negro unconsciously imbibes the conviction that, to be a good man, he must be like the white man. He is not brought up—however he may deserve it—to be the companion, the equal, the comrade of the white man, but his imitator and his parasite. To be himself in a country where everything ridicules him is to be nothing—less, worse than nothing. To be as like the white man as possible, to copy his outward appearance, his peculiarities, his manners, the arrangement of his toilet, this is the aim of the Christian Negro, his aspiration. The only virtues which under the circumstances he acquires are the parasitical. Imitation is not discipleship. The Mohammedan Negro is a much better Mohammedan than the Christian Negro is a Christian, because the Muslim Negro as a learner is a disciple, not an imitator. A disciple, when freed from leading-strings, may become a producer; an imitator never rises above a mere copyist. With the disciple progress is from within; the imitator grows by accretion from without. The learning required by a disciple gives him capacity; that gained by an imitator terminates in itself; the one becomes a capable man, the other is a mere sciolist. This explains the difference between the Mohammedan and the Christian Negro."

Thirdly, Christianity has hitherto come to the Negro weighted with the shortcomings and the crimes of its professors. Rum and gunpowder, supplied in unlimited quantities to races in the condition of the West African Negro speak for themselves and are a poor recommendation for the efforts of Christian missionaries. Selfishness, cruelty, and immorality have been the distinguishing marks of the European traders of all nations dealing with the West Coast, and the alliances which we have been in the habit of contracting, for purposes of our own, with the weaker races on the sea-board—with

the Fantees, for instance—cutting off the more manly races of the interior, such as the Ashantees, from the natural outlet for their energies and commerce, have been a fertile source of those “little wars” which are anything but little in the hatreds which they engender, and the ill effects which they leave behind them. The Portuguese have occupied extensive settlements along hundreds of miles of coast on each side of Africa, for more than three hundred years; and during the whole of that time they have not taken one single step to elevate the natives. As slave traders, according to the explicit and repeated statements of Dr. Livingstone, they have shown themselves to be more heartless and more brutal than the Arabs themselves. Remove them from Africa to-morrow and, with the exception of a few fine buildings, not one beneficent trace of their three hundred years of rule will they leave behind them. All the world over—in India, in China, in the South Sea Islands, in New Zealand—the most fatal hindrance to the spread of Christianity is the lives of those who profess it, and nowhere is this more the case—I think I might say, so much the case—as on the coast of Africa.

Fourthly, Christianity has, as yet, been offered, chiefly, to the least promising of the races of Africa, and that, too, under the least promising physical conditions. How is this? Almost all round Africa, and, most markedly so, along the coast of Guinea, there runs, for the breadth of from 20 to 150 miles inland from the coast, a belt of malarious country, consisting of low-lying plains and vast mangrove swamps, which are covered with masses of decaying vegetation. The climate is hot and moist, the sun beats fiercely down, and the foul fog which it draws up from the stagnant waters, is charged with death. If it does not destroy life at once, at least, like opium-eating, it slowly saps all the vital forces. The nobler beasts of burden themselves sicken and die in this pestilential atmosphere. No amount of care enables them to live out their natural term. Woe to the European visitor who leaves his vessel and incautiously passes a night upon the shore! He, sometimes, falls a victim at once, or, worse still, he carries about, henceforward, a sentence of death within himself. Sierra Leone itself has long been known as “the white man’s grave.” Those Europeans who manage, somehow or other, to acclimatize themselves, are generally the least favorable specimens of their race. It is not, as Mr. Blyden points out, the “fittest,” but the “unfittest,” who survive. The finer and more manly African races who live behind the coast ranges of mountains and within the central plateau, with its more moderate temperature and invigorating air, when they venture down to this fever-stricken region, themselves gradually degenerate, physically and morally, even as did the hardy Samnites of old, when they pressed down from their mountain fastnesses in the Central Apennines to the

luxurious shores of Campania. With noble self-devotion, but, it must be added, with strange short-sightedness, European missionaries have thrown themselves into this hopeless region, and, with rapidly enfeebling bodies and minds, have labored on among a people who are physically incapacitated, even if Christianized, for any vigorous exertion, till death released them. Not a single missionary settlement, except the few struggling stations along the pestilential Lower Niger, has, I believe, yet been planted a hundred miles from the West African coast, among those nobler races, such as the Mandingoes or the Fulahs, one convert from among whom would be worth, as a center of new influence, and as an omen of hope for the future, any number of natives of the coast.

Lastly, and most important of all, Christianity has, with very few exceptions, hitherto been offered to the Negro by the European missionary, not in its native simplicity, not as it must have appeared to the Disciples when they were following about their Master from place to place, listening to His words of gentle wisdom, watching His acts of mercy and of love among the outcast, the poor and the bereaved, and only very gradually gathering—and some of them not till the very end—truer and wider notions of His Divine mission, but as a complex whole, with the dust of circumstances and controversies and centuries around it, with its Prayer Book and its Thirty-nine Articles, with its orders and degrees, with all that it has done for civilization, and with all that civilization, for good or for evil, has added to it. As such, it is altogether too complicated, too mysterious, too metaphysical, too vast for the native mind. Would it not be well then to “try back,” to bear in mind as the first and most fundamental truth of all, that meat is suitable for grown men, that milk is suitable for babes, and to apply, in its simple and far-reaching wisdom, the old maxim of the Moravian missionaries, that it was wise to teach their converts to count the number three before they talked to them of the doctrine of the Trinity? When a monk of Iona, who had been sent to preach the Gospel to the heathens of Northumbria, had returned disheartened to his native country, reporting that success was hopeless among a people so stubborn and so barbarous, “Was it their stubbornness or your severity?” asked another monk, who was sitting by. “Did you forget God’s word to give them the milk first and then the meat?” The speaker was Aidan, who afterward became first Bishop of Lindisfarne, and whose wise maxims, carried out by himself and a generation or two of men like him, were the means of Christianizing the whole of northern England. “*I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.*” The golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by can surely reach the most untutored intellect. The Divine beauty of the central character of Christianity can surely touch the hardest heart.

The obstacles I have enumerated to the spread of Christianity among the African Negroes need only to be stated, to make it clear that some of them no longer exist to the extent to which they once did, and that others are removable or capable of indefinite modification, as Christendom becomes, and exactly in proportion as she becomes, worthy of herself. Of course there are other and more fundamental difficulties, such as the appearance of Tritheism which Christianity, in the shape in which it is often presented, must needs wear in the eyes of a stern Monotheist, who owes his whole mental and moral elevation, such as it is, to his rejection of the many and the worship of the One God. On this I might have much to say, but will only remark here that the short chapter of the Koran, which Muslims look upon as equal in value to a third of the whole,—

“Say there is one God alone,
God the Eternal.
He begetteth not and He is not begotten,
And there is none like Him,”

and other passages in which Mohammed fulminated against what he supposed to be the Christian doctrine, are directed against notions which Christians, no less than Muslims, would reject. For it has been pointed out by Dr. Badger in an able article on my book, that the word *Walada*, used by Mohammed in these passages, involves notions of sex and of physical generation in their grosser form, and that it was against these that he hurled his anathemas. It was natural that he should do so; for, in Arabia, the Christian doctrine of the Trinity was usually believed to be a Trinity of a father, a mother, and a son! In one passage of the Koran, Mohammed represents the Almighty as apostrophizing Jesus—whom, it should be remembered, he no less than St. John calls “The Word of God,” and, sometimes also, a “Spirit of God” with the question, “Hast thou indeed said unto men, Take Me and My mother Mary for two Gods beside God?” Once make this clear to Christians as well as Muslims, and to Muslims as well as Christians, and what a host of misconceptions will gradually disappear, and how much room be left for mutual approximation, or it may be “at last far off, at last for all,” even for complete amalgamation and union.

Mohammedanism presents special difficulties to Christian missionaries everywhere, but some of these difficulties have been created, and all have been intensified by the fact that Christians have, all too often, failed to recognize the true greatness of the founder of Islam and the vast amount of good contained in the system which he founded. This tone of mind is now rapidly improving, as my recollections of thirteen years ago convince me. The case of Mohammedanism in Africa, is in many respects, peculiar, and it affords special grounds of hope, if the right steps are taken, and taken soon, that many of

those who now call themselves Mohammedans will be able to rise to something better. It is perfectly true, as Canon Taylor remarks, that no Pagan tribe in Africa which has accepted Islam, has, ever yet, fallen back on Paganism, or has, ever yet, advanced to Christianity. But this is only another way of stating the fact that Islam raises the natives too much to allow of their reverting to the one; it does not raise them high enough to make them wish of themselves to rise still further to the other. Highly competent observers, like Mr. Blyden, tell us that Mohammedanism sits, as yet, very lightly on many African tribes. It is not so stereotyped into the mind and character of the African as it always has been into that of the Asiatic; and the very fact that there are millions of Negroes in America and at the West India Islands who not only call themselves Christians, but many of whom are men of cultivation, and lead more or less Christian lives, is proof positive that there is no insuperable impediment of race. Is there not room to hope that many of these men, returning to their own country and finding a unique base of operations ready to their hand in the Negro and Christian republic of Liberia, may be able to present Christianity to their fellow-country men in a shape in which it has never yet been presented—in which it would be very difficult for Europeans or Americans ever to succeed in presenting it—to them, and may, so, develop a type of Christianity and Civilization combined, which shall be neither American nor European, but African, redolent alike of the people and of the soil?

Men like Mr. Blyden of Liberia, like the Rev. James Johnson of Lagos, like the hereditary prince of Quiah, Tetteh Agamazong—all of whom it is my privilege to know well—and I might add, too, Bishop Crowther of the Niger Mission, whom I do not know—seem to me, in point of sympathy, of zeal, of intellectual culture, and of ardent patriotism to be the very type of men that is wanted for the work. They are ready for it; others will follow their example; and, under their teaching, if I may quote a few words that I have written elsewhere upon this subject, I can see no reason why African Mohammedans, whilst they cling as strongly as ever to their rigid Monotheism, and to their unfaltering belief in the divine mission of their Prophet, should not, as they grow in knowledge of the real character of the Christian faith, be able to recognize that the Christ of the gospels was something ineffably above the Christ of those Christians from whom alone Mohammed drew his notions of Him, that He was a perfect mirror of that one primary attribute of the Eternal of which Mohammed could catch only a far-off glance, and which, had it been shown to him as it really was, must needs have taken possession of his soul. In this way, and in this way best, can Christianity, at present, act upon Mohammedanism, not by a rough

and rude attempt to sweep it into oblivion, for what of truth there is in it—and I have shown that there is an immense amount of truth—can never die, but by gradually and, perhaps, almost imperceptibly, breathing into its vast and still vigorous frame a newer, a purer, and a diviner life.

In any case, I would remark, in conclusion, that difficulties, and dangers, and discouragements have, throughout her history, served rather to stimulate than to depress the energies of the Christian Church; and, looking at what Christianity has, even in these latter days, in spite of all the obstacles to which I have alluded, been able to accomplish with the South Sea Islanders, who have embraced it in large numbers, with the New Zealanders, with the Negroes in America and the West Indies, with the natives of isolated regions like Abbeokuta and Bechuana Land in Africa, or like Tinnevelly and Travancore in India, I can see no reason for withdrawing from the contest and giving it up in despair. Is the case of a missionary going, for the first time, among the Ashantees or the inhabitants of Uganda more hopeless, or are the people in a worse state of barbarism, than were the Anglo-Saxons when they first received the visit of Augustine, the Suevians the visits of Columban and St. Gall, the Teutonic tribes of St. Boniface, the Bulgarians of Cyril and Methodius, the Northmen of St. Anschar? The resources of Christianity are not yet exhausted. A religion which does not attempt to propagate itself is only half-alive. It exists, it does not live; and who will say that Christianity is only half-alive, or that every honorable motive which leads a devout Mussulman to wish to propagate his Creed, ought not to operate with tenfold force in the breast of every devout Christian?

The resemblances between the two Creeds are indeed many and striking, as I have implied throughout; but, if I may, once more, quote a few words which I have used elsewhere in dealing with this question, the contrasts are even more striking than the resemblances. The religion of Christ contains whole fields of morality and whole realms of thought which are all but outside the religion of Mohammed. It opens humility, purity of heart, forgiveness of injuries, sacrifice of self, to man's moral nature; it gives scope for toleration, development, boundless progress to his mind; its motive power is stronger even as a friend is better than a king, and love higher than obedience. Its realized ideals in the various paths of human greatness have been more commanding, more many-sided, more holy, as Averroes is below Newton, Harun below Alfred, and Ali below St. Paul. Finally, the ideal life of all is far more elevating, far more majestic, far more inspiring, even as the life of the founder of Mohammedanism is below the life of the Founder of Christianity.

If, then, we, believe Christianity to be truer and purer in itself

than Islam and than any other religion, we must needs wish others to be partakers of it; and the effort to propagate it is thrice blessed—it blesses him that offers, no less than him who accepts it; nay, it often blesses him who accepts it not. The last words of a dying friend are apt to linger in the chambers of the heart till the heart itself has ceased to beat; and the last recorded words of the Founder of Christianity are not likely to pass from the memory of His Church till that Church has done its work. They are the marching orders of the Christian army; the consolation for every past and present failure; the earnest and the warrant, in some shape or other, of ultimate success. The value of a Christian mission is not, therefore, to be measured by the number of its converts. The presence in a heathen or a Muslim district of a single man who, filled with the missionary spirit, exhibits in his preaching and, so far as may be, in his life, the self-denying and the Christian virtues, who is charged with sympathy for those among whom his lot is cast, who is patient of disappointment, and of failure, and of the sneers of the ignorant or the irreligious, and who works steadily on with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, is, of itself, an influence for good, and a center from which it radiates, wholly independent of the number of converts he is able to enlist. There is a vast number of such men engaged in mission work all over the world, and our best Indian statesmen, some of whom, for obvious reasons, have been hostile to direct proselytizing efforts, are unanimous as to the quantity and quality of the services they render.

Nothing, therefore, can be more shallow, or more disingenuous, or more misleading, than to attempt to disparage Christian missions by pitting the bare number of converts whom they claim against the number of converts claimed by Islam. The numbers are, of course, enormously in favor of Islam. But does conversion mean the same, or anything like the same, thing in each? Is it *in pari materia*, and if not, is the comparison worth the paper on which it is written? The submission to the rite of circumcision and the repetition of a confession of faith, however noble and however elevating in its ultimate effect, do not necessitate, they do not even necessarily tend toward what a Christian means by a change of heart. It is the characteristic of Mohammedanism to deal with batches and with masses. It is the characteristic of Christianity to speak straight to the individual conscience. The conversion of a whole Pagan community to Islam need not imply more effort, more sincerity, or more vital change, than the conversion of a single individual to Christianity. The Christianity accepted wholesale by Clovis and his fierce warriors, in the flush of victory, on the field of battle, or by the Russian peasants, when they were driven by the Cossack whips into the Dnieper, and baptized there by force—these

are truer parallels to the tribal conversions to Mohammedanism in Africa at the present day. And, whatever may have been their beneficial effects in the march of the centuries, they are not the Christianity of Christ, nor are they the methods or the objects at which a Christian missionary of the present day would dream of aiming. A Christian missionary could not thus bring over a Pagan or a Muslim tribe to Christianity, even if he would; he ought not to try thus to bring them over, even if he could. "Missionary work," as remarked by an able writer in the *Spectator* the other day, "is sowing, not reaping, and the sowing of a plant which is slow to bear." At times, the difficulties and discouragements may daunt the stoutest heart and the most living faith. But God is greater than our hearts and wider than our thoughts, and, if we are able to believe in Him at all, we must also believe that the ultimate triumph of Christianity—and by Christianity I mean not the comparatively narrow creed of this or that particular Church, but the Divine Spirit of its Founder, that Spirit which, exactly in proportion as they are true to their name, informs, and animates, and underlies, and overlies them all—is not problematical, but certain, and in His good time, across the lapse of ages, will prove to be, not local but universal, not partial but complete, not evanescent but eternal.—R. BOSWORTH SMITH, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

Nor long ago the present writer sat on a lovely terrace shaded by great trees overlooking the beautiful, placid Derwentwater lake, which lay smiling as if it had never known a storm—talking with Mrs. Craik of a tragedy, the occurrence of a moment, which had desolated the house behind us. We spoke with tears and hushed voices of the story never to be dissociated from that peaceful scene. One young man arriving gaily on an unexpected visit: the other, the young host, receiving him with cordial welcome and pleasure; the sudden suggestion of an expedition on the water, to which the little inland storm gave all the greater zest. And then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all over, and the lake under the mother's windows become the death-scene of her only son. It seems strange that almost the next thing heard of her was the fatal news, that she, so tenderly sympathetic, so full of maternal instincts, that every mother's grief seemed her own, had almost as suddenly entered the presence of her Maker, and left her own home desolate. But not by any violent way, thank heaven: not in pain or horror, but tranquilly, sweetly, as became her life, without any lengthened prelim-

inaries, in the manner she had desired, and as a kindred soul has sung:

“ Life! we’ve been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.”

So was the gentle spirit of Dinah Mulock Craik liberated from mortal cares, as many like her have prayed to be. This is no time or place to speak of her work, which will no doubt have a variety of criticisms and interpretations; but about herself there is no conflict of testimony, and it is of herself her friends are thinking—her friends who are endless in number throughout all the three kingdoms, and reckoned in crowds less known and further off, to whom she has been familiar as a household word. To recall a little the actual look and aspect of a woman so widely known, yet so little of a public personage, so indisposed to put her own personality forward, is all that a friend can do.

We were contemporaries in every sense of the word: the beginning of her work preceding mine a little, as her age did—so little as scarcely to tell at all. We were both young when we made acquaintance: she a slim tall maiden always surrounded by a band of other ambitious and admiring girls, of whom and of whose talents and accomplishments she had always tales to tell with an enthusiasm not excited by any success of her own. And yet even at this early period her literary gifts had received much acknowledgment. The early part of her life (she was but twenty-three at the time of her first important publication, but her independent career had begun long before) had been full of trial and of that girlish and generous daring which makes a young, high-spirited woman the most dauntless creature in creation. I do not know the facts of the story, but only its tenor vaguely, which was that—her mother being as she thought untenderly treated by a father—a man of brilliant attainments—whose profession of extreme Evangelical religiousness was not carried out by his practice—the young Dinah, in a blaze of love and indignation, carried that ailing and delicate mother away, and took in her rashness the charge of the whole family, two younger brothers, upon her own slender shoulders, working to sustain them in every way that presented itself, from stories for the fashion books to graver publications. She had gone through some years of this feverish work before her novel, *The Ogilvies*, introduced her to a wider medium and to higher possibilities. Her mother, broken in spirit and in health, had died, as well, I think, as the

elder of the two brothers, before I knew her; but the story was told among her friends and thrilled the hearer with sympathy and admiration.

That first struggle was over along with the dearest cause of it before Dinah Mulock was at all known to the world, or to most of those who have held her dear in her later life. If there are any memorials of it left, it would no doubt form a most attractive chapter among the many records of early struggles. The young heroic creature writing her pretty juvenile nonsense of love and lovers, in swift, unformed style, as fast as the pen could fly, to get bread for the boys and a little soup and wine for the invalid over whose deathbed she watched with impassioned love and care—what a tragic, tender picture, to be associated by ever so distant a link with inane magazines of the fashions and short-lived periodicals unknown to fame! No doubt she must have thought sometimes how far her own unthought-of troubles exceeded those of her Edwins and Angelinas. But she was always loyal to love, and perhaps this reflection did not cross her mind. There was no longer any mother when I first knew her, but only the bevy of attendant maidens aforesaid, and a brother, gifted but not fortunate, in the background, who appeared and disappeared, always much talked of, tenderly welcomed, giving her anxieties much grudged and objected to by her friends, but never by herself; and she was then a writer with a recognized position, and well able to maintain it.

Little parties, pleasant meetings, kind visits at intervals, form a succession of pretty scenes in my recollection of her at this period. Involved in household cares, and the coming and, alas! going of little children, I had no leisure for the constant intercourse which youthful friendship demands; but she was always the center of an attached group, to which her kind eyes, full of the glamor of affection, attributed the highest gifts and graces. They were all a little literary—artists, musicians, full of intellectual interests and aspirations, and taking a share in all the pleasant follies, as well as wisdoms of their day. Spiritualism had made its first invasion of England about that time, and some families of the circle in which Miss Mulock lived were deeply involved in it. One heard of little drawings which a friend had received of the home in heaven from one of her infants lately departed there, and how the poor little scribbling consoled the sorrowful mother; along with many other wondrous tales, such as have been repeated periodically since, but then were altogether novel; and these early undeveloped *seances* formed sometimes part of the evening entertainments in the region where then we all lived, in the north of London toward Camden Town—regions grown entirely unknown now as if they were in Timbuctoo.

Miss Mulock had a little house in a little street, full of pretty things, as pretty things were understood before the days of Heilbronner and Liberty, with all her little court about her. She sang very sweetly, with great taste and feeling, a gift which she retained long; and wrote little poesies which used to appear in *Chambers's Journal*, one in each weekly part; and knew a great many "nice people," and fully enjoyed her modest youthful fame, which was the climax of so much labor and pain, and her peaceful days. I don't know who her publisher had been for her first books, but she was (as is not unusual) dissatisfied with the results; and when *John Halifax* was about to be finished, she came to my house, and met, at a small dinner-party convened for that purpose, my friend Henry Blackett, another of the contemporary band who has long ago passed away, along with his still more dear and charming wife. They made friends at once, and her great book was brought into the world under his care—the beginning of a business connection which, notwithstanding her subsequent alliance with a member of another firm, was maintained to a late period, a curious instance of her fidelity to every bond.

This great book, which finally established her reputation, and gave her her definite place in literature, had then been for some time in hand. I am permitted to quote the following pretty account of various circumstances connected with its beginning from the notes of Mr. Clarence Dobell.

"In the summer of 1852 she one day drove over with me to see the quaint old town of Tewkesbury. Directly she saw the grand old abbey and the mediæval houses of the High Street she decided that this should form the background of her story, and like a true artist fell to work making mental sketches on the spot. A sudden shower drove us into one of the old covered alleys opposite the house, I believe, of the town clerk of Tewkesbury, and as we stood there a bright-looking but ragged boy also took refuge at the mouth of the alley, and from the town clerk's window a little girl gazed with the looks of sympathy at the ragged boy opposite. Presently the door opened, and the girl appeared on the steps, and beckoned to the boy to take a piece of bread, exactly as the scene is described in the opening chapters of *John Halifax*. We had lunch at the Bell Inn, and explored the bowling-green, which also is minutely and accurately described, and the landlord's statement that the house had once been used by a tanner, and the smell of tan which filled the streets from a tanyard not far off, decided the trade which her hero was to follow. She made one or two subsequent visits to further identify her background, and the name of her hero was decided by the discovery of an old gravestone in the Abbey churchyard, on which was inscribed 'John Halifax.' She had already decided that the hero's Christian name must be John, but the surname had been hitherto doubtful."

Thirty-four years after, in the course of the present autumn, Mrs. Craik made another expedition in the same faithful company to a spot so associated with her fame, and once more lunched at the Bell, where the delighted landlady, on being informed who her visitor was, told with pride that in the summer "hundreds of visitors, especially Americans, came to Tewkesbury, not so much to

see the town and abbey, as to identify the scenery of *John Halifax*." Better still however than this are the words in which she expresses to her companion and correspondent the pleasure this visit gave her. "Our visit was truly happy," she says, "especially the bright day of Tewkesbury, where my heart was very full, little as I showed it. It wasn't *the book*: that I cared little about. It was the feeling of thirty-four years of faithful friendship through thick and thin."

Mrs. Craik's marriage took place in 1865, and rendered her completely happy. It was the fashion of our generation—a fashion perhaps not without drawbacks, though we have been unanimous in it—that whatever our work for the public might be, our own homes and personal lives were to be strictly and jealously private, and our pride to consist, not in our literary reputation, which was a thing apart, but in the household duties and domestic occupations which are the rule of life for most women. Perhaps there was a little innocent affectation in this studious avoidance of all publicity. It is not the weakness of this day; but we who are now the seniors still prefer it to the banal confidences now so often made to public curiosity in newspapers and elsewhere. No such invasion of her privacy was ever permitted by Mrs. Craik. Her life became larger and fuller after her marriage, as was meet and natural. The days of the little houses at Camden Town or Hampstead were over; but not the friends, who moved with her wherever she moved, always surrounding her with faithful admiration and regard. Not even the closer ties of a home in which she filled the place of wife and mother disturbed these earlier bonds. She became known in her own locality as a new center of pleasant society and life, always hospitable, kind, full of schemes to give pleasure to the young people who were her perennial interest, and always fondly attached to the old who had been the companions of her life. Her interest in youth no doubt blossomed all the more in the much-cared for development of her Dorothy, the adopted daughter on whom she lavished the abundance of her heart; but the instinct was always strong in her, making her the natural confidant, adviser, patron saint of girls, from the time when she was little older than her devotees. Her more recent writings have been the records of simple journeyings taken as the guide and leader of such enthusiastic and cheerful groups. She was surrounded by her bevy of maidens in Cornwall, in the house-boat on the Thames in which so many pleasant days were passed, and still more lately in Ireland, where the gentle company traveled, like a mother with her daughters. On the occasion to which I have referred, my last meeting with her in the Lake country, she and her husband had the unfailing attendance of two of these voluntary maids of honor.

During these latter years she has not written very much, not at least with the constant strain of some of her contemporaries whose lot has fallen in less pleasant places, but yet has never relinquished the labor she loved. In earlier days she received from the Queen that only mark of public approval which is possible to the professors of literature—a small pension, about which there is a little explanation to make. It has been remarked by at least one ungracious commentator that the pension granted to Miss Mulock was unsuitable, being quite unnecessary, to Mrs. Craik. For my own part I should think it needless to reply to this, for the reason above said, that it is according to our traditions the only recognition ever given to a writer. But I am asked to say that though Mrs. Craik, when her husband suggested the relinquishment of this small pension, preferred to retain it for this and other reasons—it was, from the period of her marriage, religiously set aside for those in her own walk of literature who needed it more than herself. Her Majesty has no star or order with which to decorate the writers she approves. It is the only symbol by which it may be divined that literature is of any value in the eyes of the State.

There remains little more to say, unless indeed I were at liberty to enter much more fully into a beautiful and harmonious life. For some time past Mrs. Craik had been subject to attacks, not sufficient to alarm her family, who had been accustomed to the habitual delicacy of health, which was yet combined with much elasticity of constitution and power of shaking off complaints even when they seemed more serious. Her medical advisers had enjoined a great deal of rest, with which the pleasant cares of an approaching marriage in the family, and all the necessary arrangements to make the outset of her adopted daughter in life as bright and delightful as possible, considerably interfered. In one attack of breathlessness and faintness some short time before, she had murmured forth an entreaty that the marriage should not be delayed by anything that could happen to her. But even this did not frighten the fond and cheerful circle, which was used to nothing but happiness. On the morning of the twelfth of October, her husband, before going off to his business, took a loving leave of her, almost more loving than his wont, though without any presentiment—provoking a laughing remark from their daughter, to which Mrs. Craik answered that though so long married, they were still lovers. These were the last words he heard from her lips, and no man could have a more sweet assurance of the happiness his tender care had procured. When he came home cheerfully in the afternoon to his always cheerful home, the sight of the doctor's carriage at the door, and the coachman's incautious explanation that "the lady was dying," were the only preparations he had for the great and solemn event

which had already taken place. He found her in her own room, lying on her sofa, with an awe-stricken group standing round—dead. She had entertained various visitors in the afternoon. Some time after they were gone, she had rung her bell, saying she felt ill: the servants alarmed called for assistance, and she was laid upon the sofa. A few minutes' struggle for breath, a murmur, "Oh, if I could live four weeks longer: but no matter—no matter!" and all was over. Thus she died as she had lived—her last thought for others, for the bride whose festival day must be overshadowed by so heavy a cloud, yet of content and acquiescence in whatever the supreme Arbiter of events thought right. An ideal ending such as God grant us all, when our day comes.

Her fame may well be left to the decision of posterity, which takes so little thought of contemporary judgments. It is for us the sweet and spotless fame of a good and pure woman full of all tenderness and kindness, very loving and much beloved. The angels of God could not have more.—MARGARET O. W. OLIPHANT, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF LEISURE.—Elizabeth Marbury writes in the *Boston Educator*:—

"A woman, owing to her general exemption from manual labor, should be trained with dignity for a proper use of leisure. Amusement should be welcomed as a relaxation, and not accepted as an occupation. Many pursuits bearing no direct relation to the business of life nevertheless have value, so far as they educate the intellect for the enjoyment of hours which otherwise might be filled

with vapid and demoralizing interests. We study to learn, therefore why not learn how best to enjoy? The gospel of responsibility of labor is preached to us daily, yet the more neglected gospel of the responsibility of leisure is full of graver possibilities. To a woman, at least, such possibilities should be seriously unfolded, so that they determine the purpose and standard of her life; nor should she, in her hours of work, fail to recognize that the leisure which she may earn or inherit, is to be raised to a rational and refined plane of thought and action."

CATHOLICITY AND REASON.*

The Gospels are not, as Sir James Stephen says, the "foundation" of the faith. The Church existed, and the tradition of Christianity grew and was diffused, before any written Gospel existed. As I said in my article:

"It must never be forgotten that the position of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to Scripture is different from that of any Protestant body. She claims to have existed before a line of the New Testament was written, to have had authority to determine what was and what was not 'canonical' and 'inspired,' and she still claims full power to place her own interpretation on whatever may therein be contained."

My opponent unconsciously regards the matter from the Protestant standpoint. But a Catholic is only bound to accept dogmas as revealed to the Church, and on her authority, not because they may be gathered from Scripture or because they are therein expressed in the way they are. The Church insists (and by some persons it is made a reproach to her) far more on the acceptance of her Divine authority than upon an accurate apprehension of various dogmas, an implicit belief in which is deemed sufficient. Very few Catholics indeed could draw out an accurate, detailed statement of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, but that in no way interferes with their holding it with sufficient practical accuracy on the bare word of the Church. The Creeds repose upon a primitive tradition which has been handed down, and might have been handed down had the New Testament never been written. The Holy Gospels contain, Sir James Stephen says, "the earliest accounts of the life of Jesus Christ now extant." They are therefore of priceless value, and most fittingly does the Church show her profound reverence for them by her precepts, by her use of them in testimony, and by the attitude of respect in which they are proclaimed and listened to, with stately ceremonial observances of lights, incense, and profound obeisance when they are solemnly sung in her Liturgy. Nevertheless, though there can be no comparison between their historical accuracy and that of the Old Testament, the principle that not everything contained in them is free from error and historically true is admitted without dispute, and it is a fact that in some respects certain dogmas of the Christian religion would be freer from difficulties had they never been written, in spite of their inestimable value in all other respects. The amount of human imperfection contained in them is a matter

* In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. St. George Mivart published some time since two papers on "Modern Catholic and Scientific Freedom," and "The Catholic Church and Biblical Criticism." Upon these Sir James Stephen wrote, in the October Number of that periodical an elaborate critique, to which Mr. Mivart now makes a long reply, the larger and most essential portion of which is here given.—ED. LIB. MAG.

to be ascertained as far as possible by the help of patient and persevering research, and that authority by which alone we can know that any portion is inspired at all. Such investigations, then, however sacred and important, can by no means involve the real foundations of the Catholic faith. My critic says:

“Logically, it is not impossible that all the evidence for a conclusion may be false, and the conclusion itself be true; but it is in practice as idle to put forward such a possibility as to contend that if the walls of a house are pulled down the roof will not fall, it being possible that it may be otherwise supported.”

But it would be by no means “idle” for anyone so to contend who knew that the roof rested upon solid iron pillars enclosed within the apparently supporting walls, but independent of them. Such must indeed be affirmed to be really the case by those who hold that such “iron pillars” represent an authoritative tradition supporting, instead of depending upon, those written “walls” the adoption and use of which, when they had come to be written, traditional authority sanctioned. My critic shows that he has an inkling of this view when he observes:

“It is often said that the Church itself is a witness superior in weight to all others of these matters, but Mr. Mivart cannot say so, for it is emphatically a question of history whether the Church existed as an organized body in the first century, and what were its means of knowledge and the value of its testimony.”

But it is not to the Church of the “first century” that the Catholic appeals, but to the Church of the year 1887. If the Church ever had any authority, it has that authority now; and at the very least it has as much rational evidence to bring forward in support of its claims in the present day as it had when the New Testament was being written—rather, it has an infinitely greater amount of such evidence to bring forward. The position here assumed may seem the acme of unreason to Sir James Stephen; but if it does so appear to him, the cause is that we approach the subject from two altogether different points of view—small wonder, then, if our conclusions differ widely.

In approaching the examination of what professes to be revealed religion, I come with a profound, absolute conviction that the universe is ruled by a personal God who has ordained that we shall, every one of us, in a future life find an individual, conscious existence in exact accordance with our deserts. This conviction of mine is not one due to emotional feelings and sentiments, and still less to any declarations of authority. It reposes on what appear to me to be the evident dictates of calm and solid reason. I have carefully considered to the best of my ability the arguments put forward by those who disclaim Theism—amongst the number, the arguments of our Agnostics, Comtists, and of such positive disbelievers as was the late lamented Professor Clifford—and I can conscientiously affirm that the

more I have considered them, the more utterly unreasonable do they appear to me to be. As to the world about us, while fully admitting that, on account of the imperfection of our faculties and poverty of our powers of imagination, it is practically convenient and useful to express as far as possible the sequences of phenomena in terms of matter and motion, and fully admitting that they are calculable by science, I none the less regard a real belief in a mechanical philosophy of nature as a superstition and a baseless chimera. For me the physical universe is pervaded by a Divine activity, which only so far shrouds itself as not to force men to recognize it, whether they will or no.

I further approach the subject with a conviction of the real freedom of the human will—that, whereas the whole irrational world is bound in adamantine bonds of necessity, man is endowed with the wonderful power of freely intervening in the chain of events, and so changing the whole subsequent course of physical causation. This power may, compared with every other power known to us in nature, be spoken of as, in a sense, miraculous. I see about me living organic bodies (animals) which are devoid of conscious intelligence, while I know there are other living organic bodies (men) which possess conscious intelligence. My belief in a future life convinces me that conscious intelligences may exist without bodies, and therefore, since I know there are such multitudes of bodies which never had a conscious intelligence, I am prepared to admit there may be multitudes of intelligences which never had a body.

Again, since we men can only think in human terms, we must, if God is not to be considered as less than man, think and speak of Him in such terms, declaring them all the while to be utterly inadequate symbols, though the best we can make use of. Thus my reason compels me to affirm as existing in God attributes analogous to the highest qualities I know to exist in man. Inadequate as such affirmations must necessarily be, it is none the less certain that they are truth itself as compared with the absolute negation of such attributes. The term “goodness” as applied to God is immeasurably inadequate, but it is infinitely more true than “badness.” Similarly, even “existence” in God and creatures, is indescribably and incomprehensibly different, yet we can clearly comprehend that a denial of His existence is infinitely farther from the truth. If, then, man thus has, through his free will, the power of working what, in a sense, may be termed miracles, what must not be the analogous power in God? If man has a certain amount of benevolence and goodness, what may we not expect from the analogous Divine attributes? Thus it seems to be likely *à priori* that God either has vouchsafed, or, when the proper hour arrives, will vouchsafe, some revelation of Himself to man, more definite, complete, and harmonizing

better with our aspirations and what seem to be our needs, than is the revelation of Him made to us through the mere exercise of unaided reason. It seems to me that such a revelation may be reasonably anticipated, because though simple Theism affords a sufficient religious pabulum for many of the choicest minds, experience plainly shows us that it does not suffice for the multitude, and also shows us that it does not suffice even for many choice minds. Though reason is enough to make Theism manifest to us, the ~~act~~ is vague, most abstract, unpractical, and reached after effectually but by very few without the aid of some more positive religion. Moreover, it is of little use as a rule of life, and affords no clear and certain information as to how we are to approach and address God. He is too inscrutable for us to learn clearly and certainly, by reason alone, how to serve Him, and love is difficult. Again, simple Theism does not yet seem so far to have inspired much apostolic fervor. How many enthusiastic simple Theists are there who, disdaining this world's goods, go forth ardently preaching their gospel to the poor and offering its consolations to the afflicted? It seems, then, almost certain that some emphatic reassertion of Theism is needed.

As it is evident to me that no final cause can be assigned to the material creation, except an ethical cause (moral advance), it seems also evident that any revelation must above all be an ethical one. I should expect it not only to enjoin whatever may be morally necessary, but also to hold up to us a very lofty ideal suited to the aspirations of the most perfect natures. It also seems plain to me that since no ethical progress is possible for us without self-denial, and since a pursuit of virtue means often a voluntary acceptance of disadvantage, of pain, and of suffering, a revelation might be expected to set before us some realized ideal of devotion and voluntary abnegation capable of affording heartfelt consolation to those who suffer, and of encouraging those who may be disposed to turn back from what is so often the painful path of virtue. Moreover, since I cannot question but that no part of our duty is comparable, for the degree of its obligation, with our duty to God, the mode of serving Him directly might well be expected to come within its scope, and that it should set before us principles and precepts as to Divine worship—a matter we all feel to be so hopeless when left to the mere taste and inventive faculty of individual men.

A revelation to be acceptable must be one both capable of satisfying the intellectual and æsthetic requirements of the cultivated minority, and also of reaching simple, uneducated minds—successfully appealing to the feelings of the multitude. It ought to be able to satisfy at the same time the aspirations of the most cultured and the most unlettered of mankind. It should likewise stimulate the

affections and quicken the will; while, if it is to be in harmony with nature, it should be no rose-water system, but have its terrible and appalling side. I should be prepared to find accidentally mixed up with such a revealed system, if it has endured through many centuries and spread over many lands, a multitude of superstitious and childish practices inherited from inferior intellectual conditions, and I should be abundantly satisfied if only I found that such things were not imposed and enjoined by supreme authority. Indeed, I should anticipate that in this and in other ways the will would be put on its trial in its relation to the intellect, as well as to conflicting sentiments. For since our reason makes God so far known to us as to enable us to appreciate His utter incomprehensibility—since it is only God who can know what the word “God” really means—it might surely be anticipated that no revelation could express to us fully and adequately His essential nature or His relations with His creation. These things as known to God Himself—that is to say, “objective religion”—cannot evidently be communicated to us except by the help of more or less remote analogies congruous with our nature and faculties. Any revelation, therefore, might surely be expected to contain matters very different from those conveyed to us by our unaided powers of imagination and reason, nor should I, for one, be surprised to meet therein with statements barely intelligible to me, and seeming almost to involve, but never really involving, absolute contradictions.

Animated by such convictions and anticipations, I survey the world to see what signs there are that any such Divine authoritative revelation has been vouchsafed. I find but one body which claims the right to speak authoritatively in God’s name as the one exclusive organ of such a revelation—I need hardly say I mean the Catholic Church. The next task of the inquirer, after satisfying himself that there is *prima facie* evidence in favor of that Church, is to examine whether the doctrines it proclaims to be necessary for belief are self-contradictory or whether they seem to contradict any truths which are self-evident or can be demonstrated to be certainly true. If he does not find such to be the case, he will then proceed to examine the positive arguments which may justify him in accepting a revelation he has been looking for and is already disposed to accept if the judgment of his calm reason will sanction his so doing. Of course no one would be so unreasonable as to pretend that the mere absence of contradictions was a sufficient evidence of truth. There must also be positive arguments producing a conviction that the key has been found to open a most complex lock. But it is manifestly impossible here to draw out the positive arguments which lead to the acceptance of the Christian religion as a true revelation. An entire article would, of course, be needed for such a

subject; here I can but try to show how, Christianity being accepted, the views I have put forward are not necessarily inconsistent with such acceptance.

Now, as Sir James Stephen says: "The assertions that Jesus Christ was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, and rose again from the dead the third day, and that He ascended into heaven," are distinct "historical statements," and they are certainly of the very essence of orthodox Catholic belief. Anyone who does not really believe them and the whole of the four Creeds (Apostles, Nicene, the Athanasian, and that of St. Pius the Fifth), or who is not prepared to submit to and allow the Church's authority in such matters, cannot really remain a member of the Church of Rome; and the position of any such man therein certainly would be, as my critic says, "in every respect false." Similarly anyone who does not really believe in the Divine presence in the Holy Eucharist as defined at Trent, or who does not accept and bow to Papal supremacy, cannot consistently continue to profess himself a Catholic. As to Papal rule, it has manifestly for centuries been of the essence of Catholicity. The final decree of the Vatican Council seems to me only the natural, and indeed necessary, development and outcome of what had been long developing it antecedently, just as the absolute adoration of the Host practised in the modern Church, is unquestionably the logical and legitimate evolution of the doctrine always held by the Greeks, though their intense conservatism has hindered them from developing it in the same fashion.

A real acceptance, not only of the articles of the Creeds, but also of the teaching authority of the Church—I do not refer to judgments of Congregations, but to *supreme* authority—is of the very essence of Church-membership. But authority and revelation do not extend by any means as far as is often supposed. Most men are tempted to more or less "magnify their office," and ecclesiastics are not exempt from the temptation. But it is not only the teachers, it is also not a few of the taught, who tend to enlarge unduly the domain of authority. Many of the taught, as my critic observes, are eager for the guidance of an infallible authority in all the details of life and to find, as has been said, "a fresh infallible decree every morning on their breakfast table." I have heard of one rather prominent politician who was near being received into the Church, but drew back because he could not get an authoritative decision as to whether the Crimean war ought or ought not to be undertaken. Whether we do or do not desire more guidance than we have, it is a fact that but a minimum of revelation has been granted, just enough to attain its end while allowing free play for human efforts in the attainment of truths by natural means. A few intensely luminous points have

been set before us, each surrounded by a halo or penumbra of twilight becoming rapidly less illuminating as it recedes from the radiant centre. This is the arena in which the intellect has full play and where there is the most complete freedom for all the inductive sciences. Thus, therefore, I repeat what I have twice before declared—namely, that freedom has now been happily gained for Catholics: “for all science—geology, biology, sociology, political economy, history, and Biblical criticism—for whatever, in fact, comes within the reach of human inductive research and is capable of verification.”

But the dogmas of revelation do not, and cannot, come within the scope of such research. If any physicist were so foolish as to say that Christ's birth from a Virgin or His resurrection was impossible on account of physiological data, or that His presence in the Eucharist could not be real for chemical reasons, or that the Pope could not be divinely guided in his official, *ex-cathedra* decisions on account of the laws of psychology, or that all miracles are impossible because contradicting the laws of nature, then such a pretension would be most legitimately condemned and overruled as intrinsically absurd. On the other hand, I do not for a moment pretend to affirm that the doctrines here referred to are not difficult to accept and, as I said before, much more difficult to accept now than they were in the middle ages. Nevertheless, however difficult they may be, they are not contradictory and cannot with any show of reason be declared to be impossible and necessarily false. As to Christ's birth from a Virgin mother, the difficulty is even somewhat less now than it was a century ago; since the more recent advances in the study of biology seem rather to make it a matter of wonder that any sexual process should ever be necessary, considering the frequent and reiterated occurrence of virgin reproduction. The dogma of the resurrection must mean something very different from what is ordinarily imagined; for, according to Catholic doctrine, had the body of our Lord been reduced by fire to its ultimate chemical elements, and had those elements entered into the most diverse and complex combinations with other kinds of matter, such a circumstance would not in the least have impeded the “resurrection on the third day.” We must recollect it is the dogma of the resurrection, not the mental picture framed by our imaginations from the Gospel narrative, that Catholics are bound to accept as expressing the truth. Similarly, the article of the Creed which declares “He ascended into Heaven” does not require the acceptance of any mental picture of the imagination, but the affirmation of the truth of an intellectual conception. Any person who believes that Christ really rose—in whatever true sense—from the dead, and was for a time manifest on earth afterwards, must (since no one denies that mani-

festation to have now ceased, since "Heaven" is the expression denoting supernal bliss, and since "upwards" is a symbol adopted as less inapplicable to it than "downwards") admit His "ascension into Heaven."

I do not, however, wish it to be understood that I could accept these doctrines as true except inasmuch as acquiescence in them is a necessary condition for the acceptance of a revelation the truth of which is evident to me on other grounds. Were I asked to believe in a Virgin birth, a real resurrection from the dead, or an ascension into Heaven, on only such evidence as that afforded by the "written word," I should find it utterly impossible to do so, and I can quite understand and sympathize with the impatience which many a man of science feels when asked to listen to any arguments in their favor. Nevertheless there are some most estimable men of science, and also men as eminent in law and jurisprudence as is my critic, who do not feel this, and who are satisfied with such evidence. I have nothing to say as to their view, except that it is not and never (since I was seventeen years of age) was mine. I never did and never could so accept those doctrines, and it seems to me not only natural but inevitable that they will, sooner or later, be rejected by the overwhelming majority of those who do receive them only on that evidence, and apart from any actual living authoritative and traditional revelation, the truth of which they have accepted on rational but independent grounds.

It is of course true that a more or less miraculous birth is the common character of a variety of legendary heroes. It is true that the birth of our Lord has some appearance of being a magnified version of that of Samson. It is true that a Divine Incarnation might have taken place as well with as without the intervention of a human father; but no considerations of this kind force us to deny the possibility of an occurrence the evidence for which is of a quite different character. No one can deny that Christianity being, if true, a kind of new creation of mankind, might be expected *à priori* to present a sort of new creation at its origin; but there is another more indisputable consideration which makes it most congruous and fitting on very different grounds. It may be said at once to strike the key-note, as it were, of the Church's whole attitude towards sexual morality—its conspicuous inculcation of chastity and often of celibacy, and its respect for virginity. This is an object of dislike and disapprobation to many persons who do not consider the need there is that a lofty ideal and a very high aim should, by any revealed religion, be set before such beings as men in the concrete actually are. If there is one instinct which is imperious and exacting, it is the sexual instinct. If there is one form of human activity which more than another needs regulating by a sense of duty, it is the re-

productive faculty. Only a large experience of the facts of human life can lead to a just and adequate appreciation of the absolute need of the presentation of an ideal the very opposite in its nature to that evil which is the most copious source of human woe and suffering. A man needs to aim high if he would not shoot below the mark. What ideal can be so high as the one which the Catholic Church sets before us in this respect? Its social result, when faithfully corresponded with, is sexual love transfigured by the highest ideas of duty and the perfect realization of that ideal to which the revolutionary enemies of religion are most violently opposed—the ideal of the Christian family.

The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is one which is of course very difficult of comprehension, but surely nothing could well be more absurd than objections made on that ground by men who say that God is not only (as we say) incomprehensible, but absolutely unknowable! Such men ought surely to affirm the *a priori* probability, that were a revelation of God's nature possible, it would be one most difficult to express in any human terms. For my own part, I must confess that, though unaided reason could never have attained to a perception of the Christian Trinity, yet a Trinitarian doctrine appears to my mind to be more probable and less incongruous with the declarations of my intellect than the Unitarian doctrine. For if we attribute, as reason compels us to attribute, to God from all eternity, characters which are faintly expressed by the analogical terms knowledge, beauty, will and love, then these characters can be far better conceived of as existing in a being which in some mysterious way has elements of conscious diversity within it than in one which is an absolute and simple unity, and therefore cannot have any internal relations whatsoever.

It seems hardly necessary to me to refer to any other Christian doctrines. As to that concerning the Eucharistic presence, I should think every educated person now understood that, by its very definition, it is and must be a matter beyond the reach of any physical investigation, and is necessarily incapable of any such proof or disproof.

But if the Church is a divinely sustained and governed body, authoritatively enunciating and from time to time defining such doctrines as these; if it has the right of governing and directing outside what can be demonstrated through "human inductive" research and verification; if it is the authorized administrator of sacraments which are the ordinary channels of a more perfect life, then it is itself a greater sacrament, and can have no cause to fear humiliation or degradation, and is far indeed from being a "repeater of old fables" and "a performer of curious old ceremonies." Thus I claim at one and the same time both to uphold the dignity and authority of the

Church, above all of its supreme head, and also to maintain the rights of scientific men to perfect liberty in the investigation and promulgation of what they are convinced is the very truth in each and every branch of inductive research. I would further reinforce this claim by calling attention to the truly wonderful circumstance that not only supreme Church authority should not have committed itself to decrees and definitions which render it unable to accept what the present Biblical criticism may demonstrate to be true, but should even have admitted the very principles needed to enable it to assimilate the results of such inquiry. Here, then, I may repeat with emphasis words I employed some years ago with reference to the question of biological evolution. In my *Lessons from Nature*, I said, and I repeat:

"It is surely a noteworthy fact that the Church should have unconsciously provided for the reception of modern theories by the emission of faithful principles and far-reaching definitions, centuries before such theories were promulgated, and when views directly contradicting them were held universally, and even by those very men themselves who laid down the principles and definitions referred to. Circumstances so remarkable, such undesigned coincidences, which, as facts, cannot be denied, must be allowed to have been 'pre-ordained' by those who, being Theists, assert that a 'purpose' runs through the whole process of cosmical evolution. Such Theists must admit that, however arising or with whatever end, a prescience has so far watched over the Church's definitions, and that she has been herein so guided in her teaching as to be able to harmonize and assimilate with her doctrines the most recent theories of science."

But my critic will probably say: "If the Church has not yet committed itself to the denial of any proved scientific truth through any decree of supreme authority, what will you do if on some future occasion it does so commit itself? What will you say if supreme authority should ever dogmatically affirm anything which can conclusively be demonstrated by science to be false?" This question I have already considered and answered in the words of St. Paul: "Then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." If I ever became convinced that such a contradiction had at any time occurred, on the practically idle hypothesis that I was absolutely certain of the scientific truth supposed to be contradicted, then I should be driven to conclude that my antecedent judgment to the effect that God had granted an authoritative, supernatural revelation was a mistaken judgment, and that in fact we had no such revelation. Since revelation supposes reason, and, as I have before said, is accepted on grounds of independent reason, I cannot, naturally, be more certain of the truths of my past judgment about revelation than I am of the antecedent data of reason on the strength of which I accepted it. I became a Catholic on what I deemed to be good grounds, and were I to find that those grounds were not good, and could I obtain no other grounds as good, or better, in their place, then, of course, a Catholic I could not remain. My critic may be surprised to be told

that anyone so circumstanced would be bound by Catholic principles not to remain a Catholic; for every Catholic theologian without exception would tell him that he must follow his conscience and adhere to truth, and that, if he had really come to disbelieve in the truths of Catholicity, and therefore really felt it his duty to leave it, he could not continue to profess himself a Catholic without grave detriment to his soul's health.

But in affirming that we cannot be more certain of the truth of revelation than of the data of reason which led us to accept it, I would by no means be understood to say that we cannot be more certain of the truth of revelation now than we were at the time when we first accepted it. There is an enormous difference between any comprehension of the Church and her life which can be obtained by non-Catholics and the results of experience on those who have lived in church-membership. The difference has been aptly compared, I think, by the late Cardinal Wiseman, to looking at a fair stained-window from without and from within the building it adorns. We are justly said to have "faculties" of feeling and volition as well as of intellect, but we are nevertheless each of us a unity, and as we never make an act of will without the intervention of feeling and intellect, so also in our intellectual acts a certain amount of volition and feeling have each also their part, however subordinate that part may be. The vastly increased evidence of the truth of revelation which such experience as is above referred to may furnish, will inevitably and most legitimately intensify both the feeling favorable to it and the will to adhere to it. A Catholic who is also a man of science must of course be ready to scientifically examine and weigh whatever seemingly important evidence may be freshly brought to light against his religion, but nothing less than a demonstration of its untruth will lead him to abandon it. Especially suspicious will he be of his suspicions against it, and doubtful of his difficulties, if a careful examination of conscience shows him that the ethical requirements of Catholicity strongly conflict with his inclinations.

A Catholic who is so unhappy as to have become anyhow convinced that the essentials of his religion are untrue, cannot of course consistently make any further profession of Catholicity. At the same time, while remaining a Theist, he must admit that Christianity and the Catholic Church have been the greatest agents in the religious education of the best part of the human race, and that Christianity has so far every appearance of being the culminating religion of mankind. Thus Christian Theism may remain for him the best possible religion attainable. Whether such a man may refrain from expressing his views, and silently and passively continue an apparent member of the Catholic Church, it is not for me to

say—each individual so circumstanced must determine that matter for himself. But it certainly is not a position which commends itself in any way to my judgment, and a man who assumes it is not only unfaithful to the dogmatic requirements of the Church to which he appears to belong, but to its ethical spirit also—as already pointed out. His whole conduct appears to me to be so glaringly inconsistent that it might well be called what my critic, quoting Dr. Pusey, terms “a moral miracle.”

The Catholic Church is essentially an authoritative, dogmatic Church, and can in no way confess its supreme authority to have ever laid down as of faith what is in reality false. But Sir James Stephen observes that the Church of England could assume such a position “with infinitely better grace” than the Church of Rome. This I have myself before affirmed. The Church of England as understood by the late Dean Stanley, practically free even as regards the decrees of Nice and Chalcedon, might well become a refuge and home for Christian Theists who desired a refined worship not freshly invented but traditional, and to be free from ceremonies or obligations in any way oppressive. To take this position, however, the Anglican Church would need to dispense its ministers not only from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, but also from express acceptance of the Creeds, and to content itself with a willingness on their part to perform the services contained in the beautiful Book of Common Prayer. But this does not appear to be the direction in which the Church of England is now moving. The “Broad Church,” I am told, is more and more giving way to the “High Church,” while, in the most elevated regions of the latter, imitations of Rome are carried to a degree which shocks some Catholics who are really friendly to and sympathetic with the Ritualist clergy, for whom, ethically, they feel a high esteem. But in spite of the undeniably increased life and vigor of the Church of England, and the apparent certainty that it will continue to increase in vigor for a considerable time, yet I have sufficient faith in the ultimate force of logic to feel confident that the development of sacerdotalism within it, and the assumption of a tone of dogmatism and authority, can only end in one way. The attempt at the same time to dethrone authority at Rome and to enthrone it at Canterbury is an attempt which—unless I am greatly mistaken—pitiless logic inexorably foredooms to failure.

But the object I have at present in view concerns not the Church of England, but the Church of Rome, and especially the complete and entire scientific freedom of its members. This freedom I have, I venture to believe, demonstrated in a most practical manner. That some things I thought necessary to write could not but give pain

and offence to most estimable people I only too well knew, and I deeply regretted it. The pain, however, I was convinced would be but of very short duration, while the beneficial effects I was advised would be great and lasting. It is my hope—my conviction—that they will be so, and that such a happy result will ensue from that special manifestation of the Church's essential spirit in which I have been encouraged to co-operate. For my own part, I feel greatly consoled by the course which events have so far taken, and am more impressed now than I have been at any time since I first began to write on the subject with the profound concord and harmony which exists, and I am persuaded will continue to exist, between the authority of Rome and the authority of the human intellect, and with the essential unity which underlies the superficial diversities between the illuminating action of those two lights set before us by God in the intellectual firmament—Catholicity and Reason.—ST. GEORGE MIVART, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

TRYING THE SPIRITS.

A CHAIR of Philosophy has recently been endowed in the University of Philadelphia, subject to a curious condition. The donor, Henry Seybert, now deceased, was an enthusiastic believer in Spiritualism, and the condition of his bequest was that the University should appoint a Commission to investigate "all systems of Morals, Religion, or Philosophy which assume to represent the truth, and particularly Modern Spiritualism." The scope of the suggested inquiry seems rather wide, but it was probably understood that its main object lay in the "particularly." At any rate, the condition was accepted. A Commission was appointed, consisting of ten gentlemen of high scientific repute, and has just issued its Preliminary Report, a substantial octavo volume, containing much curious matter. With the report as a whole we have no concern, save to record, in passing, that its pages teem with instances of detected trickery, unrelieved by a single manifestation which could fairly be accepted as genuine. One branch of the investigation, however, took so comical and at the same time instructive a turn, that it would be cruel to let it "waste its sweetness" in the comparative obscurity of a scientific report. For the public good, therefore, we propose briefly to retell the story.

One form of Spiritualistic enterprise, very popular, it seems, in America, consists in the reading and replying to sealed letters. The process (in theory) is as follows:—The spirit-guide reads the ques-

tion contained in the unopened letter and "controls" the hand of the medium to indite a suitable reply. There are four eminent mediums who make a speciality of this line of business: James V. Mansfield, of Boston; R. W. Flint, New York; Eleanor Martin, Columbus, Ohio; and Eliza A. Martin, of Oxford, Massachusetts. It is stated that, through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield alone, over 100,000 sealed letters have been thus read and answered.

So remarkable a phase of Spiritualism could not but invite the attention of the Commission, and Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the acting Chairman, undertook the duty of investigating it. Casting about for a fit subject of interrogation, he bethought himself that in his own library, mounted on black marble, there chanced to be a human skull, which for some fifty or sixty years had been used as a property at a local theater, and had been apostrophized ("Alas, poor Yorick!") by a long line of eminent tragedians, ranging from Edmund Kean to Henry Irving. Of its previous history nothing was known. The doctor determined to interrogate each medium separately as to the original ownership of this skull. The test was well conceived. On such a subject, if any, departed spirits might be supposed to possess special sources of information. On the other hand, the four mediums being so far apart, and each ignorant that the others were interrogated, it was hardly likely that they would concert an answer. If, under such circumstances, the four replies substantially agreed, it might fairly be concluded, *prima facie*, that they were inspired by some more than human intelligence.

Accordingly, the doctor wrote, on a small sheet of paper, as follows:—"What was the name, age, sex, color, and condition in life of the owner, when alive, of the skull here in my library? February 28, 1885." This paper was put in an envelope whereof the flap was gummed to within a small distance of the point; under this point some sealing-wax was dropped, and enough added above it to make a substantial impression. At the four corners additional seals, with different impressions, were placed. Thus secured, the envelope was forwarded to J. V. Mansfield, with a request that he would exercise upon it his mediumistic power. In a few days Dr. Furness was advised that two "communicates" on the subject had been received from different spirits, one "corroborating" the other, and that the charge for the two would be five dollars. The amount was transmitted, and in due course the "sealed letter" was returned, together with the "communicates," written in pencil and in different hands. The question appeared to have excited considerable interest on "the other side," no less than six eminent scientific ghosts having given their opinions on the subject. Unfortunately, they did not quite agree. The first reply purported to come from the spirit of Dr. Robert Hare, and was as follows:—

"Dear Furness—Yours of 28 Feby before me—as to this matter under consideration I have looked it over and over again. Called my old friend George Combe, and we are of the mind it is the skull of a female—Combe says he thinks it was that of a colored woman—the age—about 40 to 44—the name of the one who inhabited it—it would not be possible for any spirit but the one who the skull belonged to—If it was colored—Cornelia Winnie might know. Respy— Robert Hare."

The second reply purported to come from the spirit of Dr. Rush, and was as under. The handwriting was different, but it will be noticed that the eccentricities of style and punctuation are alike in both letters. Dr. Rush is a very polite spirit:—

"My Dear Townsman—pardon what may seem an intrusion—but seeing your anxiety to get the Age sex col. and name of a skull in your office and seeing the conclusion that Dr. Hare & Proffr Combe have arrived at—I will say that I have looked the same over and fully concur in their conclusion save in the color of the one who once animated that skull. Fowler, Spurzeheim and Gall agree in saying that Hare & Combe have nothing to base an opinion upon, as to the color—yet in sex they agree. Yours with Respect Benja. Rush, M. D."

"Exact age could not be determined."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The only item as to which the ghostly congress was in accord was as to sex. All other points were still left in obscurity, but a possible means of information was indicated—"Cornelia Winnie might know." Accordingly the doctor determined (as it was doubtless intended that he should) to interrogate Cornelia Winnie. Meanwhile, the spirits had, at any rate, shown a knowledge of the question, which, on the assumption that the envelope had not been opened, was remarkable. Examining the envelope minutely, the doctor fancied that he could trace a slight glazing, as of gum, round the central seal, and a minute bubble of mucilage protruded from beneath its edge. He therefore opened the envelope by cutting at the edges, so as to get at the under side of the flap. He found that the paper under three of the seals was torn. The seals had been cut out, and restored to their position with mucilage.

The method of the fraud was now clear, but the doctor wished to make it clearer still. Accordingly he proceeded to interrogate Cornelia Winnie. On a sheet of note-paper he wrote:—"Can Cornelia Winnie, or any other Spirit (Dr. Hare refers me to the former), give me any particulars of the life or death of the colored woman who once animated this skull here in my library? I am entirely ignorant myself on the subject."

This was folded, placed in an envelope, gummed and sealed precisely as the previous letter. The envelope was marked, on the outside, No. 1. On another sheet of paper the same question was word for word repeated. This second sheet was also folded and put in an envelope (marked No. 2), but before sealing two or three stitches of red silk were passed through the flap of the envelope and the enclosed paper, sewing the two securely together. These stitches

were made at the point of the flap, and at each of the four corners. Over the stitches, and concealing them, seals were affixed, so that in appearance the two envelopes were precisely alike. These were forwarded to the medium, with a request that he would "sit" first with No. 1 and afterward with No. 2. The trap was ingeniously laid. Obviously anyone, spirit or otherwise, possessing a genuine clairvoyant faculty, could read No. 2 as easily as No. 1, and would know that the questions were identical. On the other hand, the medium, opening and reclosing No. 1, as in the former case, and finding no special difficulty in doing so, would attack the seals of No. 2 with equal confidence, and in all probability tear out the connecting stitches, leaving a tell-tale rent in the enclosure. In a few days the envelopes were returned, with a brief note from the medium, as follows:—

"Dear Furness: send you what came to your P.K. The second gave no response. My terms are \$3 for each trial—warrant nothing. Respectfully, J. V. M."

The communication enclosed was apparently from a colored lady spirit of neglected education. The voice is the voice of Cornelia Winnie, but the style is still the style of J. V. M.:

"I Bress de Lord for de one mor to talk to de people of my ole home. I been thar lots of tim since I come here, but o Lord de Massy—they no see *Winne* cos she be ded, and she jus no ded at all—now as to dot Col gal—*Hed*, I could not say—sure—but I think it Dinah Melish. I think it seem Dina top not. Will see Dina som time, and then i ask her.
Cornelia Winnie."

An examination of envelope No. 1 showed that the same trick had been played as in the former case. Three of the seals had been cut out, and replaced with mucilage. A similar examination of No. 2 showed why, in this case, the spirits had failed to give any reply. An attempt had been made on two of the seals, but finding an unexpected obstacle in the shape of the silk stitches, the spirits were afraid to go any further, and "gave it up."

The doctor next turned his attention to the New York medium, Mr. R. W. Flint. The prospectus of this medium stipulated that the sealed letter should in every case be addressed to some particular spirit, and signed with the name of the writer in full; two items which would no doubt be of considerable assistance in framing the reply. As the skull was now authoritatively declared to be that of a colored woman, Dr. Furness thought he could not do better than address his inquiry to the spirit of an old colored man, who had been the faithful servant of a family with which he was acquainted for over forty years. Accordingly he wrote as follows:—"Dear W—— H——. Can you tell me anything about the owner, when alive, of the skull here in the library? You remember how anxious I have always been to have my ignorance on this score enlightened.

Have you any message to send to your wife, M—— F——? Are you happy now? Your old friend, HORACE HOWARD FURNESS."

This was placed in an envelope, and sealed with five seals, but without the hidden stitches, and forwarded to Mr. Flint. It came back in a few days, with a note as follows:—

"Dear sir, I gave your sealed spirit-letter three sittings, and regret to state that I have been unable to get an answer. My guide at each sitting wrote and said, 'the spirit called upon is not present to dictate an answer.'"

An examination of the envelope by cutting the edge showed that an attempt had been made to get off the seals, but the paper had begun to tear awkwardly, and the spirit-guide of Mr. Flint had probably suggested that discretion was the better part of valor. Not discouraged, the doctor placed the same letter in a fresh envelope, and forwarded it to Mrs. Eleanor Martin, of Columbus, Ohio. The letter came back in due course. The precaution of cutting at the edges was in this case hardly needed, for even external inspection showed clearly that the seals had been removed and replaced, and not by the cleanest of hands. The spirit-guide of this lady is known, it seems, as Blind Harry, and Blind Harry, like Mr. Wegg, has a way of "dropping into poetry." Two replies were enclosed, both metrical. As they are somewhat lengthy, we shall only venture to quote the more material portions of them.

The first purports to be "written by Blind Harry for a gentleman who gives his name W—— H——." W—— H—— apparently has no information about the skull, for he avoids the subject altogether. There is a "plentiful lack" of punctuation, but for this we presume Blind Harry, and not W. H., is responsible.

"To my Dear friend Horace,—

"Horace you wonder if all is well
Yes, I'm more happy than I can tell
For sorrow and trouble does not last,
But like a sweet dream goes gliding past
In a smooth path of eternal day
Where dawns for each a perpetual May.

"Dear M—— tell her, and family too
That I am ever to them most true
And I daily guide her tender feet
Where'er she goes upon the street
That she has my love forever more
I understand her more than before."

There are three more stanzas of similar quality, but equally remote from the question at issue. Fortunately the second effusion, stated to be "written by Blind Harry for a beautiful lady who gives the name Belle," is more to the point. The rightful owner of the skull puts in a claim to the property:—

" In earth life I was tall and fair
 With jet black eyes and golden hair
 Eyes that sparkled with mirth and song
 And whose hair (*sic*) in curls one yard long.

" Ah but many sad years ago
 My life was burdened with woe
 But the seens through which I passed
 Are now with gladness over-cast.

" I was born in pur earth to await
 The coming of a cruel fate
 Yes, I a true and loving wife
 But mine was a sad darkened life.

" My form was sold to doctors three
 So you have all that's left of me
 I come to greet you in white mull
 You that prizes my lonely skull.

" You may call me your Sister Belle
 My other name I ne'er can tell
 They tell me it is for the best
 To let earth's troubles be at rest."

Cornelia Winnie was wrong, it seems, in supposing the skull to be "Dinah Melish's top-knot," and Drs. Hare and Combe (deceased) were equally mistaken in pronouncing it to have belonged to a colored woman. The true owner was Sister Belle, and was a fair woman with golden hair, who had met with trouble in earth-life, and passed into the dissecting-room after death. But the inquisitive doctor was not yet satisfied. It struck him that the respectful colored servant to whom his inquiry was addressed must have changed considerably in the other world before he would have ventured to greet a white man and friend of his former master's by his Christian name and address him (as he does in one of the stanzas which we have spared the reader) as "our brother Horace dear." For greater certainty, therefore, he resolved to communicate with him again through another channel, and sent the same letter, sealed as before, to the fourth medium, Mrs. Eliza A. Martin, of Massachusetts. The envelope this time came back pure and unsullied. Not a seal, apparently, had been displaced. Closer examination showed that they had *not* been displaced, but the envelope had been cut open along one of its sides, and the edges joined with a thin line of some very delicate form of mucilage. As in the last case, there were two replies. The one, purporting to be "dictated by the spirit of W—H—," was as follows:—

"To H. H. Furness.—I found things very different here from what I expected. I think that is almost the universal experience. The half has not been told, nor can it be, for no language known to humanity can convey any definite knowledge of the mysteries of the Spiritual Life. I remain the same toward you and all my earthly friends. Am with you frequently. Was present in your Library with you one day

recently. I send my love to M. F. and to all others who knew me in earth-life. A friend whom we both know and respect will pass over to this side before long. Will come to you again."

It is pleasant to find that W—— H——'s prose is at any rate better than his poetry; but again he shirks the main question. The communication did not, however, end here. On another sheet of paper was written:—

"There is a spirit-friend present who gives the name of Marie St. Clair. Earth-life had not much pleasure for her, and a course of dissipation and sin resulted in an untimely death. Born of French parentage, and inheriting some of the peculiar characteristics of that people might perhaps furnish some excuse. This spirit says furthermore, you have something which once belonged to her in your possession.

Behold this ruin, 'tis a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.

Par quel ordre du ciel que je ne puis comprendre, vous dis-je plus que je ne dois?"

Feeling that he had in this case met with a medium of more than ordinary sagacity, the doctor was anxious to see how she would deal with the "stitched envelope" test. Accordingly, he wrote in duplicate, "Is Marie St. Clair pleased at having her skull carefully treasured here in my library? Does it gratify her, as a Spirit, that it is mounted on black marble? Does she ever hover over it?" The first of the two duplicates was placed in an envelope marked No. 1, and secured with five seals in the ordinary way. The second was placed in an envelope marked No. 2, and stitched to the envelope, the seals concealing the stitches. The medium was requested to sit with No. 1 first. The two envelopes were speedily returned, with a note as follows: "The reply comes to us in the affirmative to both envelopes. There is quite a communication to you from same Spirit Friend."

The doctor was puzzled. Both envelopes had been cut open and the edges re-gummed, but the silk stitches attaching No. 2 to its envelope were intact. It had clearly not been withdrawn. How, then, was the medium able to announce so confidently that the answer was "in the affirmative to both" letters? Closer inspection revealed the mystery. Some of the stitches had not passed through both thicknesses of the enclosed paper, and it was possible, without removal, to peep into it far enough to see that the two questions were identical. The communication which accompanied the re-turned envelope was as follows:—

"To H. H. Furness.—Your kindly nature has often drawn the Spirit of Marie to your side. Not that the poor inanimate thing which you have so kindly treated is itself of much account, but your kindness has often drawn me to your side in moments when you little dreamed I was near. Had I met in material existence one like yourself, my past might have been far different. In this beautiful life, the sources and courses of all earthly misfortunes and sins appear to us like a figure seen in a dream. The lowest plane of spiritual life is as much superior to earthly existence as Sunlight is superior to Starlight.—From Marie St. Clair."

It is hardly to be supposed that the doctor—although he states that at the outset of the inquiry he had a “leaning in favor of the substantial truth of Spiritualism”—could by this time entertain even a lingering doubt so far as the “sealed letter” branch of the business was concerned. But the peculiar turn which matters had taken, tickled his sense of humor, and he determined to carry his inquiries yet a stage further. The medium Mansfield, in addition to answering sealed letters sent to him by post, also professed to answer, by spiritualistic inspiration, questions submitted to him personally at his own home. His procedure, as it had been described to Dr. Furness, was as follows: There were two tables in the séance room, at one of which sat the medium, at the other the visitor. The visitor wrote his question in pencil at the top of a long slip of paper, and after folding over several times the portion of the slip on which his question was written, gummed it down with mucilage, and handed it to the medium, who thereupon placed upon the folded and gummed portion his left hand, and after a few minutes, with the right wrote down a pertinent answer to the concealed question. There could scarcely be room for trickery, it would seem, in the process as thus described, but the detected fraud as to the letters made the doctor doubtful of its accuracy, and he determined to test the matter for himself. Accordingly, being in Boston, he called on Mr. Mansfield, and expressed a wish to interrogate his “guides.” The medium did not inquire his name, and the doctor did not mention that he was a former correspondent. The room had three windows; sideways to one of these was the medium’s table, so placed that the light fell on his left hand, and that, when seated behind it, he faced the middle of the room. At six or seven feet distance, and near one of the other windows, was a smaller table for the visitor. But an important detail had been omitted from the description. On the medium’s table were the usual writing materials—pencils, mucilage, etc.; but these were cut off from the view of the seated visitor by a row of octavo volumes extending the whole length of the table.

The doctor was invited to take a seat at the small table, write his question on one of several slips of paper provided in readiness, and then to fold down the paper two or three times. He wrote, “Has Marie St. Clair met Sister Belle in the other world?” The question is a little suggestive of Artemus Ward’s remark when the Indian chief, after burning his wax figures and scalping his organ-grinder, expressed a wish that they might meet in the happy hunting-grounds. “If we du,” said Artemus, “thar will be a fite!” One would imagine that the meeting of two ladies, rival claimants for the same headpiece, would be likely to have a similar termination. Having written his question, the doctor folded it over three times, and told the medium it was ready for the mucilage. He came over from his

table with a brush full of mucilage, and spread it abundantly over the last fold. Then taking the strip between his thumb and forefinger he walked back with it to his own table. As soon as he took his seat and laid the strip on his table before him, the row of books naturally intercepted the doctor's view of it. The doctor therefore arose and approached the table, so as to keep his paper still in view, but the medium requested him to keep his seat. There was a pause of a minute or two, during which there was ample opportunity for the medium to unfold the paper, read the question, and gum it again, the still wet mucilage facilitating the operation, and the row of books blocking out the view of the visitor. The medium did not sit quiescent, but moved his head and arms a good deal. Presently he remarked, "I don't know whether I can get any communication from this spirit"—a kind of phrase much affected by mediums after they have acquired the information they desire, and intended to impress the sitter with the idea that up to that point nothing whatever has been done, as well as to enhance the effect of subsequent success. A moment later the medium came back to the visitor's table, now making an ostentatious display of the refolded paper, and after a reasonable amount of what conjurors call "patter"—pretending by some sort of thought-reading process to get at the name inquired for—went back to his own table and wrote the following:—

"I am with you my dear Bro but too xcited to speak for a moment have patience brother and I will do the best I can do to control. Your Sister, Marie St. Clair."

This unexpected claim of kindred nearly upset the doctor's gravity, but he controlled his emotion, and wrote a further question, "Is it true that Sister Belle's body was sold to three doctors?" He folded it down, carried it to the medium's table, watched while he gummed it, and remained standing, but was peremptorily waved back to his seat. The medium's hands and the slip of paper were masked as before by the screen of books. He commenced his operations, moving head and arms freely, but suddenly paused, and pulled down the blind. The proceeding seemed strange, for it was raining hard, and the day was unusually dark, but the doctor, glancing across the road, saw two women at a window opposite which commanded a view of the medium's operations, and wondered no longer. After a little more comedy, and a show of reluctance on the medium's part—"I don't like this. I don't want to give it you. There'll be trouble here. Better let me tear it up"—the answer was handed over:—

"Dear Brother,—I fear such was the case—but I could not say who—I have consulted Dr. Hare and the far-famed Benja Rush, and they agree that the body is not in the earth—I fear darling Belle's body—is in process of being—wired.

Marie St. Clair. "

Considering that the skull was known to have been parted from its owner for at least half a century, the suggested "wiring" came a little late in the day. A third question followed: "Can you give me any information as to where even a portion of the body is?" Marie St. Clair, as joint owner with Sister Belle of the skull, and having so recently asserted her claim, would surely remember that their common property was in the doctor's library. But the fact had somehow slipped her memory. The answer was discreetly vague:—

"I am not allowed to divulge what I think—much less what I know—it would be productive of more harm than good—let them have it—it is but earth at best—they have not got *our* precious Belle—she is safe in the Haven of Eternal repose—I would not make any noise about it—but let it pass—as a discovery of it would give you pain rather than otherwise—Belle says let it pass—the *triumph* that have it bought it without knowing whose it was, and such care as little as they know. Marie St. Clair."

Obviously there was no further satisfaction to be got out of Marie St. Clair. But before forsaking the inquiry the doctor asked a final question, "Do you think that by any chance Dinah Melish would know?" This was a home thrust, for it will be remembered that it was Mansfield himself who, in the character of Cornelia Winnie, had suggested Dinah Melish as the probable owner of the skull. How many times this particular cognomen may have figured in his spirit-messages it is of course impossible to say, but the doctor noticed that as soon as the medium, behind his screen of books, had read the question, he looked up at him with a quick searching glance, as though recognizing a familiar name, and trying to recall the proper set of associations connected with it. He does not, at any rate, seem to have suspected Dinah Melish's own interest in the body which he had just declared to be "in process of being wired," for the reply, which followed in usual course, was as under:—

"Well Brother, as to that She may know more than She may be willing to divulge—you see, Brother, it places Dinah in a very unpleasant position, i.e. should it be noised abroad that she was in the secret. I do not by any means censure Dinah for what she may know, if know she does. You could examine Dinah on that point—carefully, not allowing her to suspect your object in so doing. You might and might not elicit some light on the matter. Marie St. Clair."

This was enough. The doctor paid the medium's fee, and departed. Still, however, he did not lose sight of the object of his inquiry. At a materializing séance, which he shortly afterward attended in Boston, Marie St. Clair and Sister Belle (being inquired for) obligingly appeared *together*, and on that occasion had undoubtedly two separate skulls. They were rather more matronly than he expected to find them, and Sister Belle's "golden curls one yard long" had somehow changed to very straight black hair. Marie's English was (at this particular séance) very good, without a trace of foreign accent. At a later séance she turned up again, much

younger, and spoke broken English, assuring the doctor, "I am viz you always."

It would be an insult to the understanding of the most unsophisticated reader to point the moral of such a story. It is humiliating to reflect that the impostors gibbeted by Dr. Furness, and a host of others, no better and no worse, still ply their rascally trade, and that their blasphemous rubbish is accepted, as messages from the loved and lost, by thousands who should be ashamed of such folly. Unfortunately, it is not everyone who has the patience or the acumen to "try the spirits" as Dr. Furness has done; but they may at any rate profit by the experience he has acquired for them.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY'S ANNA KARÉNINE.

IN reviewing at the time of its first publication, thirty years ago, Flaubert's remarkable novel of *Madame Bovary*, Sainte-Beuve observed that in Flaubert we come to another manner, another kind of inspiration, from those which had prevailed hitherto; we find ourselves dealing, he said, with a man of a new and different generation from novelists like George Sand. The ideal has ceased, the lyric vein is dried up; the new men are cured of lyricism and the ideal, "a severe and pitiless truth has made its entry, as the last word of experience, even into art itself." The characters of the new literature of fiction are "science, a spirit of observation, maturity, force, a touch of hardness." *L'idéal a cessé, le lyrique a tari.*

The spirit of observation and the touch of hardness (let us retain these mild and inoffensive terms) have since been carried in the French novel very far. So far have they been carried, indeed, that in spite of the advantage which the French language, familiar to the cultivated classes everywhere, confers on the French novel, this novel has lost much of its attraction for those classes; it no longer commands their attention as it did formerly. The famous English novelists have passed away, and have left no successors of like fame. It is not the English novel, therefore, which has inherited the vogue lost by the French novel. It is the novel of a country new to literature, or at any rate unregarded, till lately, by the general public of readers: it is the novel of Russia. The Russian novel has now the vogue, and deserves to have it. If fresh literary productions maintain this vogue and enhance it, we shall all be learning Russian.

The Slav nature, or at any rate the Russian nature—the Russian nature as it shows itself in the Russian novels—seems marked by an extreme sensitiveness, a consciousness most quick and acute both for what the man's self is experiencing, and also for what others in con-

tact with him are thinking and feeling. In a nation full of life, but, young, and newly in contact with an old and powerful civilization, this sensitiveness and self-consciousness are prompt to appear. In the Americans, as well as in the Russians, we see them active in a high degree. They are somewhat agitating and disquieting agents to their possessor, but they have, if they get fair play, great powers for evoking and enriching a literature. But the Americans, as we know, are apt to set them at rest in the manner of my friend Colonel Higginson of Boston:

"As I take it, Nature said, some years since: 'Thus far the English is my best race; but we have had Englishmen enough; we need something with a little more bouyancy than the Englishman; let us lighten the structure, even at some peril in the process. Put in one drop more of nervous fluid, and make the American.' With that drop, a new range of promise opened on the human race, and a lighter, finer, more highly organized type of mankind was born."

People who by this sort of thing give rest to their sensitive and busy self-consciousness may very well, perhaps, be on their way to great material prosperity, to great political power; but they are scarcely on the right way to a great literature, a serious art.

The Russian does not assuage his sensitiveness in this fashion. The Russian man of letters does not make Nature say: "The Russian is my best race." He finds relief to his sensitiveness in letting his perceptions have perfectly free play and in recording their reports with perfect fidelity. The sincereness with which the reports are given has even something childlike and touching. In the novel of which I am going to speak there is not a line, not a trait, brought in for the glorification of Russia, or to feed vanity; things and characters go as nature takes them, and the author is absorbed in seeing how nature takes them, and in relating it. But we have here a condition of things which is highly favorable to the production of good literature, of good art. We have great sensitiveness, subtlety, and finesse, addressing themselves with entire disinterestedness and simplicity to the representation of human life. The Russian novelist is thus master of a spell to which the secrets of human nature—both what is external and what is internal, gesture and manner no less than thought and feeling—willingly make themselves known. The crown of literature is poetry, and the Russians have not yet had a great poet. But in that form of imaginative literature which in our day is the most popular and the most possible, the Russians at the present moment seem to me to hold, as Mr. Gladstone would say, the field. They have great novelists, and of one of their great novelists I wish now to speak.

Count Leo Tolstoi is about sixty years old, and tells us that he shall write novels no more. He is now occupied with religion and with the Christian life. His writings concerning these great matters

are not allowed, I believe, to obtain publication in Russia, but instalments of them in French and English reach us from time to time. I find them very interesting, but I find his novel of *Anna Karénine* more interesting still. I believe that many readers prefer to *Anna Karénine* Count Tolstoi's other great novel, *La Guerre et la Paix*. But in the novel one prefers, I think, to have the novelist dealing with the life which he knows from having lived it, rather than with the life which he knows from books or hearsay. If one has to choose a representative work of Thackeray, it is *Vanity Fair* which one would take rather than *The Virginians*. In like manner I take *Anna Karénine* as the novel best representing Count Tolstoi. I use the French translation; in general, as I long ago said, work of this kind is better done in France than in England, and *Anna Karénine* is perhaps also a novel which goes better into French than into English, just as Frederika Bremer's *Home* goes into English better than into French. After I have done with *Anna Karénine* I must say something of Count Tolstoi's religious writings. Of these, too, I use the French translation, so far as it is available. The English translation, however, which came into my hands late, seems to be in general clear and good. Let me say in passing that it has neither the same arrangement, nor the same titles, nor altogether the same contents, with the French translation.

There are many characters in *Anna Karénine*—too many if we look in it for a work of art in which the action shall be vigorously one, and to that one action everything shall converge. There are even two main actions extending throughout the book, and we keep passing from one of them to the other—from the affairs of Anna and Wronsky to the affairs of Kitty and Levine. People appear in connection with these two main actions whose appearance and proceedings do not in the least contribute to develop them; incidents are multiplied which we expect are to lead to something important, but which do not. What, for instance, does the episode of Kitty's friend Warinka and Levine's brother Serge Ivanitch, their inclination for one another and its failure to come to anything, contribute to the development of either the character or the fortunes of Kitty and Levine? What does the incident of Levine's long delay in getting to church to be married, a delay which as we read of it seems to have significance, really import? It turns out to import absolutely nothing, and to be introduced solely to give the author the pleasure of telling us that all Levine's shirts had been packed up.

But the truth is we are not to take *Anna Karénine* as a work of art; we are to take it as a piece of life. A piece of life it is. The author has not invented and combined it, he has seen it; it has all happened before his inward eye, and it was in this wise that it happened. Levine's shirts were packed up, and he was late for his

wedding in consequence; Warinka and Serge Ivanitch met at Levine's country house and went out walking together; Serge was very near proposing, but did not. The author saw it all happening so—saw it, and therefore relates it; and what his novel in this way loses in art it gains in reality.

For this is the result which by his extraordinary fineness of perception, and by his sincere fidelity to it, the author achieves; he works in us a sense of the absolute reality of his personages and their doings. Anna's shoulders, and masses of hair, and half-shut eyes; Alexis Karénine's updrawn eyebrows, and tired smile, and cracking finger joints; Stiva's eyes suffused with facile moisture—these are as real to us as any of those outward peculiarities which in our own circle of acquaintance, we are noticing daily, while the inner man of our own circle of acquaintance, happily or unhappily, lies a great deal less clearly revealed to us than that of Count Tolstoi's creations.

I must speak of only a few of these creations, the chief personages and no more. The book opens with "Stiva," and who that has once made Stiva's acquaintance will ever forget him? We are living, in Count Tolstoi's novel, among the great people of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the nobles, and the high functionaries, the governing class of Russia. Stépane Arcadiévitch—"Stiva"—is Prince Oblonsky, and descended from Rurik, although to think of him as anything except "Stiva" is difficult. His *air souriant*, his good looks, his satisfaction; his "ray," which made the Tartar waiter at the club joyful in contemplating it; his pleasure in oysters and champagne, his pleasure in making people happy and in rendering services; his need of money, his attachment to the French governess, his distress at his wife's distress, his affection for her and the children; his emotion and suffused eyes, while he quite dismisses the care of providing funds for household expenses and education; and the French attachment, contritely given up to-day only to be succeeded by some other attachment to-morrow—no, never, certainly, shall we come to forget Stiva. Anna, the heroine, is Stiva's sister. His wife Dolly (these English diminutives are common among Count Tolstoi's ladies) is daughter of the Prince and Princess Cherbatzky, grandees who show us Russian high life by its most respectable side; the Prince, in particular, is excellent—simple, sensible, right-feeling; a man of dignity and honor. His daughters, Dolly and Kitty, are charming. Dolly, Stiva's wife, is sorely tried by her husband, full of anxieties for the children, with no money to spend on them or herself, poorly dressed, worn and aged before her time. She has moments of despairing doubt whether the gay people may not be after all in the right, whether virtue and principle answer; whether happiness does not dwell with adventuresses and profligates, brilliant and perfectly dressed adventuresses and profligates, in a land flowing with

roubles and champagne. But in a quarter of an hour she comes right again and is herself—a nature straight, honest, faithful, loving, sound to the core; such she is and such she remains; she can be no other. Her sister Kitty is at bottom of the same temper, but she has her experience to get, while Dolly, when the book begins, has already acquired hers. Kitty is adored by Levine, in whom we are told that many traits are to be found of the character and history of Count Tolstoi himself. Levine belongs to the world of great people by his birth and property, but he is not at all a man of the world. He has been a reader and thinker, he has a conscience, he has public spirit and would ameliorate the condition of the people, he lives on his estate in the country, and occupies himself zealously with local business, schools, and agriculture. But he is shy, apt to suspect and to take offence, somewhat impracticable, out of his element in the gay world of Moscow. Kitty likes him, but her fancy has been taken by a brilliant guardsman, Count Wronsky, who has paid her attentions. Wronsky is described to us by Stiva; he is “one of the finest specimens of the *jeunesse dorée* of St. Petersburg; immensely rich, handsome, aide-de-camp to the emperor, great interest at his back, and a good fellow notwithstanding; more than a good fellow, intelligent besides and well read—a man who has a splendid career before him.” Let us complete the picture by adding that Wronsky is a powerful man, over thirty, bald at the top of his head, with irreproachable manners, cool and calm, but a little haughty. A hero, one murmurs to oneself, too much of the Guy Livingstone type, though without the bravado and exaggeration. And such is, justly enough, perhaps, the first impression, an impression which continues all through the first volume; but Wronsky, as we shall see, improves toward the end.

Kitty discourages Levine, who retires in misery and confusion. But Wronsky is attracted by Anna Karénine, and ceases his attentions to Kitty. The impression made on her heart by Wronsky was not deep; but she is so keenly mortified with herself, so ashamed, and so upset that she falls ill, and is sent with her family to winter abroad. There she regains health and mental composure, and discovers at the same time that her liking for Levine was deeper than she knew, that it was a genuine feeling, a strong and lasting one. On her return they meet, their hearts come together, they are married; and in spite of Levine's waywardness, irritability, and unsettlement of mind, of which I shall have more to say presently, they are profoundly happy. Well, and who could help being happy with Kitty? So I find myself adding impatiently. Count Tolstoi's heroines are really so living and charming that one takes them, fiction though they are, too seriously.

But the interest of the book centers in Anna Karénine. She is

Wronsky, loses. Wronsky comes to Anna's bedside, and standing there by Karénine, buries his face in his hands. Anna says to him, in the hurried voice of fever:—

"Uncover your face; look at that man; he is a saint. Yes, uncover your face; uncover it," she repeated with an angry air. "Alexis, uncover his face; I want to see him."

Alexis took the hands of Wronsky and uncovered his face, disfigured by suffering and humiliation.

"Give him your hand; pardon him."

Alexis stretched out his hand without even seeking to restrain his tears.

"Thank God, thank God!" she said; "all is ready now. How ugly those flowers are," she went on; pointing to the wall-paper; "they are not a bit like violets. My God, my God! when will all this end? Give me morphine, doctor—I want morphine. Oh, my God, my God!"

She seems dying, and Wronsky rushes out and shoots himself. And so, in a common novel, the story would end. Anna would die, Wronsky would commit suicide, Karénine would survive, in possession of our admiration and sympathy. But the story does not always end so in life; neither does it end so in Count Tolstoi's novel. Anna recovers from her fever. Wronsky from his wound. Anna's passion for Wronsky reawakens, her estrangement from Karénine returns. Nor does Karénine remain at the height at which in the forgiveness scene we saw him. He is formal, pedantic, irritating. Alas! even if he were not all these, perhaps even his *pince-nez*, and his rising eyebrows, and his cracking finger-joints, would have been provocation enough. Anna and Wronsky depart together. They stay for a time in Italy, then return to Russia. But her position is false, her disquietude incessant, and happiness is impossible for her. She takes opium every night, only to find that "not poppy nor mandragora shall ever medicine her to that sweet sleep which she owed yesterday." Jealousy and irritability grow upon her; she tortures Wronsky, she tortures herself. Under these trials Wronsky, it must be said, comes out well, and rises in our esteem. His love for Anna endures; he behaves as our English phrase is, "like a gentleman;" his patience is in general exemplary. But then Anna, let us remember, is to the last through all the fret and misery, still Anna; always with something which charms; nay, with something, even, something in her nature, which consoles and does good. Her life, however, was becoming impossible under its existing conditions. A trifling misunderstanding brought the inevitable end. After a quarrel with Anna, Wronsky had gone one morning into the country to see his mother; Anna summons him by telegraph to return at once, and receives an answer from him that he cannot return before ten at night. She follows him to his mother's place in the country, and at the station hears what leads her to believe that he is not coming back. Maddened with jealousy and misery, she descends the platform and throws herself under the wheels of a goods train pass-

ing through the station. It is over—the graceful head is untouched, but all the rest is a crushed, formless heap. Poor Anna!

We have been in a world which misconducts itself nearly as much as the world of a French novel all palpitating with “modernity.” But there are two things in which the Russian novel—Count Tolstoi’s novel at any rate—is very advantageously distinguished from the type of novel now so much in request in France. In the first place, there is no fine sentiment, at once tiresome and false. We are not told to believe, for example, that Anna is wonderfully exalted and ennobled by her passion for Wronsky. The English reader is thus saved from many a groan of impatience.

The other thing is yet more important. Our Russian novelist deals abundantly with criminal passion and with adultery, but he does not seem to feel himself owing any service to the goddess Lubricity, or bound to put in touches at this goddess’s dictation. Much in *Anna Karénine* is painful, much is unpleasant, but nothing is of a nature to trouble the senses, or to please those who wish their senses troubled. This taint is wholly absent. In the French novels where it is so abundantly present its baneful effects do not end with itself. Burns long ago remarked with deep truth that it “petrifies feeling.” Let us revert for a moment to the powerful novel of which I spoke at the outset, *Madame Bovary*. Undoubtedly the taint in question is present in *Madame Bovary*, although to a much less degree than in more recent French novels, which will be in every one’s mind. But *Madam Bovary*, with this taint, is a work of petrified feeling; over it hangs an atmosphere of bitterness, irony, impotence; not a personage in the book to rejoice or console us; the springs of freshness and feeling are not there to create such personages. Emma Bovary follows a course in some respects like that of Anna, but where, in Emma Bovary, is Anna’s charm? The treasures of compassion, tenderness, insight, which alone, amid such guilt and misery, can enable charm to subsist and to emerge, are wanting to Flaubert. He is cruel, with the cruelty of petrified feeling, to his poor heroine; he pursues her without pity or pause, as with malignity; he is harder upon her himself than any reader even, I think, will be inclined to be.

But where the springs of feeling have carried Count Tolstoi, since he created Anna ten or twelve years ago, we have now to see.

We must return to Constantine Dmitrich Levine. Levine, as I have already said, thinks. Between the age of twenty and that of thirty-five he had lost, he tells us, the Christian belief in which he had been brought up, a loss of which examples nowadays abound certainly everywhere, but which in Russia, as in France, is among all young men of the upper and cultivated classes more a matter of

course, perhaps, more universal, more avowed, than it is with us. Levine had adopted the scientific notions current all round him; talked of cells, organisms, the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of force, and was of opinion, with his comrades of the university, that religion no longer existed. But he was of a serious nature, and the question what his life meant, whence it came, whither it tended, presented themselves to him in moments of crisis and affliction with irresistible importunity, and getting no answer, haunted him, tortured him, made him think of suicide.

Two things, meanwhile, he noticed. One was, that he and his university friends had been mistaken in supposing that Christian belief no longer existed; they had lost it, but they were not all the world. Levine observed that the persons to whom he was most attached, his own wife Kitty* amongst the number, retained it and drew comfort from it; that the women generally, and almost the whole of the Russian common people, retained it and drew comfort from it. The other was, that his scientific friends though not troubled, like himself, by questionings about the meaning of human life, were untroubled by such questionings not because they had got an answer to them, but because, entertaining themselves intellectually with the consideration of the cell theory, and evolution, and the indestructibility of matter, and the conservation of force, and the like, they were satisfied with this entertainment and did not perplex themselves with investigating the meaning and object of their own life at all. But Levine noticed further that he himself did not actually proceed to commit suicide; on the contrary he lived on his lands as his father had done before him, busied himself with all the duties of his station, married Kitty, was delighted when a son was born to him. Nevertheless he was indubitably not happy at bottom, restless and disquieted, his disquietude sometimes amounting to agony.

Now on one of his bad days he was in the field with his peasants, and one of them happened to say to him, in answer to a question from Levine why one farmer should in a certain case act more humanely than another: "Men are not all alike; one man lives for his belly, like Mitiovuck, another for his soul, for God, like old Plato." "What do you call," cried Levine, "living for his soul, for God?" The peasant answered: "It's quite simple—living by the rule of God, of the truth. All men are not the same, that's certain. You yourself, for instance, Constantine Dmitrich, you wouldn't do wrong by a poor man." Levine gave no answer but turned away with the phrase, *living by the rule of God, of the truth*, sounding in his ears.

Then he reflected that he had been born of parents professing

*A common name among Russian peasants.

this rule, as their parents again had professed it before them; that he had sucked it in with his mother's milk; that some sense of it, some strength and nourishment from it had been ever with him although he knew it not; that if he had tried to do the duties of his station it was by help of the secret support ministered by this rule; that if in his moments of despairing restlessness and agony, when he was driven to think of suicide, he had not yet committed suicide, it was because this rule had silently enabled him to do his duty in some degree, and had given him some hold upon life and happiness in consequence.

The words came to him as a clue of which he could never again lose sight, and which with full consciousness and strenuous endeavor he must henceforth follow. He sees his nephews and nieces throwing their milk at one another and scolded by Dolly for it. He says to himself that these children are wasting their subsistence because they have not to earn it for themselves and do not know its value, and he exclaims inwardly: "I, a Christian, brought up in the faith, my life filled with the benefits of Christianity, living on these benefits without being conscious of it, I like these children, I have been trying to destroy what makes and builds up my life." But now the feeling has been borne in upon him, clear and precious, that what he has to do is to *be good*; he has "cried to *Him*." What will come of it? He says:—

"I shall probably continue to get out of temper with my coachman, to go into useless arguments, to air my ideas unseasonably; I shall always feel a barrier between the sanctuary of my soul and the soul of other people, even that of my wife; I shall always be holding her responsible for my annoyances and feeling sorry for it directly afterward. I shall continue to pray without being able to explain to myself why I pray; but my inner life has won its liberty; it will no longer be at the mercy of events, and every minute of my existence will have a meaning sure and profound which it will be in my power to impress on every single one of my actions, that of *being good*."

With these words the novel of *Anna Karénine* ends. But in Levine's religious experiences Count Tolstoi was relating his own, and the history is continued in three autobiographical works translated from him, which have within the last two or three years been published in Paris: *Ma Confession*, *Ma Religion*, and *Que Faire*. Our author announces further, "two great works," on which he has spent six years: one a criticism of dogmatic theology, the other a new translation of the four Gospels, with a concordance of his own arranging. The results which he claims to have established in these two works are, however, indicated sufficiently in the three published volumes which I have named above. These autobiographical volumes show the same extraordinary penetration, the same perfect sincerity, which are exhibited in the author's novel. As autobiography they are of profound interest, and they are full, moreover, of acute and fruitful remarks. I have spoken of the advantages which

the Russian genius possesses for imaginative literature. Perhaps for biblical exegesis, for the criticism of religion and its documents, the advantage lies more with the older nations of the West. They will have more of the experience, width of knowledge, patience, sobriety, requisite for these studies; they may probably be less impulsive, less heady.—MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *The Contemporary Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

PATENT MEDICINES.—The *Saturday Review* is publishing a series of papers on the "Quack Medicines" which are so extensively advertised not only in the newspapers but in the advertising sheets of the *Magazines and Reviews*. The greater number of these vaunted remedies appear to be about as harmless as so much molasses and water, with a pinch or two of soda, magnesia, or some equally innocent ingredient thrown in. The purchaser of the medicines will receive no injury from their use except a considerable relaxation of the pocket-nerve. He may also congratulate himself that he is indirectly doing service to literature, since without the money received for these advertisements the publishers of the *Magazines* would find it difficult to pay paper-makers, printers, and authors. The following is what the *Saturday Review* has to say of a few of the most popular of these preparations:—

"*Lamplough's Pyretic Saline* is shown by analysis to contain 45·7 per cent. of tartaric acid, 52·4 per cent. of bicarbonate of soda, and 1·9 per cent. of chlorate of potash. It is thus a simple saline aperient with cooling properties. It is perfectly harmless, and the proportion of chlorate of potash is so small that its action is inappreciable. This preparation is such a favorite nostrum and such a valuable property that a limited liability company has been successfully formed for its manufacture and sale. A glance at the prospectus shows us what a wonderful thing the faith-cure is, and what the effects of imagination combined with the *vis medicatrix naturæ* can do for the human race. The 'Pyretic Saline' is really a dry basis for mineral water. . . . *Eno's Fruit Salt* is a pleasant and harmless saline purgative. It is by some supposed to consist of tar-

taric acid, carbonate of soda, sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts), sugar, and chlorate of potash. Whether this be so, or whether the medicine is prepared from 'sound, ripe fruit,' does not very much matter. The fact remains that it is a harmless compound. We all remember the old epitaph about the Cheltenham waters and Epsom Salts. Still, although it may be a good thing to stick to Epsom Salts, continuous or excessive doses of the cheapest and simplest saline purgative in the world are dangerous. It sets us thinking of the African chief who received the box of Seidlitz powders, and took all the powders in the blue packets at once, following with all the powders in the white packets. The innocent African did not live to repeat the experiment. It is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. . . . *Dinneford's Fluid Magnesia* is stated by Mr. Beasley, the author of *The Druggist's General Receipt Book*, to be a solution of carbonate of magnesia and water by means of carbonic acid gas forced into it by pressure. The actual cost of manufacturing this preparation is infinitesimal. Each ounce of Dinneford's Fluid contains fifteen grains of carbonate of magnesia, which is another benignant remedy, and a very simple, mild, and harmless aperient. 'Dinneford' is an old and safe nostrum. . . . *Anti Fat* is a preparation the basis of which is the *Fucus vesiculosus*, and the value of this weed consists in the iodine it contains. The treatment of obesity by drugs, by alkaline and chalybeate spas, has never been very successful. With regard to iodine in large doses Dr. Allchin states that 'so long as the health does not suffer and the patient improves the drug may be persevered in; but it is frequently very badly borne when taken in quantity.'

Stout girls are often in the habit of dosing themselves with vinegar, to their own imminent danger. Soap was formerly much employed, as much as three ounces being given daily with milk and lime-water. Wealthier victims of what Mr. Banting called his 'incubus' resort to Carlsbad, Kissingen, and Ems; but the success of the treatment adopted there is principally due to the severe diet. Mr. Banting's book is the safest *vade mecum* for the corpulent. It contains the accepted treatment and is written according to the dictates of experience and common sense. The 'Anti-Fat' advertisement of the stout lady who cannot pass the turnstile promises much; but the continuous use of the specific is, as has been stated, not without its dangers."

MR. SWINBURNE'S "LOCRINE."—In the *Academy* Mr. Herbert B. Garrod at some length criticises Mr. Swinburne's new tragedy. He says:—

"Old Geoffrey of Monmouth did an ill service to English literature when he startled the twelfth century with his tale of the conquest of Britain by Brutus the Trojan, putting forth as veritable a fiction which had not even the merit of high poetical capabilities to excuse it. "The Poets' Poet" fails to enchant with it in the second book of his *Faerie Queen*. The "sacred feet" of Milton "lingered there," as Mr. Swinburne says, but eventually passed on; and who can doubt that it was a happy impulse which diverted his poetic fancy from ancient legendary Britain to the recorded beginnings of all humanity? The fact is that poets cannot always find nutriment in the food which chroniclers supply; and it would be well if the desperate attempt to link our English beginnings with "the tale of Troy divine" failed to attract them to fields where fancy has little room for its higher flights. If the story of Locrine, son of Brutus, were potentially a great poem, Mr. Swinburne could not fail to make a great poem of it. He has not done so, and the choice of subject is the cause. He has told us in the graceful stanzas of dedication to his sister which introduce the drama how the case stands with the material which he has chosen; and, were it not that introductions are usually written after what they introduce, one is led to wonder why he proceeded to his task. . . . The tragedy is written

in five acts, each of which consists of two scenes. There are only seven speaking characters in the *dramatis personæ*; and of these never more than three are present at a time, which suggests the limitations of Attic tragedy, rendered necessary by the small number of actors employed. The jealousy of the injured wife supplies the keynote to the drama, which contains much upbraiding and recrimination, undergone not only by the unfaithful husband, Locrine, but also by the contemptible Camber, king of Wales, his brother, but no friend to him. Indeed, it may safely be said that the chief defect of the poem is that there is too much railing in it, and too little dignity of tone in some of the leading characters. . . . A word in conclusion. Wherever in this review the language of disparagement has been employed, the standard of comparison in the writer's mind has been one supplied by Mr. Swinburne himself. The grievance, if any, is not that the poet is unequal to the task of treating the story adequately, but that the story was not worthy of his treatment; and that consequently he has given us a masterpiece of metrical art with but little of living interest entwined with it—the well-cut and richly faceted jewels without the inner flush. Were there no gems of purer ray at hand?"

THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND.—Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, writes in the *Independent*:—

"I can see no way by which society can appropriate rightfully either the entire rent of land or its future unearned increment. It is possible that some plan may be devised, but I do not believe that it has yet been made public. It is an easy matter in the cities to separate the value of the land in itself from the value of the improvements, for it is something which is done every day, for you can always draw a sharp line between the two, and there are frequent sales and leases of land which serve as standards of value. The case is different with farming land. Improvements of some date which have become incorporated with the land and are inseparable, we may agree to consider as a part of the original land value. Very likely what has been taken from the land is of as great value as what has been added to it—perhaps even greater.

But even granting all this, no plan has been devised for assessing annual rents accurately and in a manner so undoubtedly accurate as to be satisfactory to all parties. Then it is not only necessary to assess it once but to follow its fluctuations from year to year. France once prepared a *cadaastre*, or survey, of all the land in the country, with an accurate description and careful estimate of its annual rent, but it took forty-three years to do it, and the first part was antiquated before the last was finished. This was for purposes of taxation, and taxes in France to-day are based on this old *cadaastre*. Doubtless one might be prepared in less time. Doubtless a revision of the *cadaastre* would not be nearly so onerous an undertaking; still it must always be a labor of immense magnitude. . . . We cannot forecast the future. I notice that Simon Sterne intimates in his article on monopolies in the 'Cyclopædia of Political Science,' that public ownership of land may some day become necessary. This is doubtless the opinion of many careful economists. We ought not, then, to bind the future. As Jefferson says, in one of his writings, each generation ought to manage its own affairs and the dead ought not to be allowed to enslave the living. This is a most far-reaching principle, and we are violating it every day. We are, in fact, with our perpetual charters and grants, and our irrevocable laws and constitutions, binding posterity hand and foot. We want individual ownership of the soil; but we have no right to attempt to force that system of land tenure upon our great-grandchildren. Doubtless they will be as wise and as good as we, and quite as capable of managing their own affairs."

MR. E. B. WASHBURNE'S RECOLLECTIONS. — Of Mr. Washburne's *Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869-1877*, posthumously published a few weeks ago, Mr. Arthur Arnold, M. P., says in *The Academy*: —

"Mr. Washburne's recollections are interesting as those of a shrewd, honest,

kindly man who, during the siege of Paris and the rule of the Commune, occupied a remarkable position. They are prolix and apt to ramble far from the scene of action. Any competent editor, save the author, would have omitted or abbreviated most of the dispatches which occupy so many pages. There is matter of real value in these volumes; but it might have been contained in one. Louis Napoleon illustrated to Mr. Washburne 'the great trouble of the French,' their lack of self-help, by the story of 'an old-woman who stated to him with great earnestness that she had lost an umbrella, and she thought the government ought to furnish her with another.' Mr. Washburne gives some original matter, such as Bismarck's dispatch, in which, after sanctioning the passage of General Burnside and Mr. Forbes through the German lines, he says: 'This liberality of ours has been rewarded by those excellent cigars you have been kind enough to send me.' The most extraordinary political occurrence in Paris was the appointment by a crowd of the National Defence Government. Gambetta threw out the names on slips of paper from a window of the Hôtel de Ville. The crowd approved, 'and the men, without any other warrant of authority, were received and acknowledged by all the officers of the departments.' Mr. Washburne has much scorn for some of the ways of the Parisians during the siege—their meetings with talk 'for hours, calling it 'Saving France'; their mural inscriptions, 'such as *Mort aux Prussiens, Deux têtes pour trois sous, Bismarck et Guillaume*. And that is called making war!' Of their twenty-three daily newspapers, he says: 'The amount of absolute trash, taken altogether, surpasses anything in history.' But he admits that the French fought bravely around Paris, though they were badly led. Of their general, he says: 'Trochu was too weak for anything, weak as the Indian's dog which had to lean against a tree to bark; the most incompetent man ever entrusted with such great affairs.'"

CAN ENGLISH LITERATURE BE TAUGHT?

Among all the anomalies in which the history of education abounds it would be difficult to find one more extraordinary than our present system of teaching, and legislating for the teaching of English literature. The importance of that subject, both from a positive point of view as a branch of knowledge and from an educational point of view as an instrument of culture, is so fully recognized that its study is everywhere encouraged. It forms a portion of the curriculum at Cambridge. It is about to form a portion of the curriculum at Oxford. It holds a foremost place in our leading Civil Service Examinations, and it is among the subjects prescribed for the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. In the Extension Lectures it fills a wider space than either science or history. There is probably no school in England, whether public or private, in which it is not taught. The number of books and booklets, manuals, primers, sketches, charts, annotated editions, and the like, designed to facilitate its study, exceeds calculation. To all appearance, indeed, there is no branch of education in a more flourishing condition or more full of promise for the future. But, unhappily, this is very far from being the case. In spite of its great vogue, and in spite of the time and energy lavished in teaching it, no fact is more certain than that, from an educational point of view, it is, and from the very first has been, an utter failure. Teachers perceive with perplexity that it attains none of the ends which a subject in itself so full of attraction and interest might be expected to attain. It fails, they complain, to fertilize; it fails to inform; it fails even to awaken curiosity. For a dozen youths who derive real benefit from the instruction they get in preparing for an examination in history, there are not two who derive the smallest benefit from the instruction they get in preparing for an examination in literature. In the first case, the chances are that a lad of ordinary intelligence will not only have learned what he has learned with relish and pleasure, will not only therefore retain and assimilate much of what he has been taught, but will have had implanted in him a genuine, and perhaps permanent, interest in history generally. In the second case, he will be a singular exception to the rule if, six months after he has poured out in "Shakespeare papers," in "Bacon papers," in "general literature papers" the substance of his lectures, he either retains or cares to retain a tithe of what he has been at so much pains to acquire. No one who has had experience in examining can have failed to be struck by the difference between the answers sent in to questions on English literature and the answers sent in to questions on other subjects. In a paper on literature the questions designed to test in-

telligence and judgment will, as a rule, be carefully avoided, or, if attempted, prove only too conclusively the absence of both; but questions involving no more than can be attained by the unreflective exercise of memory will be answered with a fluency and fullness which is often perfectly miraculous.

The consequence of all this is that those whose estimate of the educational value of a subject is not determined by the facility it affords for making marks in competitive examinations are beginning to regard "English literature" with increasing disfavor. In the examination for the Civil Service of India it has been degraded to a secondary place. From the Army examination it has, by a recent order, been entirely eliminated. The Council of the Holloway College have decided to recognize it only in connection with Philology. More than one eminent authority has pronounced that it cannot be taught, that its introduction into our scholastic curricula was an experiment, and an experiment that has failed. It is no doubt natural to judge of the educational value of any given subject of teaching by the results of that teaching. And yet we may often be very grievously mistaken. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the case of the classics. A wretched system of word-mongering and pedantry bears its natural fruits. Two noble literatures eminently calculated to attain all the ends of a liberal education, and such as would in the hands of competent teachers be certain to attract and interest the young, are rendered repulsive and unintelligible. A cry arises that the classics are a failure. "Demos-thenes," says a plain man, "may be the prince of orators, and Homer the prince of poets; but when I find that my boy, after hammering at them for twelve years, knows nothing and cares nothing about either the prince of orators or the prince of poets, I have not much faith in the classics." Again. A lad leaves school, becomes a writer or public speaker, finds himself reading the literatures of modern Europe with ease and pleasure, re-opens Homer or Catullus, discovers that he is unable to make out five lines, closes the volume with a sigh, and goes forth to swell the cry against "the classics."

A ludicrous coalition—composed partly of malcontents like these, partly of noisy Philistines, who never read a line of a Greek or Roman author in their lives, but who "argue the question on *a priori* grounds;" partly of perplexed schoolmasters, and partly of recalcitrant drudges conscious of the futility of their labors and ready to support anyone who confirms them in their impression—is formed. Each in his own way passes judgment on "the classics." Each in his own way is furnished with unanswerable arguments against their employment as a means of education. It never seems to occur to these persons to inquire whether the fault lies in the

classics or in those who teach them; whether it is the tools which are in fault or the workmen. The absurdity of concluding that because a particular watch cannot be made to keep time accurately it is neither possible nor desirable for time to be kept accurately, is not greater than the absurdity of concluding that because the present method of teaching the classics has failed we should do well to cease to teach them at all. The truth is that there is all the difference in the world between what is implied by "classics" and what is implied by the classics, and the mistake of the anti-classicists lies in their failing to perceive the distinction. By the first is connoted partly a system and partly the machinery of that system. Virgil as one of the classics and Virgil in his relation to "classics"—in other words, Virgil as he affords material for teaching and Virgil as he is actually taught—bears indeed the same name and is therefore very naturally confounded. But no greater mistake could be made. If by urging the uselessness of the *Georgics* and *Æneid* as text-books for teaching we mean the *Georgics* and *Æneid* of Forbiger and Henry, we readily admit that popular education would gain by the ostracism of Virgil; but Forbiger and Henry are not Virgil. If a radical reform in our methods of classical teaching were instituted, and experiment recorded failure, it would be time to show cause why Sophocles should not be superseded by Goethe and Horace by Béranger; but the experiment has not been tried.

Now all this is exactly repeating itself in the condition and prospects of our own literature. Since its recognition as a subject of teaching it has been taught, wherever it has been seriously taught, on the same principle as the classics. It has been regarded not as the expression of art and genius, but as mere material for the study of words, as mere pabulum for philology. All that constitutes its intrinsic value has been ignored. All that constitutes its value as a liberal study has been ignored. Its masterpieces have been resolved into exercises in grammar, syntax and etymology. Its history has been resolved into a barren catalogue of names, works and dates. No faculty but the faculty of memory has been called into play in studying it. That it should therefore have failed as an instrument of education is no more than might have been expected. But it has failed for the same reason that "classics" have failed. It has failed not because it affords no material for profitable teaching, but because we pervert it into material for unprofitable teaching. Nor is this all. Thucydides has remarked that a state fares better under indifferent laws efficiently administered than under excellent laws administered inefficiently. Whatever exception may be taken to our classical system, it has the advantage of being organized. The utmost that its legislation can accomplish is attained. It has its standards and its tests, and both are uniform. It never oscillates

between conflicting theories. What is taught in one place is not contradicted in another.

But in our English system all is anarchy. A teacher who should entertain the soundest and most enlightened views of the ends at which literary teachers should aim, would have no security that his work would not be tested and his pupils plucked by a man against whose views his whole work had been a tacit protest. If in a school or institute instruction in English literature be required, an application for such instruction is made—and the rest is fortune. It may come in the form of excellent lectures, the theory and method of which proceed on the principle that English literature began in the valleys of the Punjab and ended at the birth of Chaucer, or it may come in the form of excellent lectures, in which all that preceded Spenser and Shakespeare is contemptuously ignored. It may consist of bald compilations from current handbooks, or it may consist of vague and florid declamations in the æsthetic style. It may confine itself—and this perhaps is most likely—to philological comments on particular works. That there are living and working among us—and that in large numbers—sound and efficient teachers who err neither on the side of pedantry nor on the side of dilettantism is undoubtedly true. But they are scattered and isolated. They are hampered and thwarted in their work by its disconnection with any recognized system, and still oftener by the regulations of examining boards. Without any common center they are without any common plan of action. Such is the present condition of what ought to be our most efficient instrument of popular education.

Whether all this can be remedied is surely worth serious consideration. Two things are certain: English literature, in the proper and obvious sense of the term, is and will continue to be a subject of teaching in all parts of the kingdom; and if that teaching is not organized, and those who undertake it not educated, nothing but anarchy can be the result. It is useless for the Universities to attempt to solve the problem by attaching to literature a meaning which it does not bear. If philology be confounded with literature at Oxford and Cambridge, the world without will distinguish them. Of the uselessness of such institutions as the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos at Cambridge, no further proof is needed than the records of the class lists of that Tripos: In 1885; First class, none; Second class, one; Third class, two.—In 1887: First class, none; Second class, one; Third class, none. On the first occasion, it may be added, there were no less than six examiners, and on the second, five. Incredible as it may seem, Oxford is now preparing at a vast expense to establish a precisely similar institution founded on precisely the same theory of the

meaning of literature. Thus, while English literature is in every part of the country a subject of teaching in one sense of the term, it is not even recognized at the centers of education, except in another sense of the term.

The contention of the Universities is that if English literature is to be regarded as a subject capable of systematic and accurate study, a study the results of which are to be submitted to the same tests as the results of other studies recognized in educational curricula, no other signification can be attached to it than the signification attached to it by philologists. If, they urge, we attempt to study it as *belles-lettres* what would be the result? On the historical side its study would be stereotyped into one species of cram. On the critical side it would be stereotyped into another species of cram. An elaborate apparatus of mnemonic aids would be devised. Such works as Mr. Morley's *First Sketch* would be summarized into tables for facts, and such works as M. Taine's would be reduced to epitomes for generalizations. Criticism as applied to particular authors would be got by heart from essays and monographs, and criticism on its theoretical side would be got by heart from the analyses of crammers. If this were not the result, all would evaporate in dilettanism. It would be impossible for examiners to frame such questions as would baffle abuse. Now all this will apply equally to history and philosophy, and yet the problem of organizing the academic study of both has been solved, and with what success we all know. To say that literature is a subject peculiarly susceptible of being crammed is absurd. By cram we simply mean knowledge acquired by the unreflecting exercise of memory; and whether such knowledge is to be obtained depends on whether it is to have opportunities for displaying itself.

It is open to an examiner in history to frame his questions on the model of—"Enumerate, with their dates, the Archbishops of Canterbury as far as the accession of Henry the Seventh." It is open to an examiner in literature to frame his questions on the model of—"Give the Christian names of Langland, Lydgate, Hawes, Coleridge, Denham, Pope, Akenside, and Gray, and give the *authors* of *Hobbinol*, *History of John Bull*, *Hydriotaphia*, *The Bristowe Tragedy*, &c."

But it is equally open to the first to propose such questions as—"The Church has been called the democracy of the Middle Ages. Discuss that statement." And to the second to propose such questions as—"Define the essential characteristics of romanticism and classicism, and account for the predominance, at particular periods, of each."

The first questions are obviously cram questions; the second as obviously are not. Again, with reference to criticism: whether it

could be crammed or not would depend entirely on the tact of examiners. If questions on the "essential characteristics" of the genius and style of particular writers became a stock part of the examination, they would in all probability be crammed; but what competent examiner would dream of setting them? The application of Hume's maxim that criticism without examples is worthless would alone suffice to defeat this form of imposture. To say that such works as Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*, Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, Addison's papers on Milton, Johnson's *Lives*, Coleridge's *Lectures*, and the like, would be "got up from analyses" true enough, but it is no less true of every special book in the History School, and of the *Ethics* and *Republic* in the Philosophy School. We are told, again, that the teaching of English literature as a branch of *belles-lettres* is impracticable on another ground. It is not a subject sufficiently "solid and tangible" for examination purposes. Take Shakespeare. Make it impossible for candidates to be admitted to an examination in Shakespeare without a thorough knowledge of French and German, of Old Saxon and Moeso-Gothic, and then frame two-thirds of your questions after this fashion:—

"1. Point out textual difficulties, and mention and criticise any suggested emendations on these passages [then follow in due order the *a*), the *b*), the *c*), &c., &c.]—2. Give some account of the extent and variety of Shakespeares vocabulary.—3. Mention and discuss some points in which Elizabethan grammar differs from Victorian.—4. What are the relative proportions of the Teutonic and Latin elements in the phraseology of Shakespeare?"

Do this, and Shakespeare becomes a solid and tangible subject for examination. Admitting that from this point of view Shakespeare becomes a "solid and tangible subject," are we therefore to assume that when his dramas ceased to be studied on the same method and under the same conditions as the *Ormulum* and the *Ayenbite of Inwyrt* are studied, they cease to be applicable to purposes of education, cease to be susceptible of serious treatment? Suppose, that instead of the questions to which I have just drawn attention, the following were substituted:—

"1. The epithet which best characterizes Shakespeare is 'myriad-minded.' Discuss that statement.—2. Point out Shakespeare's obligations to his dramatic predecessors and contemporaries, and discuss the statement that 'Pure Comedy' was his creation.—3. Discuss the theology and ethics of Shakespeare, and show how they bear out Jonson's assertion that he was 'not for an age, but for all time.'—4. Discuss Goethe's analysis of the character of Hamlet."

Would not Shakespeare, when studied from this point of view, become an equally "solid and tangible subject," and lead perhaps to

more "solid and tangible" results in education? But to turn from the study of particular authors to the study of the general history of English literature: The objection here is not to its intangibility, but to the facility it would afford to cramming. Now it would be very interesting to know why it should lead to cramming when questions set on it should assume the form of—

"Two-thirds of what is most valuable in English literature is as historically unintelligible, apart from classical literature, as the history of Latin literature would be apart from Greek. Discuss that statement." Or, "Account for the dominance of the classical school between 1667 and 1744, and for the romantic revival in and about 1793." Or, "Give some account of the state of our language in regard both of (*sic*) its grammatical forms and usages, and of its vocabulary, at the beginning of the sixteenth century." Or, "Discuss these words and phrases: Areopagitica; all-to-ruffled; the dreaded name of Demogorgon; his shoulders fledged with wings; Pharaoh's pensioners; to plume the regal rights; angels' metal; in my warm blood and canicular days; a serviceable dungeon; in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches."

But precedent is to experience what proof is to assertion. And as the study of English literature has not been reduced to system in the past, it is no more than we might expect from those who have always proceeded on the principle of *auctoritas pro veritate*, *non veritas pro auctoritate*, that they should deny the possibility of reducing it to system in the present.

In legislating for the teaching of English literature—and the term literature needs no definition—we have obviously to bear two things in mind—the necessity for an adequate treatment of it from an historical point of view and the necessity for an adequate treatment of it from a critical point of view. In treating it historically we have as obviously to regard it generally as an organic whole, as the expression of national idiosyncrasies revealing themselves under various conditions, to consider it particularly in its relations to those conditions, and to consider it finally in its relation to individuals. Thus in dealing historically with any given work—say *Paradise Lost*—what a teacher has to explain is how and why the poem could have been produced only by an Englishman; how and why it could have been produced only under the conditions under which it was produced; how and why it could have been produced only by Milton. Literary teachers are therefore as much concerned with the study of "origins" as the philosophers are, but in "origins" not as they throw light on language, but on character. They are not at all concerned with the O.S., O.H.G., M.H.G., and N.H.G., equivalents of various vowel sounds; but they are very much concerned with the fact that if Wordsworth had not been of the Teutonic stock, he could not have written the *Ode to Duty*, or the *Lines on Tintern Abbey*. Whether Professor Rhys is right or wrong in supposing that in the case of *Vedomani* and *Marion* the *mau-i* and

mau-o are of the same origin as *mai* in Gwalchmai is of no consequence to them; but whether Mr. Matthew Arnold is right or wrong in what he has been preaching to us about the Celtic element in our literature is of the greatest consequence.

To trace back to their sources the elements—sensuous, spiritual, moral, intellectual—which mingle in the composition of English masterpieces is all that appertains to the student of literature. That it would for this purpose be an advantage to him to be able to peruse the *Tain Bo* and the *Beowulf* in the original is indisputable; that it would not be necessary for him to do so is obvious; for what concerns him in them is not the form, is not the intrinsic value, but the light thrown collaterally on temper and character. The many excellent histories and monographs, Ten Brink's *Early English Literature*, for example, Professor Earle's *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, Professor Morley's *English Writers before Chaucer*, the many excellent English versions of all that is most valuable and most characteristic in Celtic and Saxon literature would in truth give him all the information which for his purposes he would require. Thus a student who understood clearly the character and temper of the forefathers of our literature, and who had at the same time mastered such a survey of its history as Mr. Stopford Brooke has given us, would have no difficulty in conceiving of it as an organic whole, and the foundation of a systematic study would have been laid.

In proceeding to the next step—in tracing, that is to say, the evolution of our literature in detail—we are confronted with the difficulty of there being no good general history in existence. M. Taine's work, though a work of great genius and great eloquence, is rather a series of brilliant sketches than a continuous and ordered narrative, and is moreover too full of paradox and exaggeration for the purposes of sober students. Professor Morley's *First Sketch* is at once too full and too meager; its pages are crowded with names and titles in bewildering multitudes; but of the causes which have conspired to form epochs in literary activity, and of the characteristics of such epochs, very inadequate accounts are given. Chamber's *Encyclopædia of English Literature* has no pretension to being more than a mere manual with illustrative extracts. The works of Craik and Shawe are simply handbooks. The consequence of this is, that if a student wishes to obtain a general knowledge of the history of our literature, he is driven to seek information about one period in one book and about another period in another book, having at the same time to supply the connecting links for himself.

To illustrate what is meant: Taken in its whole extent, the history of English literature proper may be divided into nine epochs. The first will extend from about the middle of the fourteenth century to the death of Chaucer in 1400; the second from the death of Chau-

cor to the accession of Henry the Eighth; the third, from that date to the accession of Elizabeth; the fourth from the accession of Elizabeth to the accession of Charles the First; the fifth from the accession of Charles the First to the death of Dryden in 1700; the sixth to the death of Swift in 1745; the seventh from the death of Swift to the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798; the eighth to the death of Wordsworth in 1850; and the ninth from that date to the present time.

Now, of all these periods, if we except the first and second, which, so far as poetry is concerned, have been methodically, though not adequately, treated by Warton, we have no connected history at all. For the Elizabethan age we must consult, for the drama, Collier's and Ward's Histories of Dramatic Poetry, and the notices and critiques which have appeared separately of each of the dramatists; for narrative, lyric, and other branches of poetry, we have nothing to fall back upon except such information as may be gathered piecemeal from editors and essayists. With regard to prose literature we are in a still more unfortunate condition; for not only has no attempt been made to trace its history from Maundeville to Milton, but we have few or none of those "studies" of particular writers which have in the case of poetry served to illustrate, at all events occasionally and fragmentarily, the process of its development. And what applies to the history of our literature in its earlier stages applies equally to its history during later epochs. There is, it is true, no lack of excellent monographs and essays, such as Macaulay's essays on Addison or Johnson, or Forster's essays on Steele and Churchill, and such as some of the volumes in the English Men of Letters series; but these neither supply nor were designed to supply the sort of work which the student of the history of English literature requires.

Nothing is so necessary in treating literature historically as the recognition of its continuity on the one hand and a clear exposition of what marks and constitutes epochs in its development on the other, and nothing is in teaching so universally disregarded. What is needed is a series of volumes corresponding to each of the periods into which the history of our literature naturally divides itself, each period being treated separately in detail, but each being linked by historical disquisitions both with the period immediately preceding and with the period immediately following. And each volume should consist of four parts. Its prologue, which should be virtually the epilogue of its predecessor, should, after assigning the determining dates of the particular period under treatment, show how, in obedience to the cause which regulate the course and phases of literary activity, the literature characteristic of the preceding epoch developed or degenerated into the literature characteristic of the new. Next should come a careful account of the environment,

social, political, moral, intellectual, of that literature not given in general or in the abstract, but accompanied throughout with illustrations drawn from the constituent elements of typical works. But nothing is more important than what constitutes the third function of historical interpretation. The influence exercised by other literatures on our own has been so considerable that it is impossible to study it without continual reference to them. It has been at various times affected by that of Italy, by that of France, by that of Germany, but to those of Greece and Rome it is bound by indissoluble ties. An adequate account of the influence of these literatures on the formal development of our own has long been a desideratum, and it is a desideratum which it should be one of the first objects of such a series of text-books as we have here advocated to supply. To these disquisitions—and this should form the fourth and last part of each volume—should be attached tables in which, arranged according to their schools and under their various categories, the writers of the particular epoch under treatment should, together with their works, be enumerated, and enumerated descriptively. With such guides as these in his hands the student would proceed to the biography of particular writers and to the study of particular works—the next and not less important part of his task—furnished with the knowledge which would alone suffice to render both historically intelligible.

But to pass from the historical to the critical treatment of literature—in other words, to the interpretation of particular works: In that interpretation is necessarily involved much which has been included under the former heading; but we have now to consider what is not included under that heading—verbal analysis, analysis of form and style, analysis of sentiment, ethic, and thought. To secure that each should be adequate, that each should have its place, and that each should receive equal attention, is obviously the business of the teacher. The mistake commonly made is to attach too much importance to the first, to deal with the second very inefficiently, and to neglect the third altogether. This is the result of one of the most serious deficiencies in our higher education. We have absolutely no provision for systematic critical training. Rhetorical criticism as a subject of teaching is confined to what is known in elementary schools as “analysis.” Æsthetic and philosophical criticism is a branch of teaching without recognition at all. The truth is that they have been killed by philology; fifty years ago such works as the *Institutes* of Quintilian, the *De Sublimitate*, and the *Rhetoric* were studied as thoroughly and methodically as the *Ethics* and the *Republic* are studied now. And till that study is revived and extended—till, in addition to the treatises of the ancients, such treatises as the *Laocoon* and Schiller's *Letters and Essays on Æsthetic Education* have a place in our Universities—there is small hope of sound principles of exe-

genesis. For in education all moves from above. Systematize a study at the Universities, and it is systematized throughout the country; neglect it at those centers, and anarchy elsewhere is the result. This grave defect in our educational system has furnished the opponents of literature with an excellent weapon, and has led to serious misconceptions on the part of those who would fain be its advocates. Æsthetic criticism, it is said, will lead only to vague and useless generalities. If one man has not the wit and taste to relish the beauties of poetry it is very certain that another man will not enable him to do so. You may expound Locke's treatise on the *Human Understanding* and Bacon's treatise on the *Advancement of Learning* profitably enough, but you cannot expound the *Ode to a Skylark* or the *Eve of St. Agnes*. Criticism, if it is to be a real service in practical education, can deal only with what is positive and tangible. Our Universities cannot manufacture Arnold and Sainte-Beuves.

All this and much more of the same kind has been gravely brought forward as an argument against the Universities providing for the study of *belles-lettres*. It is no doubt true, both with regard to criticism and with regard to literature generally, that if a man is an Arnold or a Sainte-Beuve he will educate himself; it is true also that no amount of teaching will make him an Arnold or a Sainte-Beuve, but it is no less true that hundreds of men are engaged in interpreting poetry who are neither one nor the other, and that if instruction does not do for them what nature and self-culture have not done, they will perform their work inefficiently. Let us hope that if Oxford and Cambridge decline to distinguish between literature and philology in their schools, they will at least see their way to giving the principles of criticism a place among their "special subjects."

A student who should have mastered the *Poetics*, the second book of the *Rhetoric*, the tenth book of the *Institutes*, the *De Oratore*, the *De Sublimitate*, and Lessing's *Laocoon* would have laid the foundations of a sound critical education. It may be objected to what has been said that such a standard of teaching is neither generally possible nor at all necessary, that it is mere pedantry to suppose that an adequate interpretation of an English classic depends on a knowledge of Aristotle and Lessing, and that the only door to the teaching of Milton lies through Quintilian and Longinus. The reply to this is that we have not been considering what is generally possible or generally necessary, but how a finished literary critic ought to be educated and how the teaching of English literature may be raised to the level of the teaching required in the honor curricula of our Universities. There is surely no reason why a diploma in Honors should not be as open to students of literature as it is to students of history, and it is very certain that no man would be entitled to

such a diploma whose education had not taught him to approach Shakespeare through Aristotle.

But to return. I have said that in the study of particular books—which is often as far as “English literature” is permitted to extend—attention was too often directed merely to language. The fault unhappily does not end here: attention is frequently directed to wholly unprofitable topics. I will illustrate what I mean by giving *in extenso* a typical paper on *Macbeth*:—

“1. What reasons are there for believing that this play has been interpolated? Point out the parts probably interpolated.—2. What emendations have been proposed in the following passages? (a) ‘My way of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf.’ (b) ‘As thick as tale came post with post.’ (c) ‘Vaulting ambition, which o’erleaps itself and falls on the other.’ (d) ‘My title is appeased.’—3. By whom were the following spoken, and with what reference? (a) ‘To after favor ever is to fear.’ (b) ‘Thou shalt not live, that I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies.’—4. Explain and comment on the following passages:—(Then follows a series of well-selected *cruces*.)—5. Give the meanings and derivations of the following words. In what context do they appear? (Then come the words.)—6. Whence did Shakespeare derive the plot of *Macbeth*? Point out any deviations from recorded history in the play.—7. Illustrate from the play important points of difference between Elizabethan and modern grammar.”

The first thing that strikes us in this paper is that the only faculty appealed to is memory. There is nothing which encourages reflection, nothing which can have the smallest effect on the education of taste, nothing which even indicates the existence of what constitutes the life and power of the work. Nor is this all. The first two questions are a direct encouragement to the acquisition of the sort of knowledge which is of all knowledge the most useless. When in the case of Shakespeare or any other poet there is certain evidence of interpolation, it is not too much to expect of students that they should be able to point out where such interpolations occur; but when no such evidence exists, and all rests only on the assumptions of speculative criticism, the practice of requiring them to load their memories with such inanities cannot be too strongly condemned. In the case of *Macbeth* there is no evidence, there is not even suspicion of interpolation. The play appeared in the first folio edited by Shakespeare’s literary executors, and was printed in all probability from the poet’s own manuscript. There begins and there ends our knowledge of its text. To argue interpolations from supposed inequalities in the composition would be to argue interpolations in almost every drama and certainly in every epic in the world; and so it comes to pass that “interpl., sec. scene, first act; third scene, one to thirty-seven; third scene, sec. act, comm.; fifth scene, third act, hundred and thirty-five to hundred and thirty-three, dub.; eighth scene, fourth act, thirty-two and thirty-three; last scene, last act, traces other hand” is a mnemonic formula only

too familiar to English youth. Equally futile and equally misleading is the practice of encouraging the getting by heart of conjectural emendations which are mere impertinences. What is required, for example, in the (*a*) section of question two is Johnson's wholly unnecessary conjecture "may," what is required in (*b*) is Rowe's flat and contemptible correction "hail;" and what is required in (*c*) is the reproduction of the nonsense of Mason, Bailey, and Singleton. If teachers and those who write books for the instruction of teachers could only be brought to feel that the text of a great poet should be as sacred as his memory, education would greatly gain.

But to continue: The third question, intended no doubt to secure an original acquaintance with the play, is either wholly superfluous—for much more effective tests could easily have been applied—or places a premium on the exercise of the least intelligent faculty of the mind—local memory. To questions four and five—if we accept at least the condition with which the fifth is saddled—no objections could of course be made. The attainment of such information as they are designed to secure is obviously as essential as it is important. With regard to the sixth, it is chiefly to be regretted that it is the only question of its kind, and with regard to the seventh that it did not supply the deficiency. It is clear, then, that the study of a play of Shakespeare—and what applies to a play of Shakespeare applies obviously to any other work in poetry—which runs on the lines indicated in these questions would serve only to attain one of the ends at which the interpretation of literature should aim. It would secure an exact knowledge of the history and meaning of words; it would secure a clear understanding of all that pertains in the mechanism of expression to grammar and syntax, and of all that pertains in the accidents of expression to local and particular allusions. But it would go no further. The questions which ought to form an essential part of every examination not merely elementary in which a play of Shakespeare is offered, are questions requiring an intelligent study of its general structure, of the evolution of its plot, of its style and diction not simply in their relation to grammar, but in their relation to rhetoric, of its ethics, of its metaphysics, of its characters, of the influences, precedent and contemporary, which importantly affected it. It would be quite as easy to substitute for such questions as I have transcribed some such questions as these:—

"1. Through what phases did the style of Shakespeare pass? Analyze the characteristics of each phase in its development, and discuss his general claim to be called 'a consummate master of expression.'—2. Is Macbeth to be regarded as a responsible agent? If so, how does the drama illustrate Shakespeare's ethics? If not, what light does it throw on Shakespeare's theology?—3. Analyze and contrast the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.—4. Point out the exquisite propriety from a dramatic point of view of (*a*) the porter's speech and (*b*) Macbeth's soliloquy in the dagger scene, and point out in the play what strike you as being particularly subtle dramatic touches. Explain your reasons for thinking them so."

Or suppose we make the questions assume the form which they should assume in a comparative study of classical and modern literature.

1. Show in what way and through what media Attic tragedy determined the form of our Romantic tragedy, and show by a comparative review of the *Perseæ* and *Henry V.*, and of the *Agamemnon* and *Macbeth* how much Attic and Shakespearean drama have in common.—2. Compare Shakespeare and Sophocles (*a*) as dramatic artists, (*b*) as critics of life. Discuss particularly their use of irony.—3. Point out how far the typical tragedies of Shakespeare illustrate Aristotle's analysis of the structure, characterization and functions of tragedy. In what respects has Shakespeare violated Aristotle's canons?

I am not proposing these questions as models; I am merely showing the necessity of directing attention to such points as they touch on, if the study of Shakespeare or of any other master poet is to be of profit in popular, or in academic education. There is moreover no lack of excellent guides. We have the Lectures of Coleridge, the Commentaries of Gervinus and Ulrici, Kreyssig's *Vorlesungen ueber Shakespeare*, Professor Dowden's suggestive little volume, and innumerable other works. And it would be well if, in every examination where the Clarendon Press edition of a play of Shakespeare is prescribed as a text-book, it should be prescribed only under the condition that its introduction and notes were supplemented by reference to these and similar works. It is, indeed, only one of the many proofs of the anarchy which exists in the English department of education, that the same press—a press which virtually directs the study of our national literature in almost every school in the kingdom—should be simultaneously issuing editions of English poets, edited on such principles as *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are edited, and editions of English poets edited as Mark Pattison has edited the *Essay on Man* and the *Satires* of Pope.

But, it may be said, though criticism in its application to solid subjects, like a drama of Shakespeare or the *Satires* of Pope, is, in teaching, practicable enough, it becomes in its application to less tangible subjects—to lyric poetry, for example—eminently impracticable. What end could be served by dissecting *Christabel*, or by proceeding categorically through the merits and defects of *Epipsychidion*? No one would deny that the spectacle of a lecturer with *Tears*, *Idle Tears*, or *Mariana in the Moated Grange* in his hand “proceeding to show” what is graceful, what is fanciful, what is pathetic, would be sufficiently ludicrous and repulsive. But the soundness of a principle is not affected by the possibility of reducing it to an absurdity. It still remains that of all the functions of the literary teacher none is more important than the function which lends itself thus easily to ridicule. And what is that function? It is the interpretation of power and beauty as they reveal themselves

in language, not simply by resolving them into their constituent elements, but by considering them in their relation to principles. While an incompetent teacher traces no connection between phenomena and laws, and confounds accidents with essences, blundering among "categorical enumerations" and vague generalities, he who knows will show us how to discern harmony in apparent discord, and discord in apparent harmony. In the gigantic proportions of *Paradise Lost* he will reveal to us a symmetry as perfect as in the most finished of Horace's Odes. He will expose flaws, interstices and incongruity where, as in the *Essay on Man*, all is to the unskilled eye consistency and unity. He will teach us to hear in the choked and turbid rush of Shakespeare's ruggedest utterances a truer and subtler music than in the most mellifluous cadences of Pope.

Nor will he confine himself to interpreting what is excellent and what is vicious in form and style. Rightly distinguishing between the criticism which should be simply suggestive and the criticism which should be directly didactic, he will abstain from impertinent prattle about the effects produced by poetry, to show how far in each case the effects produced might, with a larger insight and a fuller understanding, have been heightened and intensified; or how, on the other hand, such effects ought not, and, in the case of a critic whose ethic and æsthetic education had been sound, could not have been produced at all. He will teach us to see in all poetry, not purely lyrical or simply fanciful, a criticism of life, sound or unsound, adequate or defective. And if in dealing with such luminaries as Chaucer and Spenser, as Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, his care will not extend beyond reverent exposition; in dealing with the lesser lights, with our Drydens and our Popes, with our Byrons and our Shelleys, he will have another task. He will have to show how, in various degrees, defects of temper, the accidents of life, historical and social environment and the like, have obscured and distorted that vision which penetrates through the local and particular to the essential and universal. He will not, for example, allow the brilliant rhetoric and sound sense of Pope to blind us to the worthlessness of his metaphysics or to the insufficiency of his views on the subject of man's relation to spiritual truth; nor will he allow the marvelous music and imaginative splendor of the *Revolt of Islam* and the *Prometheus Unbound* to veil from us the folly and insanity of their ethics.

Thus systematized, the study of English literature would become on the one side—on the side of its history—as susceptible of serious, methodical, and profitable treatment as history itself; and on the other side—on the side of criticism—it would become a still more important instrument of discipline, for it would correspond as nearly

as possible to the *Mousike* of the Greeks, and supply the one great deficiency in our national education. In a country like ours, where the current will always run in a scientific and positive direction, nothing is so much to be regretted as the almost entire absence of any systematic provision for "musical culture." At the universities the want is to some extent supplied by the study of classical literature, but throughout the country our own literature must necessarily be the chief medium for disseminating that culture, if it is to be disseminated at all. Whether English literature is to fulfill this function or not depends obviously on the training of its teachers, and the training of its teachers depends as obviously on the willingness or the unwillingness of the universities to provide that training. How far that training is likely to be provided by such an institution as the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos of Cambridge we have already seen. What is to be devoutly hoped is that Convocation will have the wisdom to prevent Oxford from the folly of being guilty of similar treason to the cause of Letters and Culture.—J. CHURTON COLLINS, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CHARLES DARWIN.

BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809; DIED APRIL 19, 1882.

By the universal consent of mankind, the name of Charles Darwin was placed even during his lifetime among those of the few great leaders who stand forth for all time as the creative spirits who have founded and legislated for the realm of Science. It is too soon to estimate with precision the full value and effect of his work. The din of controversy that rose around him has hardly yet died down, and the influence of the doctrines he propounded is extending into so many remote departments of human inquiry, that a generation or two may require to pass away before his true place in the history of thought can be definitely fixed. But the judgment of his contemporaries as to his proud pre-eminence is not likely ever to be called in question. He is enrolled among *Dii majorum gentium*, and there he will remain to the end of the ages. When he was laid beside the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey, there arose far and wide a lamentation as of personal bereavement. Thousands of mourners who had never seen him, who knew only his writings, and judged of the gentleness and courtesy of his nature from these and from such hearsay reports as passed outwards from the privacy of his country home, grieved as for the loss of a dear friend. It is remarkable that probably no scientific man of his day was personally less familiar to the mass of his fellow-countrymen. He seemed to

shun all the usual modes of contact with them. His weak health, domestic habits, and absorbing work kept him in the seclusion of his own quiet home. His face was seldom to be seen at the meetings of scientific societies, or at those gatherings where the discoveries of science are expounded to more popular audiences. He shrank from public controversy, although no man was ever more vigorously attacked and more completely misrepresented. Nevertheless, when he died the affectionate regret that followed him to the grave came not alone from his own personal friends, but from thousands of sympathetic mourners in all parts of the world, who had never seen or known him. Men had ample material for judging of his work, and in the end had given their judgment with general acclaim. Of the man himself, however, they could know but little, yet enough of his character shone forth in his work to indicate its tenderness and goodness. Men instinctively felt him to be in every way one of the great ones of the earth, whose removal from the living world leaves mankind poorer in moral worth as well as in intellect. So widespread has been this conviction, that the story of his life has been eagerly longed for. It would contain no eventful incidents, but it would reveal the man as he was, and show the method of his working and the secret of his greatness.

At last, five years and a half after his death, the long-expected *Memoir* has made its appearance. The task of preparing it was undertaken by his son, Mr. Francis Darwin, who, having for the last eight years of his father's life acted as his assistant, was especially qualified to put the world in possession of a true picture of the inner life of the great naturalist. Most biographies are too long, but, in the present case, the three goodly volumes will be found to contain not a page too much. The narrative is absorbingly interesting from first to last. The editor, with excellent judgment, allows Darwin himself, as far as possible, to tell his own story in a series of delightful letters, which bring us into the very presence of the earnest student and enthusiastic explorer of Nature.

Charles Darwin came of a family which from the beginning of the sixteenth century had been settled on the northern borders of Lincolnshire. Several of his ancestors had been men of literary taste and scientific culture, the most noted of them being his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, the poet and philosopher. His father was a medical man in large practice at Shrewsbury, and his mother, a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood of the Etruria Works. Some interesting reminiscences are given of the father, who must have been a man of uncommon strength of character. He left a large fortune, and thus provided for the career which his son was destined to fulfil. Of his own early life and later years, Darwin has left a slight but most interesting sketch in an autobiographical fragment,

written late in life for his children, and without any idea of its ever being published. From this outline we learn that he was born at Shrewsbury on the 12th of February, 1809. Shortly before his mother's death, in 1817, he was sent, when eight years old, to a day-school in his native town. But even in the period of childhood he had chosen the favorite occupation of his life. He says:

"My taste for natural history, and more especially for collecting, was well developed. I tried to make out the names of plants, and collected all sorts of things—shells, seals, franks, coins and minerals. The passion for collecting, which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste."

According to his own account, he was "in many ways a naughty boy." But there must have been so much fun and kind-heartedness in his transgressions, that neither parents nor teachers could have been very seriously offended by his pranks. What, for instance, could be said to a boy who would bravely pretend to a schoolfellow that he could produce variously tinted flowers by watering them with colored fluids, or who gathered a quantity of fruit from his father's trees, hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran off to announce his discovery of a robbery; or who, after beating a puppy, felt such remorse that the memory of the act lay heavy on his conscience and remained with him to old age?

In 1818 he was placed under Dr. Butler in Shrewsbury School, where he continued to stay for seven years until 1825, when he was sixteen years old. He confesses that the classical training at that seminary was useless to him, and that the school as a means of education was, so far as he was concerned, simply a blank. Verse-making, and learning by heart so many lines of Latin or Greek, seem to have been the occupations of school that specially dwelt in his memory, the sole pleasure he could recall being the reading of some of Horace's Odes. He describes, however, the intense satisfaction with which he followed the clear geometrical proofs of Euclid, and the pleasure he took in sitting for hours in an old window of the school reading Shakespeare. He made acquaintance, too, with the poems of Thomson, Byron and Scott, but confesses that in later life, to his great regret, he lost all pleasure from poetry of any kind, even from Shakespeare.

The first book that excited in him a wish to travel was a copy of the *Wonders of the World*, in the possession of a schoolfellow, which he read with some critical discrimination, for he used to dispute with other boys about the veracity of its statements. Nothing in the school-life could daunt his ardor in the pursuit of natural history. He continued to be a collector, and began to show himself an attentive observer of insects and birds. White's *Selborne*, which has started so many naturalists on their career, stimulated his zeal, and

he became so fond of birds as to wonder in his mind why every gentleman did not become an ornithologist. Nor were his interests confined to the biological departments of Nature. With his brother, who had made a laboratory in the garden tool-house, he worked hard at chemistry, and learned for the first time the meaning of experimental research. These extra-scholastic pursuits, which he declares to have been the best part of his education at school, came somehow to be talked of by his companions, who consequently nicknamed him "Gas;" and Dr. Butler, when he heard of them, rebuked the young philosopher for "wasting time on such useless subjects," and called him a "poco curante."

It was evident to his father that further attendance at Shrewsbury School would not advance young Darwin's education, and he was accordingly sent in 1825, when he was a little over sixteen years old, to join his elder brother, who was attending the medical classes of the University of Edinburgh. It was intended that he should begin the study of medicine, and qualify himself for that profession; but he had already discovered that a sufficient competence would eventually come to him to enable him to live in some comfort and independence. So he went to the lectures with no very strong determination to get from them as much good as if he knew that his living was to depend on his success. He found them "intolerably dull," and records in maturer years his deliberate conviction that "there are no advantages, and many disadvantages, in lectures compared with reading." That he did not conquer his repugnance to the study of anatomy in particular is remarkable, when we consider how strong already was his love of biology, and how wholly it dominated his later life. Tenderness of nature seems to have had much to do with his repugnance. He could not bear the sight of suffering; the cases in the clinical wards of the Infirmary distressed him, and after bringing himself to attend for the first time the operating theater, he rushed away before the operations were completed, and never went back. But he afterward came to regard as one of the greatest evils of his life that he had not been urged to conquer his disgust and make himself practically familiar with the details of human anatomy. It is curious, too, to learn with what aversion he regarded the instructions of the Professor of Natural History in the University. Jameson could certainly kindle, or at least stimulate, enthusiasm in some young souls, as the brilliant band of naturalists trained under him in Edward Forbes's time sufficiently proves. But to others he undoubtedly was, what Darwin describes him, "incredibly dull." If the professorial teaching was defective, however, the loss seems to have been in good measure made up by the companionship of fellow-students of kindred tastes, with whom the future naturalist explored the neighborhood of Edin-

burgh. Collecting animals from the tidal pools of the estuary of the Forth, and accompanying the Newhaven fishermen in their dredging voyages for oysters, he found plenty of material for study, and employed himself in dissecting as well as he could. In the course of these observations he made his first recorded discovery, which was "that the so-called ova of *Flustra* had the power of independent movement by means of cilia, and were, in fact, larvæ." As a part of his love of Nature and out-of-door employments, he became an ardent sportsman, rose even long before day, in order to reach the ground betimes, and went to bed with his shooting-boots placed open close beside him, that not a moment might be lost in getting into them.

When two sessions had been passed at Edinburgh and no great zeal appeared for the medical profession, Darwin's father proposed to him that he should become a clergyman; for it was out of the question that the young student should be allowed to turn into an idle sporting man, as he bade fair to do. After some time given to reflection on this momentous change in his career, Darwin, who "did not then in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible," agreed to the proposal. Many years afterward, when he had risen to fame, and his photograph was the subject of public discussion at a German psychological society, he was declared by one of the speakers to have "the bump of reverence developed enough for ten priests." So that, in one respect, as he says of himself, he was well fitted to be a clergyman. In another and more serious qualification, however, he found himself lamentably and almost incredibly deficient. If his two years at Edinburgh had not added much to his stock of professional knowledge, they seem to have driven out of his head what slender share of classical learning he had imbibed at Shrewsbury. He had actually forgotten some of the Greek letters, and had to begin again, therefore, at the very beginning. But after a few months of preliminary training he found himself able to proceed to Cambridge in the early part of the year 1828, when he was now nearly nineteen years of age. So far as concerned academical studies, the three years at the University were, in his own opinion, as much wasted time as his residence at Edinburgh or his life at school had been. He attempted mathematics, which he found repugnant. In classics he did as little as he could; but in the end he took his B.A. degree, and got the tenth place on the list of those who did not go in for honors. The disgust for geology with which the Wernerian doctrines at Edinburgh had inspired him, prevented him from becoming a pupil of Sedgwick. It is curious to speculate on what might have been his ultimate bent had he then come under the spell of that eloquent, enthusiastic, and most lovable man. Not improbably he would have become an

ardent geologist, dedicating more exclusively to that science the genius and industry which he devoted to biology and to natural history as a whole.

Some of the incidents of his Cambridge life which he records are full of interest in their bearing on his future career. Foremost among them stands the friendship which he formed with Professor Henslow, whose lectures on botany he attended. He joined in the class excursions, and found them delightful. But still more profitable to him were the long and almost daily walks which he enjoyed with his teacher during the latter half of his time at Cambridge. Henslow's wide range of acquirement, modesty, unselfishness, courtesy, gentleness and piety, fascinated him and exerted on him an influence which, more than anything else, tended to shape his whole future life. The love of travel, which had been kindled by his boyish reading, now took a deeper hold of him as he read Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*, and Herschel's *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*. He determined to visit Teneriffe, and even went so far as to inquire about ships. But his desire was soon to be gratified in a far other and more comprehensive voyage. At the close of his college life he was fortunate enough, through Henslow's good offices, to accompany Sedgwick in a geological excursion in North Wales. There can be little doubt that this short trip sufficed to efface the dislike of geology which he had conceived at Edinburgh and to show him how much it was in his own power to increase the sum of geological knowledge. To use his own phrase, he began to "work like a tiger" at geology.

But he now had reached the main turning-point of his career. On returning home from his ramble with Sedgwick he found a letter from Henslow, telling him that Captain Fitz-Roy, who was about to start on the memorable voyage of the *Beagle*, was willing to give up part of his own cabin to any competent young man who would volunteer to go with him without pay as naturalist. The post was offered to Darwin, and after some natural objections on the part of his father, who thought that such a wild scheme would be disreputable to his character as a future clergyman, was accepted. His intention of becoming a clergyman, and his father's wish that he should do so, were never formally given up; but from this time onward they dropped out of sight. The *Beagle* weighed anchor from Plymouth on the 27th of December, 1831, and returned on the 2d of October, 1836.

Of the voyage in the *Beagle* and its scientific fruits Darwin himself has left ample record in his *Journal of Researches*, and in the various memoirs on special branches of research, which he afterward published. The editor of the Biography has wisely refrained from repeating the story of this important part of his father's life.

But he has given a new charm to it by printing a few of the letters written during the voyage, which help us to realize still more vividly the life and work of the naturalist in his circumnavigation of the world. We can picture him in his little cabin working diligently at the structure of marine creatures, but driven every now and then to lie down as a relief from the sea-sickness which worried him during the voyage, and was thought by some to have permanently injured his health. We see him littering the deck with his specimens, and thereby raising the indignation of the prim first lieutenant, who declared he would like to turn the naturalist and his mess "out of the place," but who, in spite of this want of sympathy, was recognized by Darwin as a "glorious fellow." We watch him in the tropical forests and in the calm glories of the tropical nights with the young officers listening to his exposition of the wonders of Nature around them. And, above all, we mark his exuberant enthusiasm in the new aspects of the world that came before him, his gentleness, unfailing good-nature and courtesy, that endeared him alike to every officer and sailor in the ship. The officers playfully dubbed him their "dear old philosopher," and the men called him "our flycatcher."

For one who was to take a foremost place among the naturalists of all time—that is, in the true old sense of the word naturalist, men with sympathies and insight for every department of Nature, and not mere specialists working laboriously in their own limited field of research—there could hardly have been chosen a more instructive and stimulating journey than that which was provided for Darwin by the voyage of the *Beagle*. The route lay by the Cape de Verd Islands across the Atlantic to the coast of Brazil, southward to the Strait of Magellan, and up the western side of the South American continent as far as Callao. It then struck westward across the Pacific Ocean by the Galapagos archipelago, Tahiti, New Zealand, Sydney and Tasmania, turning round into the Indian Ocean by way of Keeling Islands and the Mauritius to the Cape of Good Hope, and then by St. Helena and Ascension Island to the coast of Brazil, where the chronometrical measurement of the world, which was the ostensible object of the *Beagle's* circumnavigation, was to be completed, and so once more across the Atlantic homeward. Almost every aspect of Nature was encountered in such a journey. The luxuriant forests of the tropics, the glaciers and snowfields of Tierra del Fuego, the arid wastes of Patagonia, the green and fertile Pampas, the volcanic islets of mid-ocean, the lofty Cordillera of a great continent, arose one by one before the eager gaze of the young observer. Each scene widened his experience of the outer aspects of the world, quickened his powers of observation, deepened his sympathy with Nature as a whole, and likewise sup-

plied him with abundant materials for future study in the life-work which he had now definitely set before himself. We must think of him during those five momentous years as patiently accumulating the facts and shaping in his mind the problems which were to furnish the occupation of all his after life.

During the voyage he had written long letters to his friends descriptive of what he had seen and done. He likewise forwarded considerable collections of specimens gathered by him at various places. His scientific activity was therefore well known to his acquaintances, and even to a wider circle at home, for some of his letters to Henslow were privately printed and circulated among the members of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. It would have been difficult for any even of his most intimate friends to offer a plausible conjecture as to the line of inquiry in natural science that he would ultimately select as the one along which he more particularly desired to advance. An onlooker might have naturally believed that the ardent young observer would choose geology, and end by becoming one of the foremost leaders in that department of science. In his *Journal of Researches*, and in the letters from the *Beagle* just published, it is remarkable how much he shows the fascination that geology now had for him. He had thoroughly thrown off the incubus of Wernerianism. From Lyell's book and Sedgwick's personal influence he had discovered how absorbingly interesting is the history of the earth. Writing to his friend, W. D. Fox, from Lima, in the summer of 1835, he expresses his pleasure in hearing that his correspondent had some intention of studying geology; which, he says, offers "so much larger a field of thought than the other branches of natural history;" and, moreover, "is a capital science to begin, as it requires nothing but a little reading, thinking and hammering." While the whole of his *Journal* shows on every page how keen were his powers of observation, and how constantly he was on the watch for new facts in many fields of natural knowledge, it is to the geological problems that he returns most frequently and fully. And never before in the history of science had these problems been attacked by an actual observer over so vast a space of the earth's surface, with more acuteness and patience, or discussed with such breadth of view. There is something almost ludicrous in the contrast between his method of treatment of volcanic phenomena and that of his professor at Edinburgh only six short years before. But though geological questions, being the most obvious and approachable, took up so large a share of his time and attention, he was already pondering on some of the great biological mysteries the unveiling of which in later years was to be his main occupation, and to form the basis on which his renown as an investigator was chiefly to rest.

On his return to England, in October, 1836, Darwin at once took his place among the acknowledged men of science of his country. For a time his health continued to be such as to allow him to get through a large amount of work. The next two years, which in his own opinion were the most active of his life, were spent, partly at Cambridge and partly in London, in the preparation of his *Journal of Researches*, of the zoological and geological results of the voyage, and of various papers for the Geological and Zoological Societies. So keen was his geological zeal that, almost against his better judgment, he was prevailed upon to undertake the duties of honorary secretary of the Geological Society, an office which he continued to hold for three years. And at each period of enforced holiday, for his health had already begun to give way, he occupied himself with geological work in the field. In the Midlands he watched the operations of earth-worms, and began those inquiries which formed the subject of his last research, and of the volume on *Vegetable Mould* which he published not long before his death. In the Highlands he studied the famous Parallel Roads of Glen Roy; and his work there, though in after years he acknowledged it to be "a great failure," he felt at the time to have been "one of the most difficult and instructive tasks" he had ever undertaken.

In the beginning of 1839 Darwin married his cousin, daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, and grand-daughter of the founder of the Etruria Works, and took a house in London. But the entries of ill-health in his diary grow more frequent. For a time he and his wife went into society, and took their share of the scientific life and work of the metropolis. But he was compelled gradually to withdraw from this kind of existence which suited neither of them, and eventually they determined to live in the country. Accordingly, he purchased a house and grounds at Down in a sequestered part of Kent, some twenty miles from London, and moved thither in the autumn of 1842. In that quiet home he passed the remaining forty years of his life. It was there that his children were born and grew up around him, that he carried on the researches and worked out the generalizations that have changed the whole realm of science, that he received his friends and the strangers who came from every country to see him; and it was there that, after a long and laborious life, full of ardor and work to the last, he died at the age of seventy-three, on the 19th of April, 1882.

The story of his life at Down is almost wholly coincident with the history of the development of his views on evolution, and the growth and appearance of the successive volumes which he gave to the world. For the first four years his geological tastes continued in the ascendant. During that interval there appeared three remarkable works, his volume on *Coral Islands*, that on *Volcanic*

Islands, and his *Geological Observations on South America*. Of these treatises that on coral reefs excited the wonder and admiration of geologists for the simplicity and grandeur of its theoretical explanations. Before it was written, the prevalent view of the origin of these insular masses of coral was that which regarded each of them as built on the summit of a volcano, the circular shape of an atoll or ring of coral being held to mark the outline of the submerged crater on which it rested. But Darwin, in showing the untenableness of this explanation, pointed out how easily the rings of coral might have arisen from the upward growth of the reef-building corals round an island slowly sinking into the sea. He was thus led to look upon the vast regions of ocean dotted with coral islands as areas of gradual subsidence, and he could adduce every stage in the process of growth, from the shore-reef just beginning, as it were, to form round the island, to the completed atoll, where the last vestige of the encircled land had disappeared under the central lagoon. More recent researches by other observers have, in the opinion of some writers, proved that the widespread submergence demanded by Darwin's theory is not required to account for the present form and distribution of coral islands. But his work will ever remain a classic in the history of geology.

After working up the geological results of the long voyage in the *Beagle*, he set himself with great determination to more purely zoological details. While on the coast of Chili he had found a curious new cirripede, to understand the structure of which he had to examine and dissect many of the common forms. The memoir, which was originally designed to describe only his new type, gradually expanded into an elaborate monograph on the Cirripedes (barnacles) as a whole group. For eight years he continued this self-imposed task, getting at last so weary of it as to feel at times as if the labor had been in some sense wasted which he had spent over it, and this suspicion seems to have remained with him in maturer years. But when at last the two bulky volumes, of more than one thousand pages of text, with forty detailed plates, made their appearance, they were hailed as an admirable contribution to the knowledge of a comparatively little known department of the animal kingdom. In the interests of science, perhaps, their chief value is to be recognized not so much in their own high merit as in the practical training which their preparation gave the author in anatomical detail and classification. He spoke of it himself afterward as a valuable discipline, and Professor Huxley truly affirms that the influence of this discipline was visible in everything which he afterward wrote.

It was after Darwin had got rid of his herculean labors over the "Cirripede book," that he began to settle down seriously to the

great work of his life—the investigation of the origin of the species of plants and animals. One of the three volumes of the Biography is entirely devoted to tracing the growth of his views on this subject, and the preparation and reception of the great work on the *Origin of Species*. In no part of his task has the editor shown greater tact and skill than in this. From the earliest jottings, which show that the idea had taken hold of Darwin's mind, we are led onwards through successive journals, letters and published works, marking as we go how steadily the idea was pursued, and how it shaped itself more and more definitely in his mind. It is impossible to condense this story within the limits of a Review article, and the condensation, even if possible, would spoil the story, which must be left as told in the author's own words. Briefly, it may be stated here that he seems to have been first led to ponder over the question of the transmutation of species by facts that had come under his notice during the South American part of the voyage in the *Beagle*—such as the discovery of the fossil remains of huge animals akin to, but yet very distinct from, the living armadillos of the same regions; the manner in which closely allied animals were found to replace one another, as he followed them over the continent; and the remarkable character of the flora and fauna of the Galapagos archipelago. "It was evident," he says, "that such facts as these, as well as many others, could only be explained on the supposition that species gradually become modified; and the subject haunted me." His first note-book for the accumulation of facts bearing on the question was opened in July, 1837, and from that date he continued to gather them "on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skilful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading." He soon perceived that selection was the secret of success in the artificial production of the useful varieties of plants and animals. But how this principle, so fertile in results when employed by man, could be applied in explanation of Nature's operations, remained a mystery to him until in October, 1838, when, happening to read for amusement Malthus' book *On the Principle of Population*, he found at last a theory with which to work. With this guiding principle he instituted a laborious investigation on the breeding of pigeons, and experiments on the flotation of eggs, the vitality of seeds, and other questions, the solution of which seemed desirable as his researches advanced. He says himself that, to avoid prejudice in favor of his own views, he refrained for some time from writing even the briefest sketch of the theory he had formed, and that it was not until June, 1842, that he allowed himself the satisfaction of writing a very brief pencil abstract in thirty-five pages, which two years after-

ward he enlarged to 230 pages, and had fairly copied out. This precious manuscript was the germ of the *Origin of Species*.

With characteristic caution, however, he kept his essay in his desk, and with equally characteristic ardor, industry and patience went on with the laborious task of accumulating evidence. His friends were of course well aware of the nature of his research and of the remarkable views to which he had been led regarding the history of species. And as these views could hardly fail in the end to become generally known, it was desirable that the first publication of them should be made by himself. This having been urged upon him by Lyell, he began early in the year 1856 to write out his views in detail on a scale three or four times as large as that on which the *Origin of Species* afterwards appeared. This work he continued steadily for two years, when it was interrupted (June, 1858) by the arrival of a remarkable manuscript essay by Mr. A. R. Wallace, who, working in the Malay archipelago, had arrived at conclusions identical with those of Darwin himself. Darwin's generous impulse was to send this essay for publication irrespective of any claim of his own to priority; but his friends, Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker, persuaded him to allow extracts from his early sketch of 1844, and part of a letter written to Professor Asa Gray in 1857, to be read, together with Mr. Wallace's contribution, before the Linnean Society, and to be printed in the Society's *Journal*. He now set to work upon that epitome of his observations and deductions which appeared in November, 1859, as the immortal "*Origin of Species*."

Those who are old enough to remember the publication of this work, cannot but marvel at the change which, since that day, not yet thirty years ago, has come alike upon the non-scientific and the scientific part of the community in their estimation of it. Professor Huxley has furnished to the *Biography* a graphic chapter on the reception of the book, and in his vigorous and witty style recalls the furious and fatuous objections that were urged against it. A much longer chapter will be required to describe the change which the advent of the *Origin of Species* has wrought in every department of science, and not of science only, but of philosophy. The principle of evolution, so early broached and so long discredited, has now at last been proclaimed and accepted as the guiding idea in the investigation of Nature.

One of the most marvellous aspects of Darwin's work was the way in which he seemed always to throw a new light upon every department of inquiry into which the course of his researches led him to look. The specialists who, in their own narrow domains, had been toiling for years, patiently gathering facts and timidly drawing inferences from them, were astonished to find that one

who, to their eyes, was a kind of outsider, could point out to them the plain meaning of things which, though entirely familiar to them, they had never adequately understood. The central idea of the *Origin of Species* is an example of this in the biological sciences. The chapter on the imperfection of the geological record is another.

After the publication of the *Origin*, Darwin gave to the world during a succession of years a series of volumes, in which some of his observations and conclusions were worked out in fuller detail. His books on the fertilization of orchids, on the movements and habits of climbing plants, on the variation of animals and plants under domestication, on the effects of cross and self-fertilization in the vegetable kingdom, on the different forms of flowers on plants of the same species, were mainly based on his own quiet work in the greenhouse and garden at Down. His volumes on the descent of man, and on the expression of the emotions in man and animals, completed his contributions to the biological argument. His last volume, published the year before his death, treated of the formation of vegetable mould, and the habits of earth-worms, and the preparation of it enabled him to revive some of the geological enthusiasm which so marked the earlier years of his life.

Such, in briefest outline, was the work accomplished by Charles Darwin. The admirable biography prepared by his son enables us to follow its progress from the beginning to the close. But higher even than the intellect which achieved the work was the moral character which shone through it all. As far as it is possible for words to convey what Darwin was to those who did not personally know him, this has been done in the *Life*. His son has written a touching chapter entitled, *Reminiscences of my Father's Everyday Life*, in which the man as he lived and worked is vividly pictured. From that sketch, and from Darwin's own letters, the reader may conceive how noble was the character of the great naturalist. His industry and patience, in spite of the daily physical suffering that marked the last forty years of his life; his utter unselfishness and tender consideration for others; his lifelong modesty that led him to see the worst of his own work and the best of that of other men; his scrupulous honor and unbending veracity; his intense desire to be accurate even in the smallest particulars, and the trouble he took to secure such accuracy; his sympathy with the struggles of younger men, and his readiness to help them; his eagerness for the establishment of truth by whomsoever discovered; his interest up to the very last in the advancement of science; his playful humor; his unfailing courtesy and gratitude for even the smallest acts of kindness—these elements of a lofty moral nature stand out conspicuously in the Biography. No one can rise from the perusal of these volumes without the conviction that, by making known to the world

at large what Darwin was as a man, as well as a great original investigator, they place him on a still loftier pinnacle of greatness than that to which the voice of his contemporaries had already raised him.—ARCHIBALD GEIKE, F.R.S., in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE ACTORS' CATECHISM.*

In a recent Number of LIBRARY MAGAZINE were quoted a number of questions propounded by a man of letters to several members of the theatrical profession. Mr. William Archer, the author of these questions, repeats them in *Longman's Magazine*, adding: "Some of them are not so aptly framed as I could wish, the answers received having in several cases suggested a more precise and lucid form of words."—[ED. LIB. MAG.]

1. In moving situations, do tears come to your eyes? Do they come unbidden? Can you call them up and repress them at will? In delivering pathetic speeches does your voice break of its own accord? Or do you deliberately simulate a broken voice? Supposing that, in the same situation you on one night shed real tears and speak with a genuine "lump in your throat," and on the next night simulate these affections without physically experiencing them: on which occasion should you expect to produce the greater effect upon your audience?

2. When Macready played Virginius after burying his loved daughter, he confessed that his real experience gave a new force to his acting in the most pathetic situations of the play. Have you any analogous experience to relate? Has the memory of a bygone emotion (whether recent or remote) in your personal life influenced your acting in a similar situation? If so, was the influence, in your opinion, for good or for ill? And what was the effect upon the audience?

3. In scenes of laughter (for instance, Charles Surface's part in the screen scene, or Lady Teazle's part in the quarrel with Sir Peter), do you feel genuine amusement? Or is your merriment entirely assumed? Have you ever laughed on the stage until the tears ran down your face? or been so overcome with laughter as to have a difficulty in continuing your part? And in either of these cases, what has been the effect upon the audience?

4. Do you ever blush when representing bashfulness, modesty, or shame? or turn pale in scenes of terror? or grow purple in the face in scenes of rage? or have you observed these physical manifestations in other artists? On leaving the stage, after a scene of terror or of rage, can you at once repress the tremor you have been

* LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1888.

exhibiting, and restore your nerves and muscles to their normal quietude?

5. A distinguished actor informs me that he is in the habit of perspiring freely while acting; but that the perspiration varies, not so much with the physical exertion gone through, as with the emotion experienced. On nights when he was not "feeling the part," he has played Othello "without turning a hair," though his physical effort was at least as great as on nights when he was bathed in perspiration. Does your experience tally with this? Do you find the fatigue of playing a part directly proportionate to the physical exertion demanded by it? or dependent on other causes?

6. Have you ever played a comic part when laboring under severe sorrow or mental depression? If so, have you produced less effect than usual upon the audience? or more effect? Have you ever played a tragic part while enjoying abnormal exhilaration of spirits? If so, how has your playing been affected?

7. It used to be said of a well-known actor that he put on in the morning the character he was to play at night; that on days when he was to play Richard III. he was truculent, cynical, and cruel, while on days when he was to play Mercutio or Benedick he would be all grace, humor, and courtesy. Are you conscious of any such tendency in yourself? or have you observed it in others? In the green-room, between the acts, have you any tendency to preserve the voice and manner of the character you are playing? or have you observed such a tendency in others?

8. G. H. Lewes relates how Macready, as Shylock, used to shake a ladder violently before going on for the scene with Tubal, in order to get up "the proper state of white heat," also how Liston was overheard "cursing and spluttering to himself, as he stood at the side scene waiting to go on in a scene of comic rage." Have you experienced any difficulty in thus "striking twelve at once?" If so, how do you overcome it?

9. Can you give any examples of the two or more strata of consciousness, or lines of thought, which must co-exist in your mind while acting? Or, in other words, can you describe and illustrate how one part of your mind is intent on the character, while another part is watching the audience, and a third (perhaps) given up to some pleasant or unpleasant recollection or anticipation in your private life?

10. Does your personal feeling (such as love, hatred, respect, scorn) toward the actor or actress with whom you happen to be playing affect your performance? If so, in what way? Should you play Romeo better if you were in love with your Juliet, than if she were quite indifferent to you? And if you happened to dislike or despise her, how would that influence your acting?

11. Diderot tells how Lekain, in a scene of violent emotion, saw an actress's diamond earring lying on the stage, and had presence of mind enough to kick it to the wing instead of treading on it. Can you relate any similar instances of presence of mind? And should you regard them as showing that the actor is personally unmoved by the situation in which he is figuring? Have you ever suffered from inability to control laughter at some chance blunder or unrehearsed incident? And do you find less or greater difficulty in controlling it when you are absorbed in a part than when you are comparatively unmoved? Are you apt to be thrown off the rails (so to speak) by trifling sounds among the audience (a cough or a sneeze), or by slight noises which reach your ear from behind the scenes, or from the street?

12. With reference to long runs: Does frequent repetition induce callousness to the emotions of a part? Do you continue to improve during a certain number of representations and then remain stationary, or deteriorate? Or do you go on elaborating a part throughout a long run? Or do you improve in some respects and deteriorate in others? In your own opinion, do you act better on (say) the tenth night than on the first? and on the fiftieth than on the tenth? Do the emotions of a part "grip" you more forcibly on one night than on another? If so, is there any corresponding difference in your "grip" on your audience? [This is a re-statement in more general terms of the last question in Section I.] Have you ever over-rehearsed a part, as an athlete overtrains? Have you ever played a part until it has become nauseous to you? If so, have you noticed any diminution of its effect upon your audience?

13. In scenes of emotion in real life, whether you are a participant in them (*e.g.* the death-bed of a relative) or a casual on-looker (*e.g.* a street accident), do you consciously note effect for subsequent use on the stage? Or can you ever trace an effect used on the stage to some phase of such a real-life experience automatically registered in your memory?

14. Do you ever yield to sudden inspirations of accent or gesture occurring in the moment of performance? And are you able to note and subsequently reproduce such inspirations? Have you ever produced a happy effect by pure chance or by mistake and then incorporated it permanently in your performance?

15. Do you act with greater satisfaction to yourself in characters which are consonant with your own nature (as you conceive it) than in characters which are dissonant and perhaps antipathetic? And in which class of characters have you met with most success? Does your liking or dislike for—your belief or disbelief in—a play as a whole affect your acting in it?

16. Do you ever find yourself disturbed and troubled by the

small conventions of the stage? In other words, is the thread of your emotion broken by the necessity for "asides," or for giving a stage kiss instead of a real one, a stage buffet instead of a genuine knock-down blow? In the fight in *Macbeth* or *Richard III.*, do you feel hampered by the necessity for counting the cuts and thrusts? Or in flinging away the goblet in *Hamlet*, are you disturbed by having to aim it so that it may be caught by the prompter? Is your hilarity at a stage banquet more convincing to the audience when the champagne is real than when you are quaffing toast and water?

17. In the conception and make-up of a "character part," do you generally (or do you ever) imitate some individual whom you have seen and studied? Or do you piece together a series of observations, reproducing this man's nose, that man's whiskers, the gestures and mannerisms of a third, the voice and accent of a fourth? Or do you construct a purely imaginary figure, no single trait of which you can refer to any individual model?—WILLIAM ARCHER.

SCHOOLS OF COMMERCE.

A REPORT, dealing very fully with the subject of Commercial Education, was presented to the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce held in September last at Exeter. The Report contains a thoughtful digest of the methods of instruction adopted in the principal types of commercial schools found in Europe and in the United States. No part of the Report is more interesting than that devoted to a description of the German system of commercial education. It has been written, we are told, by Mr. H. M. Felkin, of Chemnitz, who, in a little book entitled *Education in a Saxon Town*, published in 1881 by the City and Guilds of London Institute, was one of the first to sound the note of warning as regards our deficiencies in the matter of technical instruction. The Report concludes with some valuable suggestions for the improvement of our own educational system, or want of system; and, although the writers here deal with matters on which unanimity of opinion cannot be expected, most persons who have carefully considered the subject will agree that some such changes as those recommended would help to place us more nearly than we are at present on a level with our continental neighbors in facilities for obtaining a suitable training for mercantile pursuits.

Shortly before the publication of this Report, I read a paper on the same subject to the Manchester meeting of the British Association, in which I gave the results of some independent inquiries I had

made during a too brief visit to the Continent in the spring of the present year. My object in instituting these inquiries was to ascertain the present condition of commercial education in the principal countries of Europe, and to supplement and verify, where necessary, the information I had gathered on this subject when, as a member of the Commission on Technical Instruction, I inspected for the first time several of the chief continental schools of commerce. The conclusions at which I arrived confirm those of the writers of the Report, that, in the matter of commercial education, we are far behind other nations of Europe, and that to the well-organized schools, which are found particularly in Germany, is due the success with which her merchants and mercantile agents "are winning for her so large a share of the world's commerce." An intimate acquaintance with these foreign schools undoubtedly proves, what the Report tells us, that "it is in the *school* that England must prepare to meet her great European rival, and train the forces that will efficiently equip her commercial offices at home and provide a capable body of commercial travelers to push her merchandise abroad."

The questions of technical and commercial education are so closely associated that it is difficult to consider them except in connection with each other. Speaking generally, technical education may be said to have reference to the work of *production*, and commercial education to that of *distribution*; but as the character of the goods produced by the manufacturer must depend to a great extent upon the tastes and requirements of the consumer, which should be ascertained by those engaged in the work of distribution, commercial success may be regarded as a function of two factors, one of which has reference to the skill displayed in the processes of manufacture, and the other to the activity and economy shown in bringing the products of industry into the hands of the consumer.

Hitherto, owing to the necessity of previously considering the question of technical education, the closely allied question of commercial education has remained somewhat in the background. The progress that has been made during the last few years in providing the necessary instruction for persons of all classes engaged in *productive* industry is, on the whole, satisfactory. Our University Colleges, under the influence of the demand for technical teaching, have become technical schools with a literary side. The Charity Commissioners have framed schemes for the curriculum of endowed schools, in which science, instruction and manual training occupy part of the time formerly devoted to the study of classics. Some of our School Boards have, as far as the iron regulations of the Code permit them, introduced the teaching of drawing, science, and handicrafts into the schools under their control. The Science and Art Department has made its examinations in science somewhat more

practical, and has given more prominence to design in the teaching of art. And to the City Guilds is due the credit of having established at Finsbury the first distinctly Technical College, and at Kensington a Central Institution for the training of manufacturers, engineers, and teachers; of having organized, in the principal trade centers throughout the kingdom, a large number of technical, as distinguished from ordinary science, classes; and of having thereby given a powerful impetus to the creation of technical schools.

This record of progress, which has prepared the way for the introduction into Parliament of a comprehensive and efficient Technical Instruction Bill, may be regarded as satisfactory, and the time has now come when attention must be prominently called to our deficiencies in the matter of commercial, as distinguished from technical, education. If evidence is needed of the want of knowledge among our commercial classes of those subjects about which they ought to be informed, it will be found in the Report of the Commission on the Depression of Trade and Industry, as well as in the valuable consular reports which are now periodically published in this country. From these documents it appears that it is mainly owing to German competition that our foreign trade is shrinking; and it is in Germany that the most abundant provision has been made for the fitting educational equipment of young persons who are engaged in mercantile pursuits. The Commissioners tell us that the increasing severity of this competition, both in our home and neutral markets, is especially noticeable in the case of Germany, and that in every quarter of the world the perseverance and enterprise of the Germans are making themselves felt. They say:—

“In the actual production of commodities we have now few, if any, advantages over them; and in a knowledge of the markets of the world, a desire to accommodate themselves to local tastes or idiosyncrasies, a determination to obtain a footing wherever they can, and a tenacity in maintaining it, they appear to be gaining ground upon us.”

This advance of German trade does not appear to be due to any falling off in the efficiency of the British workman, but solely to the superior fitness of the Germans, due unquestionably to the more systematic training they receive, for mercantile pursuits. The Commissioners tell us that, while, “in respect of certain classes of products, the reputation of our workmanship does not stand as high as it formerly did,” those who have had personal experience of the comparative efficiency of labor carried on under the conditions which prevail in this country and in foreign countries appear to incline to the view “that the English workman, notwithstanding his shorter hours and his higher wages, is to be preferred.” They further state:—

“In the matter of education, we seem to be particularly deficient as compared with some of our foreign competitors, and this remark applies, not only to what is usually called technical education, but to the ordinary commercial education which is required in mercantile houses, and especially the knowledge of foreign languages.”

The recommendation of the Commissioners, that Her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad should be instructed to report any information which appears to them of interest as soon as they obtain it, and that it should be as promptly published at home when received, has resulted in the publication of a series of reports which, from all parts of the world, fully bear out the conclusions at which the Commissioners have arrived with regard to the deficiencies of our commercial education, to the activity displayed by foreigners in the search for new markets, and to the readiness of manufacturers abroad to accommodate their products to local tastes and peculiarities.

In the review which appeared in the *Times* of August 10, of more than one hundred consular reports which had been published within the previous three months, attention is repeatedly called to the importance to this country of possessing an army of commercially trained agents, who shall be able to discover foreign markets, to inform English manufacturers as regards the requirements of these markets, and to push the sale of home-made goods.

These statements show the extent to which our trade with foreign countries is falling off in consequence of the want of commercial knowledge and activity among our mercantile classes. At home, the pinch of competition is equally felt, and is due partly to the same cause. The answers to a circular recently addressed by the London Chamber of Commerce to the leading City firms have shown the extent to which foreign clerks are employed by commercial firms in London, and also, what is less flattering to us, the reason of the preference shown for them. It appears that 35 per cent. of the firms replying to the circular employ foreign clerks, and that less than 1 per cent. of English clerks are able to correspond in any foreign language. From several of the answers received, it also appears that preference is given to foreigners on account of their generally superior education, and of their special qualifications for commercial work. According to many of the witnesses “the foreigner is, at present, the better ‘all round’ man; better equipped both with the special technical knowledge of his particular industry, and with the wider culture which enables him to adapt his knowledge and his training to the varying demands of modern commerce.” Now, not only is the recognition of this fact somewhat humiliating to us as a nation, but the fact itself serves to explain some of the causes of the success of foreign competition of which we complain. In the first place, every foreigner employed in an English firm dis-

places an Englishman, who might, and would be, so employed if only he were properly educated. Moreover, many of these foreign clerks, after having learnt what they can as regards our manufactures, our markets, and modes of conducting business, return to their native land to utilize that knowledge as our competitors and rivals; and even of those who remain here, and establish new firms, a large number, naturally, show a preference for foreign manufacturers with whom they stand in relation, and from whom they obtain goods for the supply of the markets in which they deal. Having regard to the importance of these facts, it is well that we should acquaint ourselves with the systems of commercial education that exist in foreign countries, with a view of ascertaining in what respects the training there afforded is better adapted to qualify young men for commercial pursuits than that provided in our own schools.

In nearly all the countries of Europe there exists a system of intermediate and secondary education, which has been organized with reference to the careers which the children are likely subsequently to follow; and there exist, also, numerous special schools, or departments of schools, which are intended to provide a distinctly professional training. In fact, two important principles seem to regulate the systems of education now adopted in most continental countries: First, that general education should have some reference to the activities of life, and should be supplemented by professional instruction; secondly, that professional studies, if properly pursued, may be made to yield the intellectual discipline necessary for mental culture, and may form the basis of a broad and liberal education.

The system of intermediate education in France has been fully described, and is highly recommended by the Commissioners in their Report on Technical Instruction. In the whole system of French instruction, they say, they "have found nothing, except as regards art teaching, so worthy of attention as these higher elementary schools." These schools, many of which, coming under the provisions of the Public Elementary Education Act, are free, have a technical and commercial department; and in the commercial section the subjects of study include modern languages—English or German, and often both—history, geography, law, political economy, mathematics, practical science, bookkeeping, office practice, and, in some cases, manual training. Examples of such schools are found in Bordeaux, Havre, Amiens, Marseilles, Rheims, Rouen, Lyons, and other large towns. The *Ecole Martinière* of Lyons is one of the oldest and one of the most interesting of these schools. It is presided over by a council of members, who are nominated by the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, on the recommendation of the municipality. The children are admitted to the school between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, and the education is gratuitous.

From 60 to 75 per cent. of the boys go into commercial houses, and about 25 per cent. take up industrial pursuits. The *Ecole Professionnelle* of Rheims is a more modern school of the same kind, having a commercial department, with a course of instruction specially adapted to the wants of those children who are likely to be engaged as clerks in merchants' houses, as commercial agents, or travelers. At Vierzon, a school is now being erected, which, when completed, will be equipped with all the newest appliances for improved technical and commercial instruction.

Of French schools specially devoted to commercial training, and having no technical department, the most important are in Paris. The Paris schools are of two grades—middle and higher schools. There are two middle schools—the *Ecole Commerciale*, in the Avenue Troudaine, founded by the Chamber of Commerce in 1863, and the *Institut Commercial*, in the Chaussée d'Antin, founded by a number of merchants, as a public company, with a capital of 8000*l.*, in 1884. These schools differ somewhat in their methods of instruction, but their general object is to take lads who have received a primary education, and to train them in those subjects which will be useful to them in a mercantile career. Modern languages, commercial law and geography, mathematics, bookkeeping, and shorthand are the chief subjects of instruction. In the *Institut*, more attention is given to the practical details of office work with special reference to foreign trade. "Different trade operations are illustrated from the books of extinct firms; and the mathematical teacher has ready to his hand coins, weights, and measures of all nations. The school contains an extensive museum, created by gifts of samples from a large number of firms, which is used to illustrate the lessons on the raw materials and finished products of commerce.

Besides these schools, which are for the training of boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age, there are in Paris two higher schools, or colleges, which are intended to give a distinctly professional education to young men who have received an ordinary school training in one of the *lycées* of France, as well as to continue the education of a few of those who have passed through one of the middle schools. These higher schools are known as the *Ecole Supérieure de Commerce*, and the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales*. The main object of these institutions, but especially of the latter, is to attract to the pursuits of commerce some of the better-educated youths, belonging to families of good social position, who are too generally disposed to enter the overstocked ranks of the so-called learned professions, and to give them a thorough training in the principles and practice of mercantile and banking business. "In France," says M. Gustav Roy, "commerce has too long been regarded as a second-rate calling; it is time to disprove this idea, and

to show that the professions of merchant and banker demand as much intelligence as any other."

The view of the founders of the school was that the study of commercial, equally as of other, subjects may be made the basis of a liberal education. What the *Ecole Centrale* does for engineering and manufacturing industry, the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales* is intended to do for mercantile pursuits. This school is situated in a fashionable quarter of Paris, in the Boulevard Malesherbes. The site on which it stands cost over 20,000*l.*, and is now worth considerably more. The building contains spacious apartments for administrative purposes, two lecture theaters, twelve class-rooms, or *comptoirs*, ten examination rooms, a mercantile museum, a chemical laboratory, and a good commercial library. It consists of a boarding establishment, as well as of a day school. The school was opened in the year 1881, and the number of students has since then increased from 50 to 128. The fees are high: 40*l.* a year for day students, and 112*l.* for boarders; but in order to enable poor students to enter the school, several exhibitions have been provided by the Government, by the Chamber of Commerce, by the Municipal Council of Paris, by the Bank of France, and by a large number of public companies, and by private individuals, among whom M. Gustav Roy, late President of the Chamber of Commerce, to whose initiative the school owes much of its success, should be specially mentioned. These facts indicate the estimation in which the education afforded in this school is held by different public bodies, as well as by merchants and bankers in Paris.

As regards the curriculum, I will here only mention that ten hours a week are given to the study of foreign languages, in addition to the time devoted to foreign correspondence, and that English or German, and either Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese, are obligatory. To some of the more important subjects of special instruction reference will be made later on; but the purpose of the ten examination rooms requires some explanation. In this school, as in all the higher schools of France, the periodic examination of the students forms an essential part of the instruction. The *salles d'examen* serve a very different purpose from the examination room of an English college or university, in which the student is employed for three hours in writing answers to printed questions. In France, examinations like laboratory practice or exercises form part of the machinery of instruction. The *salles d'examen* are small compartments, each of which is just capable of accommodating the examiner and two students. The furniture consists of a blackboard, a desk, and two chairs. About once in three weeks, each student is separately examined on every subject in which he receives instruction. The examinations take place daily from 4.30 to 6, and every student is

expected to attend two or three times a week to answer, orally and in writing, questions on his work, and to submit for inspection and correction his notes of lectures, drawings, accounts, exercises, etc. At the end of each course there are also general examinations, which correspond more nearly with our own, but differ in this respect, that each student draws by lot the questions he is to answer from a large number of questions previously prepared by the examiners. The system of marking, on the result of these examinations, is very complicated.

Schools of commerce in France are not yet placed on the same footing as other high schools, in affording exemption to the students from military service. This is a boon much sought after. At the International Conference on Industrial Education held last year at Bordeaux, one of the resolutions agreed to was, that the Minister of War be asked to assimilate the leaving certificates of schools of commerce to those of other schools, in so far as they confer the rights of the voluntary service. This concession, it is believed, would have the effect of considerably increasing the number of schools of commerce, and of the students attending them; and the fact that it is accorded to similar schools in Germany is urged as an additional reason for seeking it.

Germany still stands ahead of all other nations in the excellence of its primary and secondary schools. The well-known *Realschulen*, many of which now comprise ten classes, and are co-ordinate with the *Gymnasien*, afford an education which is perhaps the best possible general preparation for commercial or trade pursuits. In these schools the classical languages are not taught, and the time thus saved is devoted to modern languages and science. In addition to these schools, schools of commerce are found in nearly all the large towns of Germany. There are certain differences between the systems of commercial education, and indeed of education generally, as adopted in Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia, which are fully described in the Report to which I have already referred. The most important point to observe is, that in most of the German schools, instruction in commercial subjects forms part of the ordinary school education, which is not specialized to the same extent as in the corresponding schools of France. The mercantile schools are well attended, and they are practically independent of Government aid. Several of the *Real* schools have a commercial department; but besides these, there are in Germany seventeen special schools of commerce, the leaving certificate of which is recognized as conferring the right of one year's military service; nine middle schools, with a less extended curriculum; and a large number of evening schools, which are attended by clerks, merchants' apprentices, and other persons engaged in mercantile houses. The fees in the ordi-

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nary *Realschule* vary from 2*l.* to 4*l.* a year. In the commercial schools the fees are three or four times as much. Moreover, few of the commercial schools are as well housed as are the *Real* schools, nor do they possess the same appliances for practical teaching. Nevertheless, they are well attended; and the reason assigned is that lads who have received their education in a commercial school are more sought after in commercial houses, and more readily find places, than those coming from an ordinary school. The difference in curriculum is not great; but while, in the commercial school, due provision is made for the child's general education, the requirements of the merchant's office are carefully considered in the teaching of all the subjects in the school programme. Thus, additional time is devoted to the study of modern languages, and especial attention is given to instruction in foreign correspondence. The study of mathematics is pursued so far only as is likely to be required by the future merchant, and the pupils are exercised in questions of exchange, arbitrage, and commercial arithmetic generally. The course of study also includes political economy, bookkeeping, and commercial geography. But the instruction is by no means as practical as in many of the French schools. Although the teaching in these schools is excellent of its kind, and evidently much sought after, it would be unsafe to ascribe to the existence of these schools the remarkable industrial success of the German people. Much more is due to the excellence of the primary instruction, to the fact that children remain at school till they have been able to fix in their minds the knowledge they have acquired, to the evening continuation schools in which they build upon early education, a sure foundation for higher specialized instruction, to the well-organized system of secondary education, and to the general appreciation and love of learning, which, owing to the existence of these educational agencies, is diffused throughout all grades of society, and has produced habits of thought and aptitudes for work which unfortunately are at present wanting among the same classes of our own people.

With the view of meeting the requirements of young men who desire to attend special courses of instruction on commercial subjects, some of the Polytechnic schools of Germany have arranged courses of lectures, which are intended for those who are seeking places under Government in the customs or excise offices, but are followed by other students, who have received their early education at a *Gymnasium* or *Realschule*, and whose circumstances enable them to spend a year or two at college before commencing business.

In Austria-Hungary there are nine high schools of commerce, eleven intermediate schools, and forty-two schools intended principally for clerks. There is nothing that calls for special notice in the subjects of instruction in these schools. The course of study is

very similar to that in the corresponding schools of Germany. The most important of the high schools is in Vienna, and is known as the *Handels Akademie*. It gives two courses of instruction, the one occupying three years and the other two years. The subjects of instruction are nearly the same as those of the French high schools. The methods are different. Great attention is given to the analysis of trade products with the view of detecting adulteration, and the school contains large and well-fitted laboratories. The school is attended by 700 students, who are taught by 34 professors and instructors. The fees for paying students are 16*l.* a year, and about 150 students are admitted with exhibitions covering the whole or part of the cost of instruction. In Germany proper, there is no school exactly corresponding with the *Handels Akademie* of Vienna, which has more the character of a Commercial University than any other institution I have visited. During the winter months the academy is open in the evening for the instruction of clerks and others engaged in business during the day.

In Italy, the subject of commercial education is receiving careful attention. The system of bifurcation commences immediately after a child has left the elementary school. Those intended for industrial pursuits pass on to the so-called Technical School (*Scuola Tecnica*), and thence to the technical institute. Others pass through the corresponding classical schools to the university. The technical institute corresponds to some extent with the higher *Real* schools of Germany; but each institute contains three or more separate departments, in which the instruction is specialized, with a view to different branches of industry. There are sixty-five technical institutes in Italy, in many of which there is a department entirely devoted to commercial education. The Italians are by no means satisfied with their present system, and contemplate making some important changes, with the view of better defining the instruction given in their several schools. Meanwhile, they have recently established a higher commercial school at Genoa, on the model of the well-known but somewhat antiquated school at Venice, with a curriculum following more closely that of the high schools of Paris. When I visited this school in April last, only the first year's course of study had been arranged; but I was struck with the thoroughness with which the subject of geography is taught, with the attention given to the practice of map-drawing, and with the carefully-selected library of works on the history of commerce, mercantile law, and statistics. In a few years the school will take rank with some of the best schools in Europe.

In Belgium there are numerous middle schools, the object of which is to prepare youths for commercial pursuits. The fact that the children of the middle-classes are destined, for the most part, to

earn their livelihood in trade or commerce, is recognized in the general scheme of intermediate education adopted in Belgium, and the course of school studies is arranged accordingly. The youths who are trained in these schools receive that kind of instruction which can be made at once available in their several subsequent occupations. Besides these schools, in which the bulk of the population, whose education is extended beyond the limits of primary instruction, receive their training, there has existed for some years at Antwerp a commercial academy, in which the principals of a large number of Belgian firms have obtained their business education. The commercial academy of Antwerp deserves fuller consideration than the space at my disposal enables me to give to it. It is one of the oldest of the commercial schools of Europe. It sends out annually a number of young men proficient in foreign languages, well trained in commercial science, and with an intimate knowledge of the ordinary details of office work. The school is provided with an excellent museum, in which are found well-arranged specimens of all kinds of raw materials and manufactured products. By its system of traveling scholarships the school has been able to form centers of trade in different parts of the world, and the value of the education afforded in the school is fully attested by the readiness with which those who obtain the leaving certificate are enabled to find places in merchants' offices.

There are several subjects in the curriculum of foreign schools of commerce which require special notice. As has been already pointed out, a large amount of time is devoted to the study of foreign languages, and the pupils are exercised in reading and writing the forms of documents which they would be likely to meet with in the mercantile office. This system of teaching foreign languages differs essentially from that adopted in our own schools. A boy may leave school, where he has learned for some time French or German, and may be capable of reading, with or without the help of a dictionary, portions of Racine or Molière, of Schiller or of Goethe. But when he finds himself in a commercial office, and has a French or German business letter placed before him, he discovers that his previous knowledge helps him very little to understand it, and that he is quite unable to reply to it. Even the handwriting presents an initial and not inconsiderable difficulty, and he is wholly unfamiliar with technical expressions the letter contains. The employer's confidence in the youth's knowledge of foreign languages is thus shaken, and the letter handed over to the foreign correspondence-clerk, who, owing to the special instruction he has received in a commercial school, enters the office with a knowledge and experience which he is able at once to utilize.

Practice in corresponding in foreign languages is afforded in all

schools of commerce abroad; but one of the distinguishing characteristics of the high schools of France and Belgium, and to a less extent of the academy at Vienna, is the instruction in office practice, which goes by the name of the *Bureau Commercial* or *Muster Comptoir*. By the "Bureau Commercial" is meant practice in carrying on between different classes or *comptoirs*, mercantile transactions, similar, so far as circumstances permit, to those carried on between mercantile firms in different parts of the world. For example: a student in the German *comptoir* is told to suppose himself at Hamburg, and is required to purchase a certain quantity of cotton, say from New York. He writes a letter in German to his supposed agent in New York, asking for particulars as to the cost of the cotton required. This letter, before being sent, is submitted to and corrected by the German professor. He receives from another student a reply written in English, in which the particulars of prime cost, package, freight, duty, etc., are expressed in the coinage and weights of the United States. This reply the student translates into French, and his translation is revised by his instructor. The transaction is then completed by forwarding a bill, which is duly made out by the student. As far as possible all the incidents of the transaction are brought under the notice of the student, and all the office-work connected with it is done in the different *comptoirs* of the school.

It is contended that, by introducing a certain appearance of reality into the correspondence connected with a commercial transaction, the student's intelligence is exercised, and habits of care and accuracy are formed; and that a facility is acquired in corresponding in foreign languages which could not be otherwise obtained. It is evident that, in a course of exercises and correspondence extending over a year, and dealing with different kinds of merchandise, the student must acquire the ability to read and write foreign business letters, as well as an acquaintance with foreign system of weights, measures, and coinage, and with arithmetical problems in which these occur. But whether such practical knowledge could be better acquired in a merchant's or banker's office, and whether the time thus occupied at school or college might be more usefully employed in the study of the ordinary subjects of instruction, is an educational question which, without further experience of the working of the system, I find it difficult to answer. The evidence I have been able to gather from masters and merchants abroad leads me to believe that this special instruction is highly valued, and the fact that it has been introduced into the new school of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris, and that it is about to be extended to the more recently opened school of the same kind at Genoa, would seem to show, that those who have had experience of the working of the system regard

this instruction as a useful introduction into commercial life. On this point, however, as on many other, doctors differ. The director of the Antwerp Academy informed me that students who had completed this course of "bureau commercial" were much sought after by merchants, who attached the highest value to the instruction. On the other hand, we are told that the director of the Vienna school is of opinion that the system, "especially for large numbers of pupils, is superficial, and tends to no really useful results." It is, however, still retained in a somewhat modified form at Vienna, although confined to the work of the last year. In Prague, the French system prevails. What is evidently wanted, is to inform young men as to the kind of correspondence which is carried on in commercial houses, and to teach them to conduct the correspondence in foreign languages. Whether this can be best effected by the method adopted in Paris, Antwerp, Prague, or Vienna must for the present be left undecided.

There is another subject of instruction common to all schools of commerce, of the value of which there can be no doubt—viz., commercial geography. It is a wide subject, the study of which, if properly pursued, might by itself constitute a liberal education. In this country, it has never yet received the attention which its importance demands. In a letter to the late Lord Iddesleigh, appended to the Report of the Commissioners on the Depression of Trade, Commander Cameron specifies the various heads under which commercial geography should be studied, and shows how essential is a knowledge of the subject to those engaged in mercantile business. "In Germany," he says, "there are no less than fifty-one publications devoted to the cause of commercial geography, and there are many societies specially founded for its study. These societies have agents in various parts of the world, who conduct all sorts of inquiries. They find out not only what goods are required in various markets, but also the precise mode of packing to suit the idiosyncrasies of buyers. After referring to a number of questions which might be elucidated by a knowledge of commercial geography, Commander Cameron further states: "The extension of our commerce and its maintenance on a sound and remunerative basis depends greatly upon the knowledge of commercial geography with which it is conducted." And the Commissioners, in their final Report, say: "In connection with the development of new markets for our goods, we desire to call special attention to the important subject of commercial geography." They might have added that this subject is carefully taught in every foreign school of commerce, and that thousands of youths are annually sent out from these schools with a respectable knowledge of the subject, and with the aptitude for further knowledge which traveling, and the reading of

consular reports and the journals of geographical and trade societies, enable them to obtain. In England, the Society of Arts has arranged for examinations in commercial geography, and in other subjects useful to the mercantile student; but of late no examination has been held in commercial geography, owing to the fact that less than twenty-five candidates, not from one center only, but from the entire kingdom, have presented themselves. Nothing, perhaps, could show more strongly the total neglect of commercial education in this country.

Closely connected with the teaching of commercial geography is the instruction given in all foreign schools in the technology of merchandise (*Étude des Marchandises, Waarenkunde*). The teaching of this subject is illustrated by reference to specimens of raw and manufactured products exhibited in the museum, which is a part of the equipment of nearly every foreign school. The museum is generally furnished by gifts from the Chamber of Commerce, and from merchants resident in the city. The specimens are carefully selected with a view to their educational value. They generally comprise samples of some of the principal raw materials used in commerce in their natural state and as met with in trade. These are carefully classified and arranged. The museum also contains various substances, principally local, as altered by different processes of manufacture; diagrams and models illustrating the diseases to which substances of vegetable and animal growth are liable; specimens showing the effect of adulteration, and the differences between genuine goods and their counterfeits, and a variety of other things too numerous to mention. In these museums, objects having reference to the trade and commerce of the district occupy a prominent position. In all the newest schools, the museum communicates with the lecture-room, in which these commercial "object lessons" are given; and every opportunity is afforded to the students, by the actual handling and tasting of the specimens, by the chemical analysis of some of them and by the microscopic examination of others, and by general descriptive lectures, of becoming practically acquainted with many of the principal mercantile commodities.

Another important feature of the instruction is the periodic visits of the students, under charge of their professors, to various industrial works. These visits are sometimes extended to factories and business houses at a distance, and occupy some days. At the *Ecole Supérieure de Commerce du Havre* these excursions form a very important part of the instruction. In 1883, under the conduct of the director and of the professor of merchandise, eighteen of the students visited Hamburg and Lubeck. In 1884, two excursions were made, the first to the principal centers of industry in Belgium; the second, by first year's students, to Hamburg and Bremen. Some of the

high schools of commerce have traveling scholarships, tenable for one, two, and three years, which enable the student to reside abroad, to perfect himself in foreign languages and to learn foreign methods of conducting business. The Belgian Government, besides paying three-fourths of the cost of the maintenance of the high school at Antwerp, makes an annual grant of 1800*l.* for traveling scholarships, which are given, under certain conditions, to the most distinguished former students, who desire to spend some years out of Europe. Each scholarship is of the annual value of between 200*l.* and 300*l.*; and one of the special objects of these scholarships is to encourage the establishment of commercial houses in colonial and other settlements. The result of this expenditure is said to have been most satisfactory, as shown by the establishment by old students of the Antwerp Academy of flourishing commercial houses in Brazil, Mexico, Melbourne, Sydney, Calcutta, Chicago, and other places.

This brief notice of the facilities for commercial education enjoyed by the principal Continental nations, and of the methods of instruction adopted in their schools, cannot fail to impress us with the fact that Englishmen are seriously handicapped in the struggle for their fair share of the commerce of the world.—SIR PHILIP MAGNUS, in *The Contemporary Review*.

AUTHORS IN COURT.

THERE is always something a little ludicrous about the spectacle of an author in pursuit of his legal remedies. It is hard to say why, but like a sailor on horseback, or a Quaker at the play, it suggests that incongruity which is the soul of things humorous. The courts are of course as much open to authors as to the really deserving members of the community; and, to do the writing fraternity justice, they have seldom shown any indisposition to enter into them—though if they have done so joyfully, it must be attributed to their natural temperament, which (so we read) is easy, rather than to the mirthful character of legal process.

To write a history of the litigations in which great authors have been engaged would indeed be *renovare dolorem*, and is no intention of mine; though the subject is not destitute of human interest—indeed, quite the opposite.

Great books have naturally enough, being longer lived, come into court more frequently than great authors. *Paradise Lost*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Thomson's *Seasons*, *Rasselas*, all have a legal as well as a literary history. Nay, Holy Writ herself has raised some nice points. The King's exclusive prerogative

to print the authorized version has been based by some lawyers on the commercial circumstance that King James paid for it out of his own pocket. Hence, argued they, cunningly enough, it became his, and is now his successor's. Others have contended more strikingly that the right of multiplying copies of the Scriptures necessarily belongs to the King as Head of the Church. A few have been found to question the right altogether and to call it a job. As her present gracious Majesty has been pleased to abandon the prerogative, and has left all her subjects free (though at their own charges) to publish the version of her learned predecessor, the Bible does not now come into Court on its own account. But while the prerogative was enforced, the King's printers were frequently to be found seeking injunctions to restrain the vending of the Word of God by (to use Carlyle's language) "Mr. Thomas Tegg and other extraneous persons." Nor did the judges on proper proof hesitate to grant what was sought. It is perhaps interesting to observe that the King never claimed more than the text. It was always open to anybody to publish even King James' version, if he added notes of his own. But how shamefully was this royal indulgence abused! Knavish booksellers, anxious to turn a dishonest penny out of the very Bible, were known to publish Bibles with so-called notes, which upon examination turned out not to be *bona-fide* notes at all, but sometimes mere indications of assent with what was stated in the text, and sometimes simple ejaculations. And as people as a rule preferred to be without notes of this character they used to be thoughtfully printed at the very edge of the sheet, so that the scissors of the binder should cut them off and prevent them annoying the reader. But one can fancy the question, "What is a *bona-fide* note?" exercising the legal mind.

Our great lawyers on the bench have always treated literature in the abstract with the utmost respect. They have in many cases felt that they, too, but for the grace of God, might have been authors. Like Charles Lamb's solemn Quaker, "they had been wits in their youth." Lord Mansfield never forgot that, according to Mr. Pope, he was a lost Ovid. Before ideas in their divine essence the judges have bowed down. "A literary composition," it has been said by them, "so long as it lies dormant in the author's mind, is absolutely in his own possession." Even Mr. Horatio Sparkins, of whose brilliant table-talk this observation reminds us, could not more willingly have recognized an obvious truth.

But they have gone much further than this. Not only is the repose of the dormant idea left undisturbed, but the manuscript to which it, on ceasing to be dormant, has been communicated, is hedged round with divinity. It would be most unfair to the delicacy of the legal mind to attribute this to the fact, no doubt notorious,

that while it is easy (after, say, three years in a pleader's chambers) to draw an indictment against a man for stealing paper, it is not easy to do so if he has only stolen the ideas and used his own paper. There are some quibbling observations in the second book of Justinian's *Institutes*, and a few remarks of Lord Coke's, which might lead the thoughtless to suppose that in their protection of an author's manuscripts the courts were thinking more of the paper than of the words put upon it; but that this is not so clearly appears from our law as it is administered in the Bankruptcy Division of the High Court.

Suppose a popular novelist were to become a bankrupt—a supposition which, owing to the immense sums these gentlemen are now known to make, is robbed of all painfulness by its impossibility—and his effects were found to consist of the three following items: first, his wearing apparel; second, a copy of *Whitaker's Almanac* for the current year; and third, the manuscript of a complete and hitherto unpublished novel, worth in the Row, let us say, one thousand pounds. These are the days of cash payments, so we must not state the author's debts at more than fifteen hundred pounds. It would have been difficult for him to owe more without incurring the charge of imprudence. Now, how will the law deal with the effects of this bankrupt? Ever averse to exposing any one to criminal proceedings, it will return to him his clothing, provided its cash value does not exceed twenty pounds, which, as authors have left off wearing bloom-colored garments, even as they have left off writing *Vicars of Wakefield*, it is not likely to do. This human rule disposes of item number one. As to *Whitaker's Almanac*, it would probably be found necessary to take the opinion of the court; since, if it be a tool of the author's trade, it will not vest in the official receiver and be divisible among the creditors, but, like the first item, will remain the property of the bankrupt—but otherwise, if not such a tool. On a point like this the court would probably wish to hear the evidence of an expert—of some man like Mr. George Augustus Sala, who knows the literary life to the backbone.

This point disposed of, or standing over for argument, there remains the manuscript novel, which, as we have said, would, if sold in the Row, produce a sum, not only sufficient to pay the costs of the argument about the *Almanac* and of all parties properly appearing in the bankruptcy, but also, if judiciously handled, a small dividend to the creditors. But here our law steps in with its chivalrous, almost religious, respect for ideas, and declares that the manuscript shall not be taken from the bankrupt and published without his consent. In ordinary cases everything a bankrupt has, save the clothes for his back and the tools of his trade, is ruthlessly torn from him. Be it in possession, reversion, or remainder, it all goes. His incomes

for life, his reversionary hopes, are knocked down to the speculator. In vulgar phrase, he is "cleaned out." But the manuscripts of the bankrupt author, albeit they may be worth thousands, are not recognized as property; they are not yet dedicated to the public. The precious papers, despite all their writer's misfortunes, remain his—his to croon and to dream over, his to alter and retranscribe, his to withhold, ay, his to destroy if he should deem them, either in calm judgment or in a despairing hour, unhappy in their expression or unworthy of his name. There is something positively tender in this view. The Law may be an ass, but it is also a gentleman.

Of course, in my imaginary case, if the bankrupt were to withhold his consent to publication, his creditors, even though it were held that the *Almanac* was theirs, would get nothing. I can imagine them grumbling, and saying (what will not creditors say?): "We fed this gentleman while he was writing this precious manuscript. Our joints sustained him, our bread filled him, our wine made him merry. Without our goods he must have perished. By all legal analogies we ought to have a lien upon that manuscript. We are wholly indifferent to the writer's reputation. It may be blasted for all we care. It was not as an author but as a customer that we supplied his very regular wants. It is now our turn to have wants. We want to be paid." These amusing, though familiar, cries of distress need not disturb our equanimity or interfere with our admiration for the sublime views as to the sanctity of unpublished ideas entertained by the Court of Bankruptcy.

We have thus found, so far as we have gone, the profoundest respect shown by the Law both for the dormant ideas and the manuscripts of the author. Let us now push boldly on, and inquire what happens when the author withdraws his interdict, takes the world into his confidence, and publishes his book.

Our own Common Law was clear enough. Subject only to laws or customs about licensing and against profane books and the like, the right of publishing and selling any book belonged exclusively to the author and persons claiming through him. Books were as much the subjects of property-rights as lands in Kent or money in the bank. The term of enjoyment knew no period. Fine fantastic ideas about genius endowing the world and transcending the narrow bounds of property were not countenanced by our Common Laws. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* in the year 1680, belonged to Mr. Ponder; *Paradise Lost* in the year 1739 was the property of Mr. Jacob Tonson. Mr. Ponder and Mr. Tonson had acquired these works by purchase. Property rights of this description seem strange to us, even absurd. But that is one of the provoking ways of property-rights. Views vary. Perhaps this time next century it will seem as absurd that Ben Mac Dhui should ever

have been private property as it now does that in 1739 Mr. Tonson should have been the owner "of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree." This is not said with any covered meaning, but is thrown out gloomily with the intention of contributing to the general depreciation of property.

If it be asked how came it about that authors and booksellers allowed themselves to be deprived of valuable and well assured rights—to be in fact disinherited, without so much as an expostulatory ode or a single epigram—it must be answered, strange as it may sound, it happened accidentally and through tampering with the Common Law.

Authors are indeed a luckless race. To be deprived of your property by Act of Parliament is a familiar process, calling for no remarks save of an objurgatory character; but to petition Parliament to take away your property—to get up an agitation against yourself, to promote the passage through both Houses of the Act of Spoliation, is unusual; so unusual, indeed, that I make bold to say that none but authors would do such things. That they did these very things is certain. It is also certain that they did not mean to do them. They did not understand the effect of their own Act of Parliament. In exchange for a term of either fourteen or twenty-one years, they gave up not only for themselves, but for all before and after them, the whole of time. Oh! miserable men! No enemy did this: no hungry mob clamored for cheap books: no owner of copyrights so much as weltered in his gore. The rights were unquestioned: no one found fault with them. The authors accomplished their own ruin. Never, surely, since the well-nigh incredible folly of our first parents lost us Eden and put us to the necessity of earning our living, was so fine a property—perpetual copyright—bartered away for so paltry an equivalent.

This is how it happened. Before the Revolution of 1688 printing operations were looked after, first by the Court of Star Chamber, which was not always engaged, as the perusal of constitutional history might lead one to believe, in torturing the unlucky, and afterward by the Stationers' Company. Both these jurisdictions revelled in what is called summary process, which lawyers sometime described as *brevi manu*, and suitors as "short-shrift." They haled before them the Mr. Thomas Teggs of the period, and fined them heavily and confiscated their stolen editions. Authors and their assignees liked this. But then came Dutch William and the glorious revolution. The press was left free; and authors and their assignees were reduced to the dull level of unlettered persons; that is to say if their rights were interfered with, they were compelled to bring an action, of the kind called "trespass on the case," and to employ astute counsel to draw pleadings with a pitfall in each paragraph, and also to incur

costs; and in most cases, even when they triumphed over their enemy, it was only to find him a pauper from whom it was impossible to recover a penny. Nor had the Law power to fine the offender, or to confiscate the pirated edition; or if it had this last power, it was not accustomed to exercise it, deeming it unfamiliar and savoring of the Inquisition. Grub Street grew excited. A noise went up "most musical, most melancholy,"

"As of cats that wail in chorus."

It was the Augustan age of literature. Authors were listened to. They petitioned Parliament, and their prayer was heard. In the eighth year of good Queen Anne the first copyright statute was passed which, "for the encouragement of learned men to compose and write useful books," provided that the authors of books already printed who had not transferred their rights, and the booksellers or other persons who had purchased the copy of any books in order to print or reprint the same, should have the sole right of printing them for a term of twenty-one years from the tenth of April, 1710, and no longer; and that authors of books not then printed should have the sole right of printing for fourteen years, and no longer. Then followed, what the authors really wanted the Act for, special penalties for infringement. And there was peace in Grub Street for the space of twenty-one years. But at the expiration of this period the fateful question was stirred—what had happened to the old Common Law right in perpetuity? Did it survive this peddling Act, or had it died, ingloriously smothered by a statute? That fine old book—once on every settle—*The Whole Duty of Man*, first raised the point. Its date of publication was 1657, so it had had its term of twenty-one years. That term having expired, what then? The proceedings throw no light upon the vexed question of the book's authorship. Sir Joseph Jekyll was content with the evidence before him that, in 1735 at all events, *The Whole Duty of Man* was, or would have been but for the statute, the property of one Mr. Eyre. He granted an injunction, thus in effect deciding that the old Common Law had survived the statute. Nor did the defendant appeal but sat down under the affront, and left *The Whole Duty of Man* alone for the future.

Four years later there came into Lord Hardwicke's court "silver-tongued Murray," afterward Lord Mansfield, then Solicitor-General, and on behalf of Mr. Jacob Tonson moved for an injunction to restrain the publication of an edition of *Paradise Lost*. Tonson's case was that *Paradise Lost* belonged to him, just as the celebrated ewer by Benvenuto Cellini belonged to the late Mr. Beresford Hope. He proved his title, by divers mesne assignments and other acts in the law, from Mrs. Milton—the poet's third wife, who exhibited

such skill in the art of widowhood, surviving her husband as she did for fifty-three years. Lord Hardwicke granted the injunction. It looked well for the Common Law. Thomson's *Seasons* next took up the wondrous tale. This delightful author, now perhaps better remembered by his charming habit of eating peaches off the wall with both hands in his pockets, than by his great work, had sold the book to Andrew Millar, the bookseller whom Johnson respected because, said he, "he has raised the price of literature." If so, it must have been but low before, for he only gave Thomson a hundred guineas for "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," and some other pieces. The "Spring" he bought separately, along with the ill-fated tragedy, *Sophonisba*, for one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, ten shillings. A knave called Robert Taylor pirated Millar's Thomson's *Seasons*; and on the morrow of All Souls in Michaelmas, in the seventh year of King George the Third, Andrew Millar brought his plea of trespass on the case against Robert Taylor, and gave pledges of prosecution, to wit John Doe and Richard Roe. The case was recognized to be of great importance, and was argued at becoming length in the King's Bench. Lord Mansfield and Justices Willes and Aston upheld the Common Law. It was, they declared, unaffected by the statute. Mr. Justice Yates dissented, and in the course of a judgment occupying nearly three hours, gave some of his reasons. It was the first time the court had ever finally differed since Mansfield presided over it. Men felt the matter could not rest there. Nor did it. Millar died, and went to his own place. His executors put up Thomson's Poems for sale by public auction, and one Beckett bought them for five hundred and five pounds. When we remember that Millar only gave two hundred and forty-two pounds, ten shillings, for them in 1729, and had therefore enjoyed more than forty years' exclusive monopoly, we realize not only that Millar had made a good thing out of his brother Scot, but what great interests were at stake. Thomson's *Seasons*, erst Millar's, now became Beckett's; and when one Donaldson of Edinburgh brought out an edition of the poems, it became the duty of Beckett to take proceedings, which he did by filing a bill in the Court of Chancery.

These proceedings found their way, as all decent proceedings do, to the House of Lords—farther than which you cannot go though ever so minded. It was now high time to settle this question, and their lordships accordingly, as is their proud practice in great cases, summoned the judges of the land before their bar and put to them five carefully-worded questions, all going to the points—what was the old Common Law right and has it survived the statute? Eleven judges attended, heard the questions, bowed and retired to consider their answers. On the fifteenth of February, 1774, they re-appeared.

and it being announced that they differed, instead of being locked up without meat, drink, or firing until they agreed, they were requested to deliver their opinions with their reasons, which they straightway proceeded to do. The result may be stated with tolerable accuracy thus: by ten to one they were of opinion that the old Common Law recognized perpetual copyright. By six to five they were of opinion that the statute of Queen Anne had destroyed this right. The House of Lords adopted the opinion of the majority, reversed the decree of the Court below, and thus Thomson's *Seasons* became your *Seasons*, my *Seasons*, anybody's *Seasons*. But by how slender a majority! To make it even more exciting, it was notorious that the most eminent judge on the Bench (Lord Mansfield) agreed with the minority; but owing to the combined circumstances of his having already, in a case practically between the same parties and relating to the same matter expressed his opinion, and of his being not merely a judge but a peer, he was prevented (by etiquette) from taking any part, either as a judge or as a peer, in the proceedings. Had he not been prevented (by etiquette), who can say what the result might not have been?

Here ends the story of how authors and their assignees were disinherited by mistake, and forced to content themselves with such beggarly terms of enjoyment as a hostile legislature doles out to them. As the law now stands, they may enjoy their own during the period of the author's life, *plus* seven years, or the period of forty-two years, whichever may chance to prove the longer.

So strangely and so quickly does the Law color men's notions of what is inherently decent, that even authors have forgotten how fearfully they have been abused and how cruelly robbed. Their thoughts are turned in quite other directions. I do not suppose they will care for these old-world memories. Their great minds are tossing on the ocean which pants dumbly-passionate with dreams of royalties. If they could only shame the English-reading population of the United States to pay for their literature, all would be well. Whether they ever will, depend upon themselves.—AUGUSTIN BIRRELL, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE POVERTY OF INDIA.

WHEN Joseph wished to pick a quarrel with his brethren he affected to think them a special commission sent to inquire into the state of Egypt. What he disapproved of then is now become a necessity for a country still further in the remote East. For the belief has at last become generally disseminated that this land of fabu-

lous splendor and luxury is unproductive for the purposes of its average inhabitants; while some experts, going still further, argue that the people of India are in a state of chronic misery, and that this state is caused by the rapacity and incompetence of the British Government there. The question, therefore, is more than one of economic curiosity. The politician, seeking a justification of his country's power, and the young man about to enter on a course of service in the country, are both specially bound to learn the truth about this matter; and even the ordinary English citizen is not without a motive for acquainting himself with the facts in regard to which his citizenship and franchise give him a real—however small—responsibility.

The claims of the ultra-optimists need not detain us. They can point to many splendid benefits conferred by the British Government of India; to the pacification that has succeeded a long anarchy; to the penal code by which crime has been defined and an approximation made to certainty of punishment; to a vigorous police and a skillful attempt at the rectification of natural evils by canals and forest administration; to roads and railways by which the produce of the land is carried to the sea; and to a vast development of import and export commerce.

But all these things hardly avail to soothe the critics or moderate their censure; and, indeed, there is a great *per contra* to be set down against them. The tonnage of Indian ports carries but little benefit to the inland laborers; nay, it appears, for a time at least, to bring some increase to their sufferings; as, for example, by raising the price of produce and carrying food away from their doors, while it fails either to raise the rate of their wages or to diminish that of the interest of their debts. The administration, if good, is costly; being carried on—in its higher grades at least—by imported agency which demands very high remuneration. The capital out of which the resources of the country are developed has been chiefly raised in Europe; and the plant, stores, and munitions of war have to be largely imported from abroad. It has been asserted that in these various ways, from thirty to forty millions of pounds sterling are annually taken from a population, the bulk of which lives—when it does live—on the minimum of subsistence.

These imputations are in some sense true, and they can be only met on one line. The peoples of India are poor, and their scale of living is low; the only justification for British rule over them must be the showing, if possible, that it has improved their condition, and that this improvement is being maintained.

Now, the truth is very apt to be forgotten that there is no evidence of an authentic time in which the condition of the general public in India was otherwise than hopelessly miserable. Hereditary

bondsmen, their situation has oscillated between the oppression of irresponsible despotism and the devastation of bandits and disbanded armies. The reigns of the Pathan Kings of Delhi present an unbroken series of calamity and persecution, the records of which are only limited by the indifference of the chroniclers. One of these Sultans was told by his Chief Kázi, whom he had consulted on the subject of taxation, that the Hindus were taxable to the extent of the lawful "tribute," which was to be levied "with every circumstance of ignominy and contempt." But the Sultan replied that he acknowledged no legal limits, and was resolved that "no Hindu should have more left him than would buy flour and milk enough to keep him alive." Another, later and more enlightened, increased the poll-tax of the Hindus in order that the small minority of his own fellow-believers might be freed from taxation; and he adds, in the record of his administration made by his own hand, that he destroyed Hindu temples wherever found, and put to death all who persevered in idol worship after due warning.

If it be objected that these were barbarous days and too remote for comparison, let us turn to the days of Akbar, commonly regarded as "palmy." Akbar broke with the Muslim lawyers, abolished the poll-tax, and took the Hindus into his employ. It was now the turn of the followers of the Prophet to taste of the cup of which the Hindus had long been forced to drink. Contumacious Mohammedans were punished by exile, and even with death; the Primate was deposed, the Church was stripped of its endowments and disestablished, the mosques were desecrated and turned into stabling for the imperial cavalry. As for the land, it was held under the strongest assertion of State-ownership, or distributed among grantees; the actual cultivators being assessed at one-third of the gross produce. Of the great officers of the State and army, all but a small fraction belonged to the class of the conquering immigrants of their descendants; when a rich man died his estate was confiscated. Such was Akbar's famous system. His grandson collected and withdrew from public use treasure estimated by a European observer at about twelve millions of modern sterling, which probably represents more than half a year's net revenue of the period; besides which he had an enormous accumulation of precious stones. The next Emperor restored the poll-tax, thereby doubling the taxation of the Hindus, of whom he gradually but completely purged the public service. The tribunals were practically closed to the Hindus—about 75 per cent. of the population—because the Emperor insisted on a monopoly of Muslim law. What that meant may be understood by imagining a Hebrew Prime Minister substituting the Levitical code for the common law of England.

At length the combination of fanaticism and maladministration

culminated. The Empire broke up. One Minister assumed independence in Audh, another in the Deccan. The Mahrattas overspread the country with floods of predatory horse, and collected tribute everywhere. The Persians invaded Hindustan, and plundered Delhi. Society became dissolved. Dow, writing in 1775, says:—

“The country was torn to pieces by civil war and every species of domestic confusion . . . all law and religion were trodden under foot; the bonds of private friendship and connection, as well as of society and government, were broken; and every individual—as if amid a forest of wild beasts—could rely upon nothing but the strength of his own right arm.”

Tod, the historian of Rajputána, gives like testimony, taken from a native record of the time:—“The people . . . thought only of present safety . . . misery was disregarded by those who escaped it; and man, centered solely in himself, felt not for his kind.” James Skinner, who served in Sindhia’s army about twenty years later, shows that things were not mending:—“So reduced was the actual number of human beings, and so utterly cowed their spirit, that the few villages that did continue to exist at great intervals, had scarcely any communication with each other, and that communication was often cut off by a single tiger known to haunt the road.” About the end of the century Arthur Wellesley gave the following description of this miserable remnant:—“They are the most mischievous, deceitful race of people that I have even seen or read of. I have not yet met with a Hindu who had one good quality, and honest Mussulmans do not exist.”

Let the praisers of past time take whichever period they will, and compare it with the present state of things. In British India the people are as dense, per square mile, as in the most populous parts of Europe. Primary education, though not compulsory, is general. Each division has its own laws, administered largely—almost universally—by judges of its own creed and color. Universities are in full work. The incidence of the land revenue has been reduced to one-half the net produce, about a third of Akbar’s rate. Other taxation falls at an average rate of 4 per cent. of the ratio that obtains in England; and, if it be true that “thirty or forty millions” are spent on or by foreigners, not more than half of the smaller sum goes out of the country. The rest is spent in India, and it surely does not much matter to the country at large whether it be spent by British officers and soldiers, or whether it be spent, and hoarded, by Mohammedans and Hindus. There is more money in circulation than there ever was before, and the rate of wages has risen—for skilled labor—at a rate far higher than any rise in the price of the necessities of life.

Yet, amidst all these signs of improvement, there remains that general depression of the level of human existence which leads to constant complaints of the "Poverty of India," and which, in effect, constitutes a perpetual reproach to a nation that has undertaken to manage the affairs of these helpless communities. Such an undertaking can only be justified in the forum of modern opinion, if it can be shown that the process by which the condition of the people has been improved is still going on, and that "less bad" is in the way to be converted into something better. If the constituencies are to stop their ears and fold their hands in idle optimism, it is much to be feared that the human nature which is present in all public men may take refuge in routine and mutual admiration, until some catastrophe worse than that of '57 awakes them when too late. No ideal height of perfection is arrived at yet. Far too much of the work of India is still done by Europeans, far too large a portion of her revenues is expended on warlike and political establishments and on unprofitable undertakings. The rate of wages for unskilled labor is insufficient for respectable existence, in times of scarcity fails to support existence at all.

A moderate statement is sure to displease extreme persons of both sides. Nevertheless, declamations about "thirty or forty millions"—as if ten millions of pounds sterling was a kind of negligible quantity—do not convey any real moral. The Home charges when the last decennial report was made up were:

Net expenditure chargeable against revenue	.	.	£13,299,976
Capital expenditure on productive public works	.	.	2,613,029
Remittances (net)	.	.	1,059,016
Increase of balance	.	.	808,965
<hr/>			
Total	.	.	17,780,986
Against this is to be set "receipts"	.	.	8,661,858
<hr/>			
Leaving, net disbursements	.	.	£14,119,128

This is the sum drawn for in 1882-3, and realized by the sale of "Secretary of State's Bills;" and it was below the average of the past ten years. It included items of which no reasonable native of India ought to complain; such as interest on debt and guaranteed railways, and the purchase of stores; things that it has not been found possible to produce, as yet, in India. The salaries of Indian councilors and officials at the Secretary's Office cannot be materially diminished so long as the present method of government continues to exist. The pensions and furlough allowances follow the same rule: so long as any European officers are employed, they must have leave to Europe; and when they retire they are entitled to a provision for their old age, part of which comes from enforced savings or

deduction from salary. None of these latter items is, in itself, large; and the aggregate only comes to 20 per cent. of the whole "Home" expenditure. It is not, therefore, probable that the Home charges can be materially curtailed for the present, and we must look upon it that India has to pay a tribute of, say, fifteen million per annum, for which she receives some sort of equivalent, in past or in present service. Even if it were to be regarded solely as the latter it would only come to £3 per annum for the agency of every forty of the people, which is no heavy wage. But it is obviously much more than pay for present work.

If any reduction is possible it must be in the Indian expenditure; and accordingly it is to this—by far the larger portion of the whole—that the attention of reformers must be invited. The heaviest item is that of "Army Service," and it must be confessed that an outlay of over seventeen millions looks enormous. The "Salaries, etc., of the Civil Administration" form an item of over ten millions, and it is startling to find a sum of nearly seven millions set down as expended on "Public Works not classed as Reproductive." Total, say, thirty-four millions.

Here, one would be disposed to think, is matter on which retrenchment might be brought to bear if persons honestly anxious for economy were to take the several items in hand with the due departmental knowledge.

Beginning with Civil Administration, it may be allowable to observe that the general scheme is really obsolete, being based on a state of things that has quite passed away; one in which there were neither railroads, telegraphs, nor steam vessels; and which it was considered necessary that the subordinate Presidencies should communicate direct with the Home Government and be provided with the complete machinery of a Governor and Council. But Bengal is larger than the Madras Presidency, while that of Bombay is scarcely larger than a single commissionership in the Punjab or in the United Provinces of the North-west and Audh. Yet each of these is efficiently administered by a single Lieutenant-Governor. There appears to be no valid reason why Madras and Bombay should not henceforth be upon the same footing. This would save a great part of the money now spent on councilors, aids-de-camp, body-guards, and such like pomps. In the interior administration, on the other hand, the minor Presidencies have an advantage over the Lieutenancies, for while each of these has to maintain Commissioners in considerable numbers in addition to a Board of Revenue, the Presidency of Madras has a Board but no Commissioners, while that of Bombay has only two Commissioners and no Board. This might be equalized.

Turning to the Military Staff we find a similar extravagance. Although the Commander-in-Chief is supreme over the whole Indian

Army, there are at Madras and Bombay minor Commanders-in-Chief, each with a full staff of Military Secretary, Adjutant-General, Principal Medical Officer, etc., etc. Now it is a notorious fact that the Commission over which the late Sir Ashley Eden presided advised five years ago that this anomaly should cease, and that the Divisions at Madras and Bombay should be commanded, like other divisions, by a Major-General in each, with the usual divisional staff. It looks as if nothing but an incorrigible passion for patronage—to use no harsher word—had prevented the adoption of this salutary reform. Among minor military extravagances may be mentioned the Colonels' allowances. In the old Bengal Army, for instance, there were seventy-five colonels—one to each Sepoy regiment. Under the present system every officer becomes a Colonel after a certain number of years' service. It is believed that there are now about 250 of these, each of whom receives 1100*l.* a-year. This abuse, however, will die out with the present incumbents.

As regards non-productive Public Works, we can only say that great and constant care is needed to see that these never transcend the legitimate needs of a poor country. At the same time it is always to be remembered that the country is enormously large—eight times as populous as Great Britain—yet yielding a far smaller annual revenue. The unskilled laborer is miserably poor, but his obligatory contributions to the income of the State is only seven pence halfpenny a year. As to that part of the national wealth which is represented by precious metals, the figures are remarkable. “Ever since accurate returns of trade are available, the imports have exceeded the exports During the forty-four years beginning with 1839-40 and ending with 1882-3, the total imports of treasure into India have amounted to about 419,000,000.”

We have no means of knowing what amount of bullion was in circulation, or available for coining, before 1839; but there is no reason to suppose that it was greater in amount than the sum since added. Prices of provisions and clothing, and population have not doubled since then. Clothing is notoriously cheaper since the ports of India have been completely opened to the Manchester trade; and the number of persons who wear good and abundant garments has enormously increased, so that there has been, in this respect, an addition to the resources of the people.

We will conclude with a story which strongly illustrates this portion of our subject. In the year 1861, in a certain district which was included in the area of a considerable local famine, the Englishman in charge of the district was accosted in a garden he was visiting by a fine-looking man, evidently of extreme old age, and blind from senile cataract, who was seated near the entrance-gate. Invited to join him, the Englishman took a seat by his side, and opened the

conversation by some remark on the hardness of the times. "Hard times, indeed, Sahib!" said his new acquaintance; "I never remember prices being so high since the *Chalisa*." "The *Chalisa*," replied the Englishman; "why that was in 1784." "Ay," said the old man, "I was then a young man, serving in Himmatt Bahádur's Gosains. Flour was then selling eight *sirs* (kilograms) for the rupee, as it is now. But it was harder then than now." "Was it? And how do you account for that?" asked the Englishman. "Well," answered the veteran, with something like a wink of his sightless eye, "I reckon there's more money in the country now than there was then."

We submit, then, that the poverty of India, if great, has diminished, and is diminishing. But it is an element that we ought never to forget for a moment. And the first duty of a Royal Commission or a Parliamentary Inquiry should be to spy out the nakedness of the land.—*Westminster Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE REASONING POWER IN CHILDREN.
—The *London Journal of Education* contains a series of questions put to a number of school-children, of from six to eight years, for the purpose of testing their reasoning power. "The children," it is said, "enjoyed the questioning greatly, and it was more difficult to keep them to the point than to extract answers from them." One of the questions propounded was, "Why do children have to go to bed so much earlier than grown people?" The following are some of the answers to this problem:—

A. "Because it is better for them, don't know why; is it to make them strong?"
—B. "Because they are not so old; I don't know anything else."
—C. "Because they are so little; to make them get up early."
—D. "Because they get so tired; I think it is a good plan."
—E. "Because they get so tired, and because they are smaller."
—F. "Because children are younger and they must get more sleep, and that they don't get so tired as grown-up people."

Another question was: "Do crossing-sweepers like fine or wet weather better and why?" The following were the answers:—

A. "Wet: because they have more

crossings to sweep, and will get more money."
—B. "Fine; because it does not rain."
—C. "Wet weather: because they get more money."
—D. "Fine: because he can be outter more, and can sweep the roads more. Do they get money for it? I shouldn't do it unless I had money given to me."
—E. "Fine weather: well perhaps they do like wet weather for more sweeping; they like it wet, and then to leave off raining while they sweep."
—F. "Wet: because they get more money, because people don't want to walk in the mud."

Another problem laid before the juvenile philosophers was, "If your porridge is hot, why do you eat the outside first?" Here are some of the replies:—

A. "Because it would be cooler; I don't know why."
—B. "Because it is colder, because the edge of the plate goes round it."
—C. "The edge: because it is cooler, because the plate is cold."
—D. "I should eat the edge of the plate first, because it is cooler; because it touches the mug, and the mug is cold."
—E. "Round the edge, because it is coolest, because it is against a cold basin."
—F. "Because it is cooler; I don't know why it is cooler."

Another series of questions was: "What do dogs think about? Can they talk to

each other, and how?" The answers were as follows:—

A. "Oh! I don't know; I don't know if they think or not; they talk in their way; I don't know what they say."—

B. "Don't know; I don't think they do think."—C. "They don't think at all, do they? They can bark, not talk properly; but then they understand each other."—D. "Think about nothing but eating, except they can bark."—E. "Some dogs think about biting people; some about eating things; and some dogs talk about being kind to people. They talk in a dog-language that people can't understand."—F. "Biting and fighting; I don't know anything else. Yes, they bark."

More practical than most questions propounded to these six or eight years' old girls was this: "What age do you think it to be nicest to be; and why?" Here follow some of the answers:—

A. "I don't know; I don't want to grow old all of a sudden."—B. "Twelve," but she was too shy to tell the reason why.—C. "Seven, because it is then a year older; because then I should not have to go to school so long."—D. "Nine, because I think then I should know a little more."—E. "Well, for myself, I should think about thirty, because you would be of age, and could do nearly what you liked. I should go to theaters and crickets, and play football and run races. Wouldn't I do any work? Oh, yes; if I had my own choice, I should not mind being a coachman. I like horses, and I like dogs, too; but I haven't had much to do with dogs."—F. "Twenty, because I could wear trousers then. And what age would you like to be?"

THE OWNERSHIP OF IDEAS.—At a recent meeting of the New York Nineteenth Century Club, composed mainly of men of letters, the subject of discussion was "The Idea of Property in Literature." Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, himself an author said:—

"It is a superstition that there can be such a thing as property in ideas. To wish to have enforced such a theory is to wish to turn back the wheels of progress. We who live to-day are the heirs of all the ages. Enforce the theory of property in ideas and there can be no advance. There are ideas which have been brought into the world within the memory

of men in this room. One is Ricardo's idea of rent, the foundation of the entire modern system of political economy. Another is that of the conservation of force; another Darwin's idea, which has been seized and utilized by Herbert Spencer. What a tremendous loss to society there would have been if these ideas had not been free to all to be built upon and developed! It is also a superstition, that authors believe in, that they are a favored class for whom there should be special legislation apart from the others of the State. Authors are not a class. We are simply those who express the opinions and give utterance to the developments of society. Legislation for a class is always pernicious, and it would be a detriment to the many to enact laws which would benefit simply a few authors. The question should be: 'What legislation on this subject will benefit the whole community?' Let authors be the best and noblest of mankind, but let them not expect special privileges. The utterances of Tennyson and Arnold and Huxley on this question are founded on the false assumption that a man has an intrinsic and perpetual and eternal and infinite right in the product of his own mind. Here is the fundamental error in the whole discussion. If I write a book it is mine. I can do with it as I please—burn it up, lock it up, or publish it. Now, when I give it to the world, what is its commercial value then? It is dependent on the action of society which may create a monopoly of it in the hands of a publisher. Here comes in the question of deprivation. If it is a coat I have made I am entitled to a monopoly of that, for while one man is wearing it no other man could use it, and he is deprived of no benefit that he may complain of. But with a book it is different. It is no deprivation to me if others are reading it as well as I myself. The man who pens the pages of a book can justly have no monopoly in fact. It is not his work alone. It is the product of society of which he is but a part; society which has moulded and developed him, and he is only the medium of expressing the growth of that society and of putting into book shape the results of its teachings and influence. I think it is expedient only that the author should have copyright control for a limited time. Congress, under the Constitution, I claim, cannot give absolute property in literature in ideas."

THOUGHTS ON THE THEATER.—The Rev. H. R. Haweis recently delivered a Sunday evening discourse on "The Theater," an abstract of which is given in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—

"The Church of the future, he said, would have to make room for the drama among other things, as merely to repeat the names of the great dramatists past and present proved that the drama was an instinct that could never be stamped out—man was essentially a dramatic animal. Expression was the imperative mood of his nature. The Church and stage was not an unholy alliance. The whole of the Roman Catholic mass was in itself intensely dramatic, and all through the middle ages sacred plays were performed in churches. In 1378 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral petitioned Richard II. to stop the performance of plays *outside* the cathedral, because they had spent so much on their miracle plays and dreaded secular competition. The clergy in those days objected to the secular stage because it interfered with their interest, and it must be added satirized their foibles. Must, he asked, an immoral tendency be inseparably connected with a play? Let the sublime roll of the Shakesperean drama answer that. Are actors necessarily immoral? Shades of Siddons and Garrick answer me from Westminster Abbey, while the noble figure of Macready steps forth from his own autobiography. The actor who impersonated a villain was not necessarily a bad man, he is in a well-balanced play engaged in giving a true presentment of life with that right moral thrust to which he is indispensable. He is only the storm-cloud in the finished picture. He is lifted into the dignity of a representative person. He is purified in the fire of the universal sympathy. He goes down to his house justified. Macready, a scrupulously re-

ligious man, was the accredited impersonator of villains—so is Henry Irving—but he is not the prisoner at the bar or the condemned felon. In speaking of the ballet, Mr. Haweis said that not the display of the human outline or the exposure of the human body were wrong, but the conditions, times, and seasons of such display. He alluded to bathing costumes, swimming exhibitions, and fashionable toilets, which left little to the imagination, and said as long as such displays of outline were covered by the conventionalities of 'spectacle' or 'fashion' it was irrational to condemn all ballet dancing, and cruel and censorious to brand as infamous the ladies of the ballet as a class—many of them good girls and virtuous married women. He spoke to principles only, not to details—dancing was as legitimate an instinct as acting, and the human body would always hold its own as the most beautiful object in nature, as it was the last outcome of the Creator's finished work. *What* dancing and *what* acting were legitimate was a very different question, and one not fully to be dealt with on that occasion."

SOME ENGLISH CIVIL-SERVICE QUESTIONS.—The London *Standard* contains what purports to be a portion of the series of questions propounded to candidates for Scholarships in the Marlborough Government School.—

"Explain the meaning of the Canonical Books; of the Vulgate; of the Authorized Version; of the Vatican Codex; of the Synoptists; of the Evangelical Prophet. Where do the following characters occur? Ariel, Meg Merilies, Sydney Carton, Greatheart, Jessica, Dinah Morris, Major Dobbin, Amyas Leigh, John Ridd, Mephistophiles, Harpagon, Jean Valjean. 'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.' What is meant by saying that there is more knowledge than wisdom nowadays?"

THE HIGHER LIFE: HOW IS IT TO BE SUSTAINED?

IN an article on "Science and the Bishops,"* Professor Huxley writes thus: "That this Christianity is doomed to fall is, to my mind, beyond a doubt." The Christianity of which he predicts the fall is defined to be "that varying compound of some of the best and some of the worst elements of Paganism and Judaism, moulded in practice by the innate character of certain people of the Western World, which since the second century has assumed to itself the title of orthodox Christianity." "The fall," he says, "will be neither sudden nor speedy;" because enlightenment has always been slow in dispersing darkness. But this Christianity, he holds, will disappear just as rapidly as men in general come to the knowledge of the truth. Now that definition might suggest the inquiry, What is Professor Huxley's view about the Christianity of the first century? How is that to be distinguished from the singular compound which dates from the second century? Can "orthodox Christianity" fall without involving in its fate the Christianity of the Apostles? To such an inquiry Professor Huxley himself gives a partial answer. He affirms that a faith which is in any way bound up with "the miraculous" will be rejected by all enlightened persons, not because a "miracle" is *a priori* impossible, but because no miracle is supported by evidence which can satisfy those who understand the nature of proof.

Professor Huxley shows his characteristic lucidity, both of thought and statement, in what he is accustomed to lay down concerning miracles and the laws of nature. He makes admissions which, if they had been made and apprehended a couple of centuries ago, would have cleared the air of an immeasurable quantity of futile argument. He points out that a law of nature, which is a generalization from our experience of the past, can have no authority to pronounce any alleged fact whatsoever to be impossible, but that it makes anything reported as a violation of it extremely improbable; that we reasonably require the stronger evidence of that which is the more improbable; and that writings of unknown origin, by unknown authors, do not supply the kind of evidence which scientific training allows men to regard as incontrovertible. He disbelieves the miracles affirmed by orthodox Christianity, not because they are impossible in the nature of things, but because they are supported by evidence which seems to him absurdly inconclusive. He says, with M. Renan, not that miracles could not occur, but that as a

* *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1887; reprinted in *THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE*, January, 1888.

matter of history they have not occurred. I believe that it will be entirely to the advantage of Christianity that we should dismiss the idea of "the miraculous" from our contentions and our thoughts. The claim made in the name of miracles has had a pestilent effect upon the Christian cause. We are all familiar with the logical argument:—our Lord and his apostles wrought miracles; miracles could only be wrought by supernatural power; it is at our peril if we refuse to accept the authority of those who had supernatural power at their back. Such an argument obviously challenges the keenest criticism of the evidence in favor of the alleged miracles; the kind of criticism with which we sift reports of modern miracles, if indeed we think it worth while to criticise them at all. It suggests to us to refuse belief to the Christian creed until we are satisfied that the evidence for the miracles is such as could prove the most improbable things to the most scientifically skeptical mind. If it is said that we are warranted by the goodness of the Gospel in being content with inferior evidence of the miracles, we are so far abandoning the argument from the miraculous. But in adopting this argument at all, we are departing from our Lord's method and incurring his reproach; and, as a natural consequence, we are so far spoiling our Christianity. It was his custom to make light of wonders, that is, of miracles; to assume that they might be shown by false prophets, to repel with aversion the support which his hearers were ready to give him on the ground of wonders; to grieve with indignant disappointment over the demand for wonders. When he said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe!" was he praising the disposition which he notes? Is it not certain that he was deploring it? If critics will not allow us to take for granted that these words from the "Fourth Gospel" were spoken by Jesus, we can show that they express what is indicated by sayings and actions recorded in the Synoptic Gospels; and we must observe that it is very remarkable if this was the view of our Lord's mind which commended itself to Professor Huxley's second century. When it is urged that in those ages the demand for miracles was universal, and had the natural effect of calling forth the supply, we answer that the repudiation in the New Testament of the method of believing because of miracles is by so much the more striking.

Is it open to the bishops, then, to shake hands with Professor Huxley on the terms which he seems to have some hope that they will accept—that they will give up miracles, and he will "estimate as highly as they do the purely spiritual elements of the Christian faith?" That question raises another, How are we to conceive of these purely spiritual elements of the Christian faith? Recognizing as I do to the full "the supreme importance of the purely spiritual in our faith, on which the Bishop of Manchester has insisted, and

the admission of which Professor Huxley so courteously welcomes, I think it may be especially advantageous at the present moment to consider what this phrase means and involves. In the competition between the various creeds which are soliciting general acceptance, and endeavoring to commend themselves to open minds, we can desire no better test to be applied to them than this, What support does each provide for the spiritual interests of mankind? If the question which I have put at the head of this article, "The Higher Life: how is it to be sustained?" be regarded as a kind of challenge addressed to these creeds, I believe that the most legitimate and the most effective defence of Christianity, and that which will best bring out its proper character and authority, will consist in answering the challenge.

The "purely spiritual elements of the Christian faith" might include both the truest Christian dispositions and the spiritual objects of Christian belief. What are the dispositions which make up or minister to the higher life of mankind? We say that they are such as these—reverence, trust, self-condemnation, self-mastery, self-devotion, respect for fellow-men and desire of their well-being, indignation against wrong, peace, joy, patience, hope, love. I do not give these as an exhaustive catalogue, but as indicating the qualities which men agree to admire as the noblest and deepest of which their nature is capable. I assume that, if any of these are to wither, the life of our race will be by so much the poorer; and it seems to me reasonable to contend that whatever beliefs these demand for their sustenance have an extremely powerful force in their favor.

Professor Huxley is the professed champion of scientific agnosticism. We could not have a better representative of "the thousands of men, not the inferiors of Christians in character, capacity, or knowledge of the questions at issue, who will have nothing to do with the Christian Churches," on the ground that the evidence in support of the improbable things which the Gospels relate appears to them utterly inadequate. He, no doubt, looks up to Mr. Herbert Spencer as the constructive philosopher of his school; and he could justly appeal to the blameless character of this illustrious thinker, to his zeal for human progress, and even to the righteous anger with which he denounces all forms of aggression. The great naturalist whose personal history the world is now studying has done more than any one else to diffuse the spirit of scientific agnosticism; and the unfolding of his private life shows him to be entitled to no less admiring esteem as a man than as a discoverer. But Mr. Huxley is the controversialist, who is continually challenging those who differ from him, and whose frank candor and reasonableness, as remarkable as his courage and lucidity, make it agreeable even to a poorly equipped opponent to offer what he finds to say in reply.

It is Professor Huxley's point to lay stress upon the need and the nature of proof. Scientific men are trained to look for evidence and to demand it and to be governed by it. He holds that there is demonstrative evidence in support of the principle of evolution as explaining nature and man. He looks back, and sees everything growing out of its antecedents. When he can see antecedents no longer behind the molecules of the cosmic nebula, what he has to say is simply that he does not see them; he affirms nothing and accepts no affirmation about what is beyond his intellectual vision. He recognizes the method of evolution in man as well as in the inferior animals and in the inanimate world; in the mind and thoughts of man as well as in his body. He admits the mysteriousness of human nature, and, as he cannot trace thought and matter to their junction, he professes himself an agnostic with reference to the questions which divide the spiritualist and the materialist. But he finds evolution to be as much the law of the mental world as of the physical. "The fundamental proposition of evolution is, that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe was composed." Mr. Huxley regards the antecedent causes, within the world of our knowledge, as adequately explaining effects within the same world; everything, to him, is what it is on account of the things that went before it, and it could not be otherwise than as it is. He finds no reason for excepting men's states of consciousness from this general order; what any one feels at any moment is the result of his organization and the forces brought to bear upon it. He does not affirm it to be impossible that an unseen Being should—say in answer to human prayer—interfere with the course of nature; but he finds no necessity for resorting to such an explanation of anything which has actually occurred. So far as he can see, things have always gone as it was inevitable that they should go. Morality, like everything else, has grown out of the interaction of the primary forces. The interest or the desire of the strongest has prevailed. Experience soon taught men that union creates strength, and they were thus induced to join themselves together; and the united group, stronger than the strongest single person, has been able to impose its common interest upon the action of individuals. In this way the social instincts have been cultivated, and consideration for others has been bred as a persistent element in human nature. What a man feels and what he does, at any moment, are the results of his inherited nature and the forces from without that have acted upon it. He could not do otherwise than as he does, or feel otherwise than as he feels. Man is an automaton. That is a conclusion

which seems to Professor Huxley, as a scientific observer, to be irresistible and incontrovertible.

I do not know that Professor Huxley has allowed the argument to lead him to the confident assurance as to the future which Mr. Herbert Spencer entertains and expresses. The same forces which have thus far socialized mankind must necessarily, in Mr. Spencer's view, go on to make the world a happier and a better one. We may trust to nature for that result. Any one who understands the working of the natural forces will see that no other result is possible.

Let us suppose these to be ultimate truths concerning man and his destiny, brought to light by scientific investigation and demonstrated by scientific evidence—the propositions, I mean, that man is an automaton, and that the forces which act within him and upon him can only work together for good. It will then be rational for us all to contemplate these truths, and to adjust ourselves to them. Even in so speaking we seem to give way to the inveterate delusion of supposing ourselves to have a choice as to what we shall do. According to the theory of naturalism, we shall all of us—the wisest and the most foolish alike, the Spencer and the Darwin as well as the idiot and the lunatic—feel and judge and act precisely as the primary molecular forces originally determined that we should. I observe that so-called “determinists” are accustomed to say, in self-defence, “Of course we shall speak as our fellow-men do. We are not going to let our determinism reduce us to silence and inaction. If you theologians taunt us with being by our own account nothing more than automata addressing other automata, we can meet you with an *argumentum ad hominem*; your own idea of a God implies that all things are determined beforehand by his will.” It is true that we theists are in this difficulty. But our agnostic opponents are persons who make it their profession to be guided and governed by science, and it is a boast made on behalf of science that its truths never conflict with one another. Mr. Cotter Morison, who professes to be, as an agnostic and determinist, a devotee of science, writes as follows:—

“Not less marked in another respect is the difference between the truths derived from religion and the truths derived from science. The truths of science are found to be in complete harmony with one another. Where this harmony is wanting, it is at once felt that error has crept in unawares. We never give a thought to the alternative hypothesis, that truths in different sciences or departments of knowledge may be inconsistent and mutually hostile, and yet remain truths. On the contrary, we find that the discovery of new truth has invariably among its results the additional effect of corroborating other and older truths, instead of conflicting with them.”

Mr. Morison, as I said, professes to be a determinist. “The doctrine of determinism,” he says, “is now so generally accepted, that it will not be needful to dwell upon it at any length here.” He

puts, however, a strangely superficial and, as I should have thought, unscientific interpretation upon determinism. He seems to take it as meaning nothing more than that human nature inherits much and is capable of being modified by training for better and for worse:—

“It will perhaps be said that this view does away with moral responsibility; that those who hold it cannot consistently blame any crime or resent any injury; that we should not on this hypothesis reproach a garrotter who half murders us; he is a machine, not a man with free will, capable of doing and forbearing according to the moral law. To which the answer is, that the sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education. The sooner it is perceived that bad men will be bad, do what we will, though, of course, they may be made less bad, the sooner shall we come to the conclusion that the welfare of society demands the suppression or elimination of bad men, and the careful cultivation of the good only ”

“Though, of course, they may be made less bad!” May, or may not, according to the virtue and effort of those who choose to make them less bad or to let them alone! Why, Mr. Morison talks as if he and the philosophers and educators stood outside the course of nature and were not subject to the law of necessary evolution, while the rest of mankind form a part of nature; as if mankind in general were the field, and the few who understand science were the cultivator, who may do as he pleases about cultivating the field. No wonder that, after abolishing moral responsibility as an unscientific absurdity, and therefore with it both merit and blame, he goes on, in the same paragraph, to use language which is nonsensical unless it implies it. “The soldier who deserts in presence of the enemy is deservedly shot. In civil life there are forms of criminality which are worse than desertions; they are open hostilities to the best interests of humanity.” And he goes on to discuss the nature of duty, which he justly interprets as what is owed. “The sense of duty,” he says, “is the recognition of claims; and the altruistic man is one who is prompt in acknowledging claims.” But what is this but a sense of “moral responsibility,” which has just been repudiated as unscientific? And who or what can have “claims” on us, if we are merely products of a necessary evolution? Duty and claims are, on that hypothesis, quite as unmeaning as moral responsibility. Is not this doctrine of determinism, if it be held with the rigor which alone is scientific, absolutely irreconcilable with the universal and persistent conditions of human life? Can any one man live for a day, for an hour, upon the assumption that he and other men are automatic machines? But, “of course” (as Mr. Morison says), when the devotees of science come to deal with moral questions, they put their determinism on the shelf, and talk like their neighbors, praising, blaming, exhorting, warning, measuring out just rewards and just punishments, as if men were not automata but could go this way or that.

Let us suppose, then, that we are disciples of Mr. Herbert Spencer, speaking, because we cannot help it, as if we had some kind of freedom of action, but bending our minds upon the action of the forces inherent in humanity which have gradually and necessarily improved mankind, and which cannot possibly fail to bring about a perfect society. It is through the contemplation of these forces that our morality will be formed and nourished. Mr. Spencer gives a reasonable account of what it will be. It will be a nicely adjusted combination of care for ourselves and consideration for others. We shall make it our aim to be at ease and agreeable. We shall cherish our bodily health, not only for the most obvious reason, but also because those who are in good health are in good spirits, and those who are in good spirits can make themselves agreeable to their neighbors, and their neighbors will in return make themselves agreeable to them. So, with the innocent illusion that we are by our own endeavors doing something which might have been left undone to forward it, we shall be consciously yielding to the movement which carries us on to the paradise of universal ease. That is the morality, I think, which conforms itself as closely as human nature will allow to the conclusions of natural science.

Mr. Spencer himself follows his argument with a more *doctrinaire* fidelity than seems possible to others of his school. Mr. Cotter Morison, who seems to have little taste for scientific consistency, calls out loudly for rigorous methods of suppression, without which he sees our modern society threatened with ruin. "The welfare of society demands the suppression or elimination of bad men." "What shall be done with those who cannot learn belongs to another branch of inquiry, and concerns politics rather than morals." "Society has a right to suppress the bad man in some effectual way, and, above all, prevent his leaving a posterity as wicked as himself." It would be interesting to learn what practical measures Mr. Morison would recommend for the carrying out of his views—how he would have "the bad" first discriminated and ticketed, and then, if not put to death or mutilated, restricted to the company of their own sex. On the other hand Mr. Morison gives high praise to saintly enthusiasms which Mr. Spencer would condemn as irrational and mischievous, and devotes several pages to the glorification of Sister Agnes Jones, Mother Margaret Hallahan, and Sister Dora Pattison. "Such flowers of exquisite perfume and beauty, grown in the garden of the soul, still arrest the attention of a rationalistic age." And he has a notion that flowers like these may be "cultivated" by the approbation of society. His concluding words are, "An ideal society would be one in which an ideal education habitually stimulated and inflamed the good passions, while it starved and discouraged the bad." The philosopher Hume was a more consistent advocate of

the comfortable virtue of which Mr. Spencer proclaims the certain triumph:—

“What philosophical truths can be more advantageous to society than these here delivered, which represent virtue in all her genuine and most engaging charms; and make us approach her with ease, familiarity, and affection? The dismal dress falls off, with which many divines and some philosophers have covered her, and nothing appears but gentleness, humanity, beneficence, affability—nay, even at proper intervals, play, frolic, and gayety. She talks not of useless austerities and rigors, suffering and self-denial. She declares that her sole purpose is to make her votaries, and all mankind, during every period of their existence, if possible, cheerful and happy. . . . The sole trouble which she demands is that of just calculation and a steady preference of the greater happiness.”—Huxley's *Hume*.

But Mr. Huxley has too vivid a perception of the conditions of human life to be taken captive by this picture; he has too much—may we not say?—of the Christian in him to contemplate it with much pleasure. The passage calls up to his mind the pilgrims who toil painfully, not without many a stumble and many a bruise, along the rough and steep roads which lead to the higher life; “the hour of temptation in which the question will crop up whether, as something has to be sacrificed, a bird in the hand is not worth two in the bush;” the image of virtue as “an awful goddess, whose ministers are the furies, and whose highest reward is peace.” His own final deliverance about morality is a singular one for this rigorous and exacting preacher of a scientific rationalism:

“In whichever way we look at the matter, morality is based on feeling, not on reason. . . . As there are Pascals and Mozarts, Newtons and Raffaelles, in whom the innate faculty for science or art seems to need but a touch to spring into full vigor, and through whom the human race obtains new possibilities of knowledge and new conceptions of beauty: so there have been men of moral genius to whom we owe ideals of duty and visions of moral perfection, which ordinary mankind could never have attained.”—*Ibid.*

Mr. Huxley would hardly, with Mr. Morison, regard these exceptional apprehensions of moral beauty as products which ordinary mankind may hope to raise by assiduous cultivation; but he seems to deny himself, as Mr. Morison does, the right of blaming treachery and foulness and cruelty more than he would blame the want of an ear for music or of an eye for form.

On the whole, how is the scientific view of things related to those dispositions which I have enumerated, or what we may call the higher life in general? The following are effects which seem attributable to it. It assures men that they will add to their happiness

by considering the feelings of others, and in that way promotes "altruism." It trains men in the habit of trying to understand things as they are and to represent them as they are, and is thus favorable to truthfulness. It brings men face to face with inviolable laws, to which every man must adjust himself; and it thus deepens and strengthens the sense of order. It brings them face to face also with the Unknowable, and contributes to form such religion as the Unknowable can inspire, that is, chiefly, a sentiment of awe and a sense of inadequacy. It seems to have nothing to do with reverence, self-reproach, self-respect, self-devotion, hope, aspiration, or with the higher flights of love and joy. It offers no explanation of duty, unless by suggesting that it is a disguise of compulsion or interest. What it has professed is that it can let these sentiments alone, leaving them outside the sphere of knowledge and reason, to assert their existence as they may, and to be cherished by those who like them.

Mr. Cotter Morison frankly admits that "a belief in the Unknowable kindles no enthusiasm." "Science," he says, "wins a verdict in its favor before any competent intellectual tribunal, but numbers of men, and the vast majority of women, ignore the finding of the jury of experts. They cling passionately to the belief in the supernatural. . . . Above all, they will believe, in spite of science and the laws of their own consciousness, in a good God who loves them and cares for them." Mr. Darwin, with his perfect simplicity, records, in his autobiography, how the more exalted feelings wither under the influence of agnosticism. "In my journal I wrote that, while standing in the midst of the grandeur of a Brazilian forest, 'It is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, admiration, and devotion which fill and elevate the mind.' I well remember my conviction that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body. But now the grandest scenes would not cause any such convictions and feelings to reach my mind." In contrast with this action of scientific agnosticism on the higher nature, it may be shown that the Christian theory accounts for duty, calls out trust and worship and devotion, feeds a self-respect which involves shame and repentance, animates to the most beneficial exertion, justifies love, joy, self-renouncement, enthusiasm. These sentiments, we say, are the best and highest part of human nature, and have more right to rule our minds than the conclusions of science and logic.

Is that so, or not? Let it be assumed that there is a rivalry, at least, if not an absolute antagonism, between science and what, to use a single word, we may call the soul. Which of the two authorities has the primary claim on our loyalty? We might be glad if we could say that we can pay equal deference to both. I do not

think we can. But in any case that question may be asked; and it is evident that the agnostics take for granted that it is science that has the primary claim. And their science, as we have seen, knows nothing of the convictions and sentiments of the higher life. What it knows is evolution, transformation of energy, order of nature, determinism. I say their science; they themselves, for the most part, profess admiration of these affections. They will regard them as beautiful things which they do not understand. They will even set to work to cultivate them by encouragement. We Christians welcome such personal acknowledgments as in all respects a valuable tribute; but, being confronted with the science of the agnostics, we deny its primary claim on our loyalty, and we hold that we are bound to place the soul, for the purposes of allegiance and surrender, above the scientific faculty. The most important question put to men has always been whether they would follow the light from heaven. For the intelligent part of this generation the question appears to have taken this form, Which of the two will you follow, science or the soul? Science, which looks backward and downward, or the soul, which looks upward and forward? Science, which investigates phenomena, and takes things to pieces to see how they have grown; or the soul, which drinks in spiritual life, and so gains power to create poetry and art and the social affections and religion?

The Christianity of the New Testament appealed, in the most emphatic and almost exclusive manner, to the spiritual consciousness in men. I admit that historic Christianity has been very far from contenting itself with this appeal. It has sought to impose its creed upon men's minds instead of offering it to them as an awakening and inspiring Gospel. It has presented a Church, a Book, miracles, to coerce them into accepting its doctrines, instead of conveying a voice from heaven to their souls, and trusting to the self-commending power of that voice. Those whose object it is to overthrow and extirpate the religion of Christendom will bring against it all that they can find to its disadvantage. Those, on the other hand, who undertake to defend the traditional Christianity against attack are in some degree responsible for evoking unpleasant assaults like that of Mr. Cotter Morison, and will meet them as best they can. What I desire to do in this paper is to claim attention for what is primary and essential in Christianity, as compared with what rival systems have to offer, and to follow the order which Christians are bound to regard as having the highest sanction. If we are to judge by the methods set before us in the New Testament, it belongs to Christianity to assume spiritual needs, to appeal to the spiritual consciousness, and to seek confirmation in spiritual evidence.

I hope to avoid sermonizing; but I must briefly remind my readers of what is patent in the Gospels, and what will scarcely be

questioned by any reasonable freedom of criticism. Christ came proclaiming the Kingdom of Heaven; he did this with authority in the Father's name; his chief pretension was to forgive sins. It was *not* his plan to announce himself as a supernatural being, and to perform miracles as his credentials; on the contrary, he was deeply displeased by the demand for miracles, and repelled the support which men were ready to give to a miracle-worker. But from the beginning to the end he assumed authority as having come from the Father; he taught, and gave commands, and organized his followers and made plans for the future, as one having authority. The adherents he desired, and whom alone he expected to win, were those who were childlike, and ready to believe in a heavenly Father. To them he offered pardon, guidance, grace, and help of all kinds. The Galileans whom he selected and appointed as his envoys, were simple, trustful men, who believed in him because they could not doubt his assurance. And when these envoys went forth after his death to proclaim him as Lord, they still made the same remarkable offer—that of forgiveness and reconciliation to the Father. He was exalted, they said, to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins. The word committed to them was "God forgives mankind, be ye reconciled to God." And St. Paul, the chief founder of the Church, was accustomed to protest that he stood on the self-commending power of this message, which was as light to those of his hearers who had eyes to see.

So far, then, as the Christianity of to-day is true to its origin, that is what it must primarily be saying to this generation. It cannot abandon the office of reporting a voice from heaven, without renouncing the proclamation and the power which brought Christendom into existence. It still offers forgiveness of sins in the name of Christ and of the Father; it is still careless of arguments and arts to win the support of those to whom reconciliation to God is unmeaning or unattractive. That offer, I say, is both the beginning and the heart of Christianity: it made the first Christians, and no man ever became a Christian such as St. Peter and St. Paul would have acknowledged as a fellow-believer, who did not accept it. It is futile, I would urge, to enter into controversy about the Trinity, or miracles, or the efficacy of prayer, or the relation of science to religion, with those to whom there is no Father in heaven, and to whom Christ is a well-meaning enthusiast. And schemes of Christianity which leave out what it mainly was in the first century, representing it as a form which was taken, in accordance with the laws of thought of the period, by exceptionally pure and fervid aspirations after moral excellence, though they may seek to enable men who cannot believe in a genuine voice from heaven to acquiesce in the name of Christians, do not differ in kind from the ethics of

an agnostic. They obviously retain no power to call out and sustain those qualities which I have spoken of as constituting by general admission the higher life of men.

The primary question at issue, I repeat, is whether the authority which Christ claimed was real or imaginary. That he professed to have a commission from the Father to introduce the Kingdom of Heaven and to draw men into it, that he invited his hearers to come to him that he might give them rest, and that he assured men of the forgiveness of their sins, I assume to be a matter of history. I know how much there is to be said about the natural impulse which prompted men in the old times who were bent on improving their fellows to claim a direct commission from heaven, and I can quite understand how easy it is to speak of Gautama Buddha and Jesus and Mohammed as similarly remarkable persons. Unbelievers pronounce with confidence that the authority was imaginary. I wish to fix attention upon the opposite belief, that the authority was real, as being the primary and life-giving affirmation of Christianity.

Agnostics will smile at the simplicity of those who can imagine that the power giving existence to this universe can have anything special to do with the poor human creatures dwelling on this speck of a globe. "The miraculous," it may be said, "is the old stumbling-block; and what can be so great a miracle as a man charged with a communication from the incomprehensible Creative Power to this human race? Can it be supposed that the appearing of such a man is to be accounted for by the evolution which, according to science, explains everything?" Let it be frankly admitted that a strain hardly to be borne is put upon our spiritual faith by this initial Christian acknowledgment. We must be able to say to ourselves with a resolution not to be shaken by infinities of space or time or quantity, "Though worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll, What know we greater than the soul?" But if we bring ourselves to pay such deference to the soul and its demands and confessions and interests, as to refuse to surrender the belief that a God speaks to us from heaven, the greater and more incredible this wonder, the more reasonable is it that we should face without quailing any difficulties which it involves, and accept any conclusions to which it irresistibly leads. The agnostic position may claim to relieve us of many perplexities; if it did not involve the sacrifice of all that is best and most indispensable in life, it would be the simplest of creeds to adopt. But one who believes Jesus Christ to have been charged with a commission from heaven will not think it incredible—can hardly regard it as improbable—that a person so exceptional should go through exceptional experiences and do exceptional acts. If we are to believe that the man Jesus of Nazareth had a special com-

mission to reveal the heavenly Father, we are admitting what every agnostic would repudiate as a stupendous miracle, and I cannot imagine that if an agnostic were persuaded to believe this, he would obstinately stumble at smaller miracles as incredible.

The belief that Christ was authorized to open the Kingdom of Heaven and to declare the forgiveness of sins will, it is obvious, carry many presumptions with it. It would not be strange if it should hurry believers into a positiveness of statement on many points which might need to be afterward modified. So it has been seen that students of science, when they were under the first impressions made on their minds by the regularity of the order of nature, hurriedly affirmed that any variation of the general order was impossible; and that now the protagonist of science modifies that affirmation into the statement that any event for which the recognized laws of nature cannot account is so improbable as to require exceptional proof of its occurrence.

It was inevitable that those who were induced by Christ's envoys to believe in him as having come from the Father and gone to the Father, should regard with reverence the institutions and the society which he founded. The apostles reported that he had spoken much of a Spirit or Breath of God, best to be understood through thinking of the air which moves around the earth and men; and that he had promised that those who should form a society looking up to him and bound together by their allegiance to him should have this Spirit given to them as the power of their common life. This promise seemed to the first Christians to have been fulfilled. The Church of Christ came into existence, an imperfect and growing realization of a living ideal; having for its chief institutions a washing of forgiveness and adoption, and a common partaking of bread and wine as representing the person of the Lord. This society has come down to our own day, but in a most broken and divided condition; and the nature of it has been very much confused by claims made on behalf of the whole body and of particular sections of it. The authoritative view of the Church appears to be that it is an ideal system, having its truest existence in the living divine purpose, and realizing itself in features and fragments which yet ask "to be united in the wondrous whole" of a perfected humanity. But the believers in Christ also looked back from him; and the history of the Jews was seen culminating in their Messiah, and the "old covenant" received a glory from him to whom it led up. When they came into contact with the external world, the acknowledgment of a Son of Man as revealing the Father seemed to them to throw light on all the goodness and all the hopes of the heathen nations. "Of a truth I perceive," said the Apostle of the Jews, "that God is no respecter of persons,"—that is, of nationality or professed creed—"but

in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him. The Apostle of the Gentiles proclaimed everywhere that the God whom he preached was the God of mankind, who had been revealing himself in less complete ways to all nations. We follow the original Christian teaching, when we recognize most reverently all that is true and good in the beliefs and practices of non-Christians, as having the same origin with the revelation given in Christ.

It was equally inevitable that they should contemplate Christ himself with a peculiar reverence, and should wonder at his nature. They would naturally recall with especial interest what Christ had said about himself. It was evident that he had been slow to put forward definite pretensions; he did not even announce himself as the Messiah, but contented himself at first with proclaiming the Kingdom of Heaven, and speaking with authority in the name of the heavenly Father. But his way of speaking of "my Father" implied that he was the Son of God; and his disciples came by degrees to the conclusion that he was the Messiah. All that they saw of him helped them to believe that he was of a perfection above their imaginations. They called him the Messiah, the Son of God; and when they found themselves constrained to believe that he had risen from the dead they saw, in this triumph over death, their faith confirmed and enlarged. His divine nature grew as they contemplated him; and visions of what he must have been to the Jewish fathers, and to the creation, and of what he was to the spiritual life of every man and to that of the whole Church, gradually steadied themselves into positive assurance, and took shape in words which endeavored to express those relations. It was a matter of course that the Christians should worship their Lord as a God, but they seem to have escaped for some time being troubled with the problem of his relation to the One God. But the problem could not fail to demand solution; and such solution as they could arrive at came through the name of the Son. The union between the perfect Son and the supreme Father seemed to them to be so close as not to break or infringe upon the unity of God.

Christ was preached at first without the help of books, just as he might now be preached to a heathen race by a missionary who had left his Bible behind him. But in the course of time the oral statements of the companions and witnesses of Jesus began to be written down; and letters of instruction were written by apostles, which were treasured up by those who received them. The documents which were most valued by Christians came together, apparently, by some natural process of selection and collection. A concealing cloud rests upon the history of the early Church for a singularly important period of some three-quarters of a century; and when

that is lifted the volume of the "New Covenant" is seen already existing and closed against additions. When we look at it we cannot wonder at the authority it acquired. To those who are worshipping Jesus Christ, and finding him to be the way to the Father, this volume offers itself as containing all that can be known about him, and all that can be known about the early years and original beliefs of the society which owes its foundation to him. It cannot be thought surprising that the reasonable reverence for such a volume should have degenerated into an assertion of its infallible truth. All spiritual conceptions which have become popular have suffered some kind of degradation into carnal forms. Criticism has shown that the New Testament is not to be regarded as a mechanically accurate book; that we have scarcely any solid confirmation from without of its own statements as to authorship; that the history of which it is a record is curiously separate from the contemporary history of which we possess other records. Its authority depends primarily upon its reception by the Church, but much more substantially upon its own character. To those who see nothing supernatural in Christ it will be full of problems at once fascinating and irritating; while those who believe in him will find it difficult not to read it as true from beginning to end. But modern Christians will do well to bear in mind that, while the Church was being founded in Asia and Greece and Italy, and throughout the period covered by the New Testament itself, the Church had no sacred book of its own; and that the apostles, though they claimed disciplinary authority, had evidently no thought of claiming infallibility for any utterances of theirs. The destruction of the theory of the infallibility of the Bible has been one of the means by which we have been prevented from resting in the external and mechanical, and driven to what terrifies us at first as the intangibility and vagueness of the Spirit.

And what as to the future of mankind and of individual men? The belief in Christ could not fail to generate expectations of its own. We learn from the New Testament that the first Christians had their thoughts turned steadily with keen interest toward a crisis which was to occur at the close of their age. This is the feature of the New Testament which creates, perhaps, our chief difficulty in reading it as we do for our instruction. The word "crisis" means judgment, and it was a judgment that was looked for, but it was called by various names: it was a day of the Lord, a presence or an unveiling of the Son of Man, a coming of Christ, a reconstitution of all things, a conclusion of the ages. For the Christians of the New Testament age, this manifestation filled the horizon of their hopes and fears. It was to be in the main a heavenly event, but it was to have its earthly effects and signs, and the chief among these was to

be the destruction of the Holy City of the Old Covenant. Those who look back on the close of that age with the spiritual insight of Christian faith can see that the epoch proved itself a momentous one in the divine government of the world, and that it was not unfitly described by the prophetic imagery under which it was foretold. But the anticipations of what then came to pass, which have so large a record in the New Testament writings, have not been exactly suited to the spiritual condition of those who have lived in the subsequent ages, and the devout use of the Scriptural language of expectation has given birth to some difficulties of belief. We have little direct guidance of any kind in forming ideas as to what will happen to the world in future ages or to human beings when they die. It is impossible for those who believe that Jesus Christ revealed the Eternal Father to look forward without hope; it is impossible to contemplate Christ as risen from the dead without taking for granted that there is a future life for men; it is impossible, we must add, to think of the Christ of the Gospels as ruling the world without associating the thought of judgment and punishment with the triumph of his power. But it is left to the faith and hope and fear of the believers in Christ to create for the most part their own imagery of what the world of the future and the life beyond the grave will be. And many Christians of our day find the traditional imagery of the Church failing them, as not suited to modern knowledge, without being moved by a common imaginative impulse vigorous enough to clothe the spiritual substance of their expectations in acceptable forms.

Most important of all the inferences which must in the nature of things be drawn from the acknowledgment of Christ's mission, are those which bear upon the spiritual relations of men with God. No single term sums up more adequately the purpose of Christ's coming than that which declares him to be the way to the Father. If anything will be admitted to be certain as to the purport of his teaching, it is that he invited men to trust in God by assuring them that he was a Being in whom they might reasonably trust, that he encouraged them to pray to him, and that he declared the will of the Father to be the ground and rule of all duty. His disciples repeated this teaching, and reinforced it by their proclamation of their Master as a Son of God who had gone down into human death and been raised to the Father's right hand. The old agnostic contention that prayer is made irrational by the fixed order of the universe has been modified by Professor Huxley into the admission that prayer may be rational if there is a Being who can hear it and who cares for those who offer it, together with a challenge to believers to show that prayer has in any instance been demonstrably efficacious. Christians may be preserved from giving unwise answers to this

challenge by remembering two principles which have authority to dominate any theory of prayer. In one of the Prayer-book Collects we are taught to address God thus: "Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking." And this acknowledgment rests upon what was laid down by Jesus when he was teaching his followers how to pray: "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." The other principle is stated in words dear to all English Christians:—

" Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
Which trembles in the breast."

The two principles are combined by St. Paul when he says that we know not what to pray for as we ought, but that the Spirit in our hearts intercedes for us in unspoken sighs. Surely the contention that, if a Christian would like something, the act of putting it into the words of a petition and addressing the petition to the Almighty will be a means of obtaining it, is alien to these principles and is forbidden by them. The logical comment on them might be that prayer is made irrational by Christ's teaching, more decidedly than by the fixed order of the universe. If desire unexpressed is prayer, and if we have a Father who knows better than we do what we want, why, it may be asked, should we do anything so futile as to put our desires into words, and address them to God? Yet Christ and his apostles taught men to pray. They taught men to place themselves as dependent, desiring creatures at the feet of a perfect heavenly Father, and to utter in simple human language the aspirations which the belief in such a Father might stir in a childlike nature. Prayer is for those who have become as little children, not for philosophers engaged in estimating mechanical forces. We shall continue to pray trustfully and devoutly, so long as we believe through Jesus that we have access to the Father, and shall decline controversy about the mechanical efficacy of calculated requests. "To labor is to pray," said the ancient Christian maxim, and it is certainly truer to regard prayer as the spiritual breath of labor, of voluntary effort, than to imagine that it can be utilized as a substitute for effort. Work or action, also, according to the Christian revelation, must look to God, and make his will its law and end: he has an absolute claim on all that we can do; there can be nothing better for us than to please God. "Under its theological aspect," as Mr. Huxley says, "morality is obedience to the will of God." Duty means what the heavenly Father can claim from his creatures and children. That is a reasonable and satisfying explanation of the word; no other does justice to its power over the

universal mind. We speak, it is true, of duty toward God and duty toward our neighbor; but duty to man is included in and sustained by duty to the Father and Maker of men. "Morality is obedience to the will of God," and the will of God is to be learned from any modes in which it has pleased or shall please him to make it known. To one who believes in a Divine Ruler of the world, no knowledge or criterion of duty is more valid than that which is obtained from the testimony of general experience, pointing out by what affections and acts the well-being of mankind is promoted.

I have distinguished between the conclusions of agnosticism and those of agnostics. In no one's case is it more necessary to do this than in that of Mr. Darwin. He has little of the Christian in him who can read without an emotion of reverence that statement of his: "The safest conclusion seems to me that the whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect; but man can do his duty." Duty is a word without meaning, or rather implying a delusion, to pure scientific agnosticism; but Mr. Darwin's attitude was that of a man humbly veiling his face, in conscious ignorance, and yet in recognition and trust, before a Power of righteousness and love to which he felt himself bound. No one speaks sincerely of duty without implying such a Power and a relation binding man to it. And to recognize the imperative authority of righteousness and love is to believe in God. A Christian who professes that he knows God with his intellect, knows nothing yet as he ought to know. The only promise of knowing God which we can claim is that which is made to faith and hope and love.

It is a mysterious condition of our human existence—a manifest part of the discipline, as Christians would say, by which we are trained—that our understanding is brought up against insuperable difficulties, like the invisible wall which stopped Balaam's ass. Any scheme of philosophy which professes to evade contradictions or to solve them convicts itself of superficiality. Our intellect gets unceremoniously buffeted by contradictions whenever it makes excursions into the world behind the senses. If, for example, there is one thing which the principle of evolution seems to make evident, it is that there is no beginning of things: it is, indeed, impossible for us to conceive an absolute beginning. But it is equally, or almost equally, impossible to us to imagine an absence of beginning. And evolutionists, quite naturally, however unscientifically, talk of the primordial atoms of the universe. It is not merely that we are made aware of things lying beyond our knowledge, but that contradictory conclusions seem forced upon our understandings. Space and time ought, one might have imagined, to be simple things, but the consideration of them leads us into insoluble problems. So we have to confess ourselves to be helpless before the problems of pre-

destination and choice of action, of the existence of evil in the universe, of a good Power from whom all things proceed, of the nature of spirit, of the clothing of infinity with the finite, and the like. St. Paul held that human conceptions of things beyond the sense-world are no better than the mental attempts of young children, and may hereafter similarly make us smile. The frank apprehension of the inadequacy of our conceptions and of their transitional character will render it easier to acquiesce in traditional religious terms or statements which may not be quite to our mind, as well as in formally contradictory propositions. When we try to discover a purpose in this perplexing discipline, we are led to the conclusion that we are intended to learn a distrust of our reasoning faculties, as of instruments, useful and necessary indeed, but stamped with inferiority and inadequacy. We follow our best Christian teachers in holding that, with regard to the greater things of life, the mind or spirit which trusts and hopes and loves is the superior organ of knowledge, and that human beings are put to the test whether they will be guided by the superior organ or the inferior.

It is to these affections, of faith and hope and love, that the revelation of God given in Christ appeals. It assumes that in each man there is a spiritual need, of which it seeks to awaken a disturbing consciousness. This communication has the power—and no theory of life which does not profess to come from God can claim a like power—to move human nature to its depths and to raise it to its proper worth. What gracious or animating sentiment is there which it does not call forth? By its declaration of the good purposes of God it creates hope, and nurses its vivifying warmth under any depressing discouragements. By its display of condescending divine tenderness it softens the heart, and opens its pores to the best influences. By its assurance of a fatherly mind in God it constrains men to have confidence in the Supreme Power. It teaches them to blame themselves, as they look upon the goodness against which they have sinned and the standard of purity and love exhibited in the Son of Man. By presenting the Son of Man as divine, it makes every man sacred and dear to his fellow-men. It gives an entirely satisfying law of life, a sure basis of duty, a universal and progressive morality. It so far explains the sufferings and trials of life as to induce men to bear them with a refining patience. It holds out a light from beyond the grave which dispels the gloom of death. It opens a fount of joy too deep to be exhausted. If by the decay of Christian faith all these stimulants of the higher life should lose their power upon human souls, what could compensate to mankind for the loss?—REV. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS OF BOOKS.*

A FEW persons in different parts of the world are engaged in the work of gathering special collections of books; but there ought to be thousands engaged in it instead of dozens, as now. I do not refer to the collecting of books because of their age or binding, or to gratify any particular taste, whim or fancy of the collector, but to the making of collections that shall be of positive and very important service to the world. I have in mind a long and a very elaborate article in a large encyclopedia. For certain reasons I do not wish to mention the subject of that article. In it the writer has referred to a great number of books as his authorities. I will say that I have read the article more than once, and made a list of the books referred to; hence I know whereof I speak. Now if I wished to write an article on the same subject and refer to the same books, or if I wished simply to verify the references of this author, there is not a library in America which contains the necessary books, and, furthermore, not all the libraries in America together contain the books necessary for me to do this work. But supposing that twenty or thirty years ago some one had begun to collect books on that subject, he would have by this time all that the writer in question referred to, and no doubt many more on the same subject.

In an old bookstore in Germany I saw a large pile of books, and was told that they were to be sent to America, and that they all pertained to pearls and precious stones. The collector wished to collect everything that existed in any language on that particular subject. Such a collection will be invaluable—a kind of pearl of great price. I know a person who is collecting editions of Virgil—copies, reprints, illustrative essays, etc., which, as the collection approaches completeness, will be more and more valuable, not especially or solely to himself, but to the world. The reader can have no difficulty in understanding what I mean by collections that will be of service. We are getting farther and farther away from the time when printing began. Early printed books have nearly all gone to the paper mills, or to the dogs. Many books and pamphlets that were printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it is now exceedingly difficult to find. To save the books that have been printed and still exist, and to collect others that are now being printed or that may be printed on any given subject, and to have

* Dr. Merrill desires us to say, that as he wishes to follow up this matter; he will esteem it a favor if any one who is making a special collection of books or pamphlets, in any department, or upon any subject, will communicate with him by letter. His address is, Andover, Mass.—ED. LIB. MAG.

such books gathered into one place, are objects, it seems to me, greatly to be desired.

One may not choose Pearls or Virgil. Let him select Bibles, Hymn-books, Almanacs, American Colleges, money, Artesian Wells—there are thousands of important subjects on which the world demands from time to time the fullest possible information; and when one comes to study such a subject in order to impart such information he naturally asks, "Where is the literature of this subject?" And the only reply that can be given is (generally speaking), "it has never been collected. It is scattered all over the civilized world." Persons object that they have not means for special collections; but every one who buys books will find when he is fifty years old that he has wasted a great deal of money on those that are, after all, of very little value. Supposing a large part of this money had been expended on a special collection? It is not so much the lack of means, as a lack of the necessary disposition.

Newspapers, periodicals, and the town libraries furnish far more reading matter than one needs; so that one is not obliged to buy many books for reading. As a rule, one's private library, however proud he may be of it, is not of much value to the world, and has in fact very little money value, although it has cost, it may be, a large sum. Go to the auction rooms where the fine library of some "gentleman deceased" is being sold. Its owner prized beyond measure this little volume, and that one, and that one; he would not have parted with them for money. Now half a dozen of these treasures are tied together in one bundle, and the lot sold for twenty-five cents. I have books that are precious to me partly because I use them, and partly because they have been my companions so long. Some of them have been twice around Cape Horn. They have made the journey between Boston and Jerusalem no less than six times, and have traveled with me thousands of miles besides. They have outlived many ocean storms, and so have I. Why should not I be attached to them? They begin to look a little battered, and, were I to sell them at auction, it is not likely that they would bring much more than enough to pay for printing the auctioneer's catalogue. Miscellaneous collections are of very little use to the world, while special collections are invaluable. If young persons would commence the collecting of books, articles, pamphlets, etc., on any given subject, and follow it up for a period of years, they would be surprised at the results. It would be a far more noble and useful work than indulging the stamp-collecting mania.

What to do, where to look for books, how to go to work, and other such topics, I have left myself no room to discuss. I would like to speak, also, of my own experience; for in a small way, and according to my limited means, I am making a collection which

will be of great use to somebody, even if I should not live to make much use of it myself.

Books, pamphlets, discussions, essays and articles scattered in different periodicals and newspapers, sometimes a dozen pages, more or less, in a book wholly foreign to the subject in which you are interested—all these belong to the literature of a subject. Quite likely some person will tell you, "Oh, there are only two or three books on that subject that are good for anything!" In following up the literature of a subject, do not be balked by any such nonsense as that. The chances are ten to one that the person does not know the literature of the subject fully, and is referring to books that he happens to know about; for certainly that would be a very insignificant subject which should be thus circumscribed and meager in its literature.—SELAH MERRILL.

AN ESKIMO "IGLOO," OR SNOW-HOUSE.

THERE is probably no Arctic subject so interesting, and yet so little understood, as the one which heads this article. There is a general idea, no doubt founded on the supposed simplicity of the Eskimo constructors, and the very little that is done with the same material in our own land, that these snow-houses are of the most simple construction, and that the building of the same may be learned at once or in a short while, when the real truth of the matter is, that a farmer's boy could construct as good a Fifth Avenue brownstone house at first trial, as the average white man could build the Eskimo *igloo*, or snow-house, with such limited information. The most prevalent idea that I find regarding these hyperborean habitations is, that they are simply dug out of the side of a deep bank of snow, with probably a few flat blocks of snow covering the top. Some people give these constructors of the snow-house the credit of building wholly of blocks laid flat-wise, but requiring no more skill than the laying of bricks or wooden blocks in building a toy play-house by the children. None of these ideas can be said to be at all correct, in giving due credit to a class of constructors that in ingenuity and dexterous handicraft equal those of almost any in the world; however hard it is to compare such radically different methods together.

The igloo is a comparatively thin dome of snow, built of blocks of that material, and, considering the very fragile character of its constituents, the rapidity of its construction, its great strength when made, the architectural knowledge of the dome displayed, and its

almost perfect adaptation to the people, climate and purpose for which it is constructed, it is a masterpiece of handicraft.

The snow-house is a habitation of sheer necessity, and does not exist in any part of Eskimo-land where other kinds of material can be had, so it is not co-extensive with the race of people as many suppose. They are almost wholly a sea-coast abiding people, and in many parts of their country the ocean beach furnishes them with driftwood, carried there by the currents, and if this is in large quantities it is always used for the construction of their dwellings. Many of the rivers emptying into the Arctic Ocean have their upper portions in more or less heavily wooded countries, and the trees they bring down in the spring freshets are spread over the coasts for many miles on either side of the mouths, while no little quantity gets caught in the great ocean currents that course for long distances over the polar area, and is thus carried far beyond any local limits of distribution. This is well shown on the west coast of Greenland, where driftwood is brought by an ocean current that swings around Cape Farewell from the Polar Sea, and into which it has never been; nor is it well known from whence the driftwood comes, whether Europe, Asia, or America. On King William's Land I found drift logs (but not enough to construct houses) among Eskimo who had never seen or heard of standing timber, and who believed that this grew on the bottom of the sea, and was pulled up yearly when the ice broke up, and was thrown upon the beach. As the Eskimo—the only builders of snow-houses—live only in North America, no other country concerns us here. The Mackenzie River is the only river of this continent worthy of the name, which empties into the Arctic Sea and whose headwaters are in timbered regions. All of Eskimo-land to the west is supplied with wood, and for many miles to the east, after which the snow-builders are met. It is, therefore, the unsupplied Arctic coasts of North America that nearly wholly determine the geographical limit of the snow-house. It was my fortune—or misfortune—to have my first Arctic expedition thrown into the very heart of this region, and to live for two winters—a little over one year in time—under the dome of Eskimo snow-houses. Nearly one whole winter was spent in traveling, and the making of an igloo every night for camp during that time—for the snow-house is as much the Eskimo's tent when traveling, as it is his house when stationary—gave me an unusual chance to see these curious habitations, in about all the phases through which they could pass.

Let us now describe the building of a snow-house; and, to do so clearly, we will begin at the very first principles, and imagine a sledging party during a winter's trip to be near the end of their day's journey, at a point where no snow houses exist, and where they

must, of course, be built. Let it be a single sledge, and a single snow-house to be built, in order to simplify matters. As dusk commences falling, or the dogs show great fatigue, or anything else determines camping time, the Eskimo man or men begin a sharp lookout for a favorable camping spot. This, as one would expect, is where there is a large bank of snow, and this must be on the shores of a lake of sufficient depth not to have frozen to the bottom (eight feet four inches was the thickest lake of ice I ever encountered and measured). The object of this is to get water for the evening's meal, digging through the thick ice to obtain it; otherwise snow or ice would have to be melted, entailing about an hour's loss of time, and also considerable waste of oil, which is very valuable to them, especially on an inland journey. As the igloo is being built by one man, if there is another spare one in the party, or even a boy, he will be digging through the ice to the water underneath.

But the eye alone cannot determine whether the snow-bank is favorable or not for the building of the igloo, as its texture, on which more depends than any other quality, is wholly beyond the power of sight to foretell. To determine this consistency a rod about the diameter of a lead pencil, and two or three feet in length, is used to thrust into the snow-bank and determine its texture. This rod was formerly made of bone, but they now use the iron rod of their seal-spears, the metal being procured from the whalers. They may thrust their spears into the snow clear around the shore of a large lake for a mile along the bank of a river, and then have to move on further. While nothing looks more silly and absurd than this jabbing away at the surface of the snow it is a really very necessary preliminary operation. The snow, which is good on top, may be found friable and worthless underneath, and this will be revealed by thrusting in the tester to the lower strata. More commonly an apparently good bank of snow is resting on a mass of boulders at the foot of the hill, where large enough blocks cannot be cut. On the other side a thin covering of loose powdered snow, that the eye would reject, may cover a splendid bank of the very best material for building. The testing finished, and a good spot found, the sledges, which have generally been stopped on the middle of the lake or river, are brought up alongside, where it is easier to watch the dogs and prevent their stealing anything from the sledge, which they are very prone to do if they have not been fed for a couple of days.

The construction of the snow-house now begins. The only implement needed is a snow-knife. Formerly these were made of bone from the reindeer; but now, where they are in contact with white men, as whalers or fur traders, or can obtain them by inter-tribal barter, they use the largest butcher-knives they can secure, and put

on a handle large enough to grasp with both hands. With this snow-knife the builder cuts a wedge-shaped piece from the bank of snow, the perpendicular face of which is the size of the front of the contemplated blocks. This is thrown away. The blocks are now cut and laid alongside of the trench from which they are taken. Geometrically they are about two to three feet long, a foot to a foot and a half deep, and five to ten inches thick; more popularly described, they are about the size of a common bed pillow, the faces and edges, of course, being flat as the knife cuts them. There is considerable variation in the size, however, as some Eskimo pride themselves on the large blocks they can cut, while the less ambitious builders content themselves with smaller ones that are not so liable to break. The former class generally construct the better igloos, as my experience goes. There are nearly always two or three men with each sledge and one or two women, so while one man makes the igloo another cuts the blocks and a third is digging at the well. The builder having selected his spot for the contemplated house, he stands upon it and, with knife in hand, leaning forward, he sweeps its point over the snow describing a circle on its surface, with his feet as a center. This is the line to be followed by the base-course of snow-blocks. If the igloo is to be a temporary one, used only for the night, the circle will be a small one, not over (and probably less than) ten feet in diameter; and if for a permanent or semi-permanent occupation, it will be larger, giving more room and comfort inside. This circle is made on a bank sloping at about thirty degrees from the horizontal, and this would have a tendency to "pitch" the axis of the igloo forward or toward the door, which is always at the lowest or "down-hill" point of the circle. The first base-block on the circle is always placed on the extreme right-hand side as the constructor looks toward the door. The next one is further down hill, and so on around till the circle is completed. Now, one of the most common ideas of the igloo, even by those who have read almost every Arctic description about it, is that it is made up of continuous layers of these blocks superimposed upon each other, like brick work in making a chimney; an idea which is not correct. This line of blocks is rather a continuous one from bottom to top, or a spiral, one very similar to the old-style beehives, made of a continuous rope from bottom to top; so that, when the base-course of blocks is finished, the first block laid in the course is cut in half by a diagonal from its lower right corner to the top left one, and on this diagonal edge the next block is laid which begins the spiral, which, when finished, completes the igloo; the spiral running in the opposite direction from the hands of a watch laid horizontally.

As each block is put in its place, the snow-knife is worked up and down between it and the block to its right and the course of blocks on which it rests, this furnishing a snowy powder which acts like mortar when the blocks are cemented together by a slight blow of the hand on each of the two free edges. It should be remembered that the snow-blocks are not laid flatwise as with common brick-work, but on their edges; the thickness of the block being the thickness of the igloo, and taking the fewest number of blocks possible to construct the building. It may seem curious to the uninformed how these snow-blocks, held only on two edges—the under and right-hand one as the builder faces it from the inside, where he stands during the entire construction of the block-work—should be able to hold themselves in this position, especially when near the completion of the igloo, and the flat blocks are almost horizontal. When a snow-block is put into position, a wedge-like piece is cut downward from it where it joins its neighbor, as well as an equal one from the latter, both being thrown away. Near the bottom of the igloo the bases of these wedges are very narrow, but as the top is approached they become wider and wider, until the igloo apex is reached, when the bases of the two wedges cut from the sides touch each other, and the block left is itself a wedge. In short, all the side joints of the block-work are vertical, and point to the top of the snow-house, and this necessitates that wedges should be cut from the sides that will increase as they lean more and more inward; and in this wedge-like or trapezoidal form we find the explanation of their not dropping down, they being driven into an acute angle which holds them without support from the constructor, until he can get another block.

Although if a building-block of snow was placed flat-wise on the level ground, and even a light-weighted Eskimo was to step on its upper face, it would probably break, yet so very strong is the igloo from its peculiar dome-like construction that two or three heavy men can walk over a well-built one without any fear of its falling in with them. In fact, after the block-work of the snow-house is finished, some of the persons present—a small boy is generally preferred—must climb over the top of the dome to chink the joints thoroughly, for, in the rough construction many holes are left between the joints that must be stopped up. This “chinking” is done by cutting slices of snow from the outer edge of the snow-block with the knife in one hand, and with the other hand, as a clinched fist, running the cut portion into the chinks, which completely closes them. The lower half or two-thirds of a moderate-sized igloo can be “chinked” while standing on the original snow-bank at its foot, but beyond this some one has to crawl up over it and finish the chinking at the top of the dome.

When this is done the snow-house is finished outside, except in the very coldest weather, when a bank of loose snow is thrown over it, which may vary from a foot to three feet in depth, according to the temperature, and the consistency of the snow; a foot of this material which "packs" well, being worth three feet of friable, sand-like snow when the wind is blowing, and when it does not blow an unbanked igloo is quite warm enough in the severest winter weather. Inside, the bed—which takes up at least two-thirds of the place—is also made of snow, from a foot and a half to two feet high, and this curious bedstead is prevented from melting by a generous supply of musk-ox, polar-bear and reindeer skins, being interposed between the body of the sleeper and the snow beneath. Sometimes this mattress is insufficient for this purpose, and then the bed adapts itself to the human form somewhat after the manner of a kid glove, but far less agreeable. The door is a very small hole through which one has to enter on one's hands and knees, and at night-time it is closed by a large snow-block. The first impression is that a lot of persons put inside such an hermetically sealed little pen, and as thick as the proverbial sardines in a box, would smother to death in the course of a long night; but on the contrary, the snow-blocks are as porous as lumps of white sugar, and as the native stone lamp creates a draft of heated air upward, which escapes from the top of the dome, the house is supplied by a constant pouring of fresh air through the walls to supply its place. I doubt very much if our own much larger sleeping-rooms are half as well ventilated as these boreal buildings.

The comfort that is to be had in these peculiar habitations it appears almost bordering on the sensational to relate. The idea of conducting an expedition of twenty-two persons and forty to fifty dogs continuously throughout the Arctic winter and living off the country, would have been deemed insanity. With the help of igloos and reindeer clothing it was done with less discomfort than the average twenty-two workmen of New York will endure in going through a severe winter. With the help of the igloo (which necessitates the employment of Eskimo skilled in their construction, of course) the matter of cold, preposterous as the statement may seem, becomes almost entirely eliminated from any Arctic problem, instead of being the pivot on which they seem to swing and against which the greatest precautions are taken.—FREDERICK SCHWATKA, in *The Independent*.

DETHRONING TENNYSON.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE TENNYSON-DARWIN CONTROVERSY.—COMMUNICATED BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The quarter from whence the following lucubration is addressed cannot fail to give it weight with the judicious reader whose interest has been aroused by the arguments in support of Lord Verulam's pretensions to the authorship of Hamlet. I regret that I can offer no further evidence of the writer's credentials to consideration than such as may be supplied by her own ingenious and intelligent process of ratiocinative inference; but in literary culture and in logical precision it will be apparent that her contribution to the controversial literature of the day is worthy of the comparison which she is not afraid to challenge—is worthy to be set beside the most learned and the most luminous exposition of the so-called Baconian theory.—A. C. S.

Hanwell, Nov. 29, 1887.

"THE revelations respecting Shakespeare which were made in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* have attracted great attention and caused no little sensation here." With these impressive and memorable words the Paris correspondent of the journal above named opens the way for a fresh flood of correspondence on a subject in which no Englishman or Englishwoman now resident in any asylum—so-called—for so-called lunatics or idiots can fail to take a keen and sympathetic interest. The lamented Delia Bacon, however, to whom we are indebted for the apocalyptic rectification of our errors with regard to the authorship of *Hamlet* and *Othello*, might have rejoiced to know—before she went to Heaven in a strait-waistcoat—that her mantle had fallen or was to fall on the shoulders of a younger prophetess. If the authority of Celia Hobbes—whose hand traces these lines, and whose brain has excogitated the theory now in process of exposition—should be considered insufficient, the *Daily Telegraph*, at all events, will scarcely refuse the tribute of attentive consideration to the verdict of Professor Polycarp Conolly, of Bethlemopolis, U. I. S. (United Irish States), South Polynesia. The leisure of over twenty years, passed in a padded cell and in investigation of intellectual problems has sufficed—indeed, it has more than sufficed—to confirm the Professor in his original conviction that "Miss Hobbes" (I am permitted—and privileged—to quote his own striking words) "had made it impossible any longer to boycott the question—and that to assert the contrary of so self-evident a truth was to stand groveling in the quicksands of a petrified conservatism."

The evidence that the late Mr. Darwin was the real author of the poems attributed to Lord Tennyson needs not the corroboration of any cryptogram: but if it did, Miss Lesbia Hume, of Earlswood, has authorized me to say that she would be prepared to supply any amount of evidence to that effect. The first book which brought Mr. Darwin's name before the public was his record of a voyage on board the *Beagle*. In a comparatively recent poem, written under the assumed name of "Tennyson," he referred to the singular manner in which a sleeping dog of that species "plies his function of the woodland." In an earlier poem, *The Princess*, the evidence derivable from allusion to proper names—that of the real author and that of the pretender—is no less obvious and no less conclusive than that which depends on the words "hang hog," "bacon," "shake," and "spear." The Princess asks if the Prince has nothing to occupy his time—"quoit, tennis, ball—no games?" The Prince hears a voice crying to him—"Follow, follow, thou shalt win." Here we find half the name of Darwin; the latter half, and two-thirds of the name of Tennyson—the first and the second third—at once associated, contrasted, and harmonized for those who can read the simplest of cryptograms.

The well-known fact that Bacon's *Essays* were written by Lord Coke, the *Novum Organon* by Robert Greene, and the *New Atlantis* by Tom Nash (assisted by his friend Gabriel Harvey), might surely have given pause to the Baconite assailants of Shakespeare. On the other hand, we have to consider the no less well-known fact that the poems issued under the name of "William Wordsworth" were actually written by the Duke of Wellington, who was naturally anxious to conceal the authorship and to parade the sentiments of a poem in which, with characteristic self-complacency and self-conceit, he had attempted to depict himself under the highly idealized likeness of "the Happy Warrior." Nor can we reasonably pretend to overlook or to ignore the mass of evidence that the works hitherto attributed to Sir Walter Scott must really be assigned to a more eminent bearer of the same surname—to Lord Chancellor Eldon: whose brother, Lord Stowell, chose in like manner (and for obvious reasons) to disguise his authorship of *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* by hiring a notoriously needy and disreputable young peer to father those productions of his erratic genius. The parallel case now before us. . . .

[But here, we regret to say, the language of Miss Hobbes becomes—to put it mildly—contumelious. We are compelled to pass over a paragraph in which the name of Tennyson is handled after the same fashion as is the name of Shakespeare by her transatlantic precursors or associates in the art or the task of a literary detective.—ED. XIX. CENT.]

Not all the caution displayed by Mr. Darwin in the practice of a studious self-effacement could suffice to prevent what an Irish lady correspondent of my own—Miss Cynthia Berkeley, now of Colney Hatch—has very aptly described as “the occasional slipping off of the motley mask from hoof and tail.” When we read of “scirrhus roots and tendons,” of “foul-fleshed agaric in the holt,” of “the fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus europæus*),” of “sparkles in the stone Avanturine,” “of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff, amygdaloid and trachyte,” we feel, in the expressive words of the same lady, that “the borrowed plumes of peacock poetry have fallen from the inner kernel of the scientific lecturer’s pulpit.” But if any more special evidence of Darwin’s authorship should be required, it will be found in the various references to a creature of whose works and ways the great naturalist has given so copious and so curious an account. “Crown thyself, worm!”—could that apostrophe have issued from any other lips than those which expounded to us the place and the importance of worms in the scheme of nature? Or can it be necessary to cite in further proof of this the well-known passage in *Maud* beginning with what we may call the pre-Darwinian line—“A monstrous eft was of old the lord and master of earth?”

But the final evidence is to be sought in a poem published long before its author became famous, under his own name, as the exponent of natural selection, of the survival of the fittest, and of the origin of species. The celebrated lines which describe Nature as “so careful of the type, so careless of the single life,” and those which follow and reject that theory, are equally conclusive as to the authorship of these and all other verses in which the same hand has recorded the result of the same experience—“that of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear.”

But—as the Earl of Essex observed in his political comedy, *Love’s Labor’s Lost*—“satis quod sufficit.” The question whether Shakespeare or Bacon was the author of *Hamlet* is now, I trust, not more decisively settled than the question whether *Maud* was written by its nominal author or by the author of *The Origin of Species*. . . .

Feeling deeply the truth of these last words, I have accepted the office of laying before the reader the theory maintained by the unfortunate lady who has intrusted me with the charge of her manuscript.—A. C. SWINBURNE, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE CATHOLIC SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS.

—The Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt, in the *Catholic World*, thus speaks of the proposed "International Scientific Congress of Catholics," which is appointed to be held at Paris during the week beginning April 8, 1888:—

"The specific end and object of this Congress is to promote the development of science for the defence of the faith. Theology, in the strict sense of the word, is excluded from its circle of topics. Its direct scope is not Apologetics. It is intended to furnish materials and aids to those who professedly engage in the great work of Christian Apologetics, by directly laboring for the development of the various branches of science. It will occupy itself with the impulse and direction which ought to be given, at the present time, to the scientific researches of Catholics, and with the method to be followed in order to make these researches subservient to the Christian cause without sacrificing anything of the most frank orthodoxy or the most entire scientific sincerity. Natural Theology is included in the programme as a department of Rational Philosophy; and Biblical Science, so far as it is concerned with the relations of the Scriptures to the sciences and secular history, excluding all questions concerning the extent of their inspiration. The commission has invited Catholic scholars and scientists to prepare memoirs and reports, which, after being examined and approved, will be presented to the Congress for discussion, but there will be no votes taken or decisions formulated on their respective topics. The principal object to be aimed at in these papers will be to determine the actual state of science, in respect to those questions which, by their relations to Christian faith, have a special interest for Catholics. The acts of the Congress will be published, including such papers as may be selected, or abstracts of the same. In this way will gradually be collected an encyclopedia which will be of the greatest value and interest."

THE LEGEND OF LOCRINE.—The legend which Mr. Swinburne has dramatized thus told by Milton in his *History of England*, wherein he does little more than

summarize the account of Geoffrey of Monmouth:—

"After this, Brutus in a chosen place builds Troia nova, chang'd in time to Trinovantum, now London: and began to enact Laws, Heli being then high priest in Judæe; and having govern'd the whole Ile 24 years, dy'd, and was buried in his new Troy. His three sons Locrine, Albanact, and Camber divide the Land by consent. Locrine had the middle part, Loëgria; Camber possess'd Cambria or Wales; Albanact Albania, now Scotland. But he in the end by Humber King of the Hunns, who with a Fleet invaded that Land, was slain in fight, and his people driv'n back into Loëgria. Locrine and his Brother goe out against Humber; who, now marching onward, was by them defeated, and in a River drown'd, which to this day retains his name. Among the spoils of his Camp and Navy, were found certain young Maids, and Estrildis, above the rest, passing fair; the Daughter of a King in Germany; from whence Humber, as he went wasting the Sea-Coast, had led her Captive: whom Locrine, though before contracted to the Daughter of Corineus, resolves to marry. But being forc'd and threatn'd by Corineus, whose Authority, and power he fear'd, Guendolen the Daughter he yeelds to marry, but in secret loves the other: and oft-times retiring as to some privat Sacrifice, through Vaults and passages made under ground; and seven years thus enjoying her, had by her a Daughter equally fair, whose name was Sabra. But when once his fear was off by the Death of Corineus, not content with secret enjoyment, divorcing Guendolen, he makes Estrildis now his Queen. Guendolen all in rage departs into Cornwall; where Madan, the Son she had by Locrine, was hitherto brought up by Corineus his Grandfather. And gathering an Army of her Fathers Freinds and Subjects, gives Battail to her Husband by the River Sture; wherein Locrine shot with an Arrow ends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen; for Estrildis and her Daughter Sabra, she throws into a River; and to leave a Monument of revenge, proclaims, that the stream be thenceforth call'd after the Damsels name;

which by length of time is chang'd now to Sabrina or Severn."

AN IDEAL SON.—Apropos of Joseph Hofmann, the wonderful boy-pianist, Mr. James Payn says, in the *Independent*:—

"Boys of genius are not always a blessing to parents, but when it is of a kind to attract the public I can fancy no offspring so delightful. Instead of one's father, to have children who can clothe and feed and locate us in fashionable neighborhoods must, as the poet Calverly observes, be 'most golluptious.' How careful one would be of such precious olive branches. How solicitous (if their talents lay in a vocal direction) that the winds of Heaven did not visit their bronchial tubes too roughly. How willingly should we indulge them but not spoil them (and especially their voices). How in supplying them with every luxury we should 'study the wholesomes.' It is only music alas! that supplies us with infant phenomena of the paying class. By bending the tender joints the wrong way, and immersing them in oil-baths, it is said, indeed, that the gifts of the gymnast can be greatly developed, for which calling the usual expensive materials for a start in life—education at the public schools and the University, tutor, reading with a conveyancer, etc.—can be dispensed with. Nothing is wanted but a pole, a suit of tinseled raiment and a square piece of carpet. But after all what are the emoluments of an acrobat to a father? No, there has never been anything but music worth the attention of a youthful genius (from the parental point of view) except, indeed, in one instance, that of Master Betty, the youthful Roscius, who made £20,000 for his family before he was fourteen. *That* is my notion of a son,—not a son and heir, but quite the other way—a son who, without causing any one to deplore his loss, makes his parents independent."

LEARNING A LANGUAGE.—A correspondent of *Science*, who signs himself simply "W." gives the following answer to the question, "Whether there is any practical method of learning to read a language without the use of a dictionary?"—

"The present writer has learned to read readily two languages without the use of either dictionary or grammar, and believes his method not only possible, but the better way, when a knowledge of the

language, not its grammar, is the one desire. His plan has been to begin with some easy author, and follow its text closely while some one reads aloud an English or some other familiar translation. By following such a plan through a dozen or more books, one may then venture on some simple author, dispensing with both dictionary and translation so far as possible, and learning the meanings of the new words, as they appear, from the context. After having read twenty or thirty novels or similar works in this way, he should begin the study of the grammar, and will then be surprised to find that conjugations and declensions are no longer a task. After one has learned a language, a dictionary is very useful; but he certainly can never get a thorough and exact knowledge of words from English synonyms."

SHAKESPEARIAN CURIOSITIES.—Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps has lately issued "A Calendar of the Shakespearian Rarities, Drawings, and Engravings, preserved at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton. Of existing collections he says:—

"It is very difficult to meet with pictorial illustrations of the life of Shakespeare that belong to even a small antiquity. With the exception of the very few engravings to be met with in periodicals, in editions of the poet's works, and in Ireland's Warwickshire Avon, and which are sufficiently common, any of the kind which were executed before the commencement of the present century are of exceedingly rare occurrence. The Bodleian Library, so rich in English topography, has none; while in that enormous literary warehouse, the British Museum, there are hardly any of the slightest interest. There are, indeed, only two large and important collections of drawings and engravings illustrative of Shakespearian biography. One of these, that now preserved at the birth-place, was found by the late Mr. W. O. Hunt and myself in years gone by, when we ransacked Stratford-on-Avon and its neighborhood for every relic of the kind. The other, the present one, is all but entirely the result of purchases from other localities. Each collection is, at present, of unique interest, and is likely to remain so. It is not possible that another, of equal value to either, could now be formed, and even many of the engravings and lithographs of forty or fifty years of age are of great rarity, obtainable only by accident."

RIGHT AND WRONG.

I SUPPOSE the words "right" and "wrong" enter more largely into human life than any other. They are among the first words that are uttered by children at their play: "You have no right to do this!" "That is wrong!" They are most profusely used, or abused, in the commonest affairs of daily existence by the most ignorant and uncultivated, and generally—which is noteworthy—with an appeal to the universal validity of the conceptions they represent, as though, in the secure judgment of the universe, the gainsayer must be in bad faith. Every one talks of right as if it were the easiest thing in the world to pronounce upon. And yet in practice it is the hardest. Consider how terrible are the problems which may be raised regarding even the simplest and least questioned rights. Parental right, for example, springing as it does from the most sacred of human relations, how easy to deride and decry it, if we regard merely the blind irrational impulse to which each individual the accident of an accident, owes his procreation. Again, think how large a part of human activity is consumed in the endeavor, mostly fruitless, to settle questions of right. The whole machinery of justice, with its legislatures, its courts of various instance, its judges, advocates, and attorneys attends continually upon this very thing. And yet the glorious uncertainty of the law has become a byword. Fleets and armies are still the last resource of civilization for determining the rights of nations. Now, as in the time of Brennus, the sword is the ultimate makeweight in the scale of justice. It may be said that the history of right throughout the ages is one long martyrdom. It is ever being crucified afresh and put to an open shame. But, speaking generally, we may assert that the idea of right has hitherto been venerated by mankind at large as absolute, supersensuous, divine. The rights, whether of nations or of the individual of whom they are composed, have been held to rest upon ethical obligation, and that upon noumenal truth. Justice has been accounted a matter of the will, according to the dictum of the Roman jurisconsult, "*Justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas ius suum cuique tribuendi.*" Wrong has been referred, not to the exterior act but to the interior mental state: "*Mens rea facit reum.*" The world on the whole has not doubted that what is just exists by nature, that universal obligation is a prime note of right, that a violation of right entails, according to the laws of the universe, retributive suffering upon the wrong-doer.

I do not, of course, mean that the vast majority of men have ever held these views as philosophers. They made their way into the popular mind through the religious traditions which are the only philoso-

phies available for the multitude. The morality of the old civilization of Egypt, of India, of Judea, was bound up with their religions. The same may be said of the ancient phase of Hellenic and, more strongly still, of Roman civilization. It is the special glory of Buddhism that it established the supremacy of the moral law over gods and men and the whole of sentient existence. To Christianity the human race owes the supreme enforcement of the autonomy of conscience as the voice of Him whom it is better to obey than man. But now the old ethical conceptions are everywhere falling into discredit. The very principles on which the ideas of right and wrong have hitherto rested are very widely questioned, nay, more than questioned. "No one," observes a recent thoughtful writer, "can deny either the reality or the intensity of the actual crisis of morality. Nor is the crisis confined to certain questions of casuistry. On the contrary, it extends to the most general rules of conduct, and through those rules to the very principles of ethics themselves."—"By-and-by," a popular professor in the Paris School of Medicine recently prophesied to his admiring pupils, "by-and-by, when the rest of the world has risen to the intellectual level of France, and true views of the nature of existence are held by the bulk of mankind, now under clerical direction, the present crude and vulgar notions regarding morality, religion, divine providence, deity, the soul, and so forth, will be swept entirely away, and the dicta of science will remain the sole guides of sane and educated men. . . . Churchmen and moral philosophers represent the old and dying world, and we, the men of science, represent the new." And similarly, Mr. Herbert Spencer assures us that "the establishment of the rule of right conduct upon a scientific basis is a pressing need."

Now let us inquire what is the substitute for "the present crude and vulgar notions regarding morality" proposed to the world by "men of science," as physicists modestly call themselves, in disdainful ignorance of all science except their own. The inquiry is of much pith and moment, for this among other reasons, that the public order reposes upon the idea of right. Social relations can be explained and justified only by moral relations. Of course there is diversity of operation in the attempts at ethical reconstruction. But in all worketh one and the self same spirit. They all aim at presenting the world with "an independent morality," by which they mean a morality deduced merely from physical law, grounded solely on what they call "experience," and on analysis of and deduction from experience; holding only of the positive sciences, and rejecting all pure reason, all philosophy in the true sense of the word. They all insist that there is no essential difference between the moral and the physical order; that the world of ideas is but a development of the world of phenomena. They all agree in the negation of primary

and of final causes, of the soul and of free-will. Instead of finality, they tell us, necessity reigns; mechanical perhaps, or it may be dynamical, but issuing practically in the elimination of moral liberty as a useless spring in the machinery of matter. I venture to say that in the long run there are only two schools of ethics—the *hedonistic* and the *transcendental*. There are only two sides from which we can approach a question of right and wrong—the physical and the spiritual; there are only two possible foundations of morality—conscience and concupiscence;* the laws of universal reason, or what Professor Huxley calls “the laws of comfort.” The “men of science” are agreed in anathematizing the transcendental. Their method is purely physical. They conceive of man merely as “*ein genissendes Thier*,” an animal whose motive principle is what they call “happiness;” who, in Bentham’s phrase, “has been placed by nature under the governance of two sovereign masters, pain and pleasure.” Such are the foundations of the new independent morality. Let us now follow it out in some of its details.

And first let us learn of one concerning whom a well-informed writer recently testified that “in this country and America he is *the* philosopher,” and whose works, if less implicitly received as oracles in France and Germany, have done much to shape and color current speculation in those countries. I need hardly say that I speak of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The doctrine unfolded at such great length by this patient and perspicuous thinker appears to me to amount to this, in the last resort: that all the actions of society are determined by the actions of the individual; that all the actions of the individual are regulated by the laws of life; and that all the laws of life are purely physical.

Turn we to another eminent teacher, hardly less influential. Consider the following account of human nature which Professor Huxley sets before us in his *Lay Sermons*, enforcing it by an epigram of Goethe:—

“All the multifarious and complicated activities of men are comprehended under three categories. Either they are directed toward the maintenance and development of the body, or they effect transitory changes in the relative positions of the body, or they tend toward the continuance of the species. Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, of wit, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch, as to every one but the subject of them, they are known only as transitory changes in the relative position of parts of the body. Speech,

*I use the word in its proper philosophical sense: “a certain power and motion of the mind, whereby men are driven to desire pleasant things that they do not possess.” Listen in this connection to Professor Huxley’s dogmatic utterance: “I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the idea which alone can still spiritual cravings. I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the law of comfort, has been driven to discover the laws of conduct, and to lay the foundations of a new morality.”—“A new morality” based ultimately on “the law of comfort!” Glad tidings of great joy, indeed, to a benighted nineteenth century.

gesture, and every other form of human action are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contraction."

I do not overlook the words "to every one but the subject of them." And most certainly I have no desire to force upon Mr. Huxley's language a meaning which it does not logically convey. But surely he will agree with me that knowledge which is confined to one's inner consciousness, and can never become the property of another, cannot have much effect upon society at large. It may be dismissed by any philosopher aiming at the practical, which assuredly is Professor Huxley's aim. A man, dwelling in the depths of his own consciousness, he tells us, may think, if he pleases, in terms of spirit. But the moment that man attempts to influence another, he must put away everything that is not muscular contraction. "*Weitre bringt es kein Mensch*," says the incomparable genius who, in three lines, reduces human life to an affair of feeding one's self, begetting children, and doing one's best to feed them. I know it may be answered, "Well, but the professor leaves us the unknown and unknowable subject, beyond the limits of consciousness as of physical science." What of that? Pray what has morality to do with the unknown and unknowable?—"Nihil volitum quin præcognitum" is indeed a mediæval axiom, and so, as I fear, may be "suspect" to Professor Huxley. But although mediæval, it is unquestionably true. On morality, the unknown and unknowable can have only a nominal influence. The real influence is left to the teaching which sees in the exercise of our highest faculties only "muscular contraction." Public morality must be founded on publicly acknowledged facts. It cannot depend upon a subjective consciousness unable to manifest itself intellectually. Professor Huxley, like Mr. Spencer, really treats ethics as a branch of physics. And this is in truth the doctrine—whether explicitly avowed or not—of the whole Positivist and experimental school. Further, Right, they will have it, is not absolute but relative, a matter of calculation and reasoning; it is nothing but the accord of the individual instinct with the social instinct; the momentary harmony of the need manifested in me, and of the exigences of the species to which I belong. In like manner Wrong is the absence of such accord, the want of such harmony; "a natural phenomenon like any other, but a phenomenon that at a given moment is found to be in opposition to the eventual good of the race."

And this agrees with Bentham's doctrine that what we call a crime is really a miscalculation, an error in arithmetic. The old conception of conscience as the formal principle of ethics, the internal witness of the Supreme Judge, "a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas," is put aside as outworn rhetoric. The moral sense, we are

assured, is not primitive, not innate, but a mere empirical fact transformed and established by heredity; a "phenomenon" (so they call it) variable and varying with the exigences of the race. General utility, the good of the species is, then, the only scientific and experimental criterion of human action, the sole rule of right and wrong; and morality consists in the apprehension of that principle, and in conformity with it. And so Mr. John Morley, in his book on *Compromise*, dogmatically affirms, "Moral principles, when they are true, are only registered generalizations from experience." Human society, in the view of this sage, is not an organism but a machine—just as the individual men of whom it is composed are machines; a kind of company, as some one has happily expressed it, which insures against risks by applying the principles of solidarity and reciprocity, the taxes being the premium. And as right springs from the fact of living together, so duty springs from the necessity of living together. The primary fount of morality, M. Littré has discovered—I believe the glory of the discovery belongs to him—is in the contest between egoism, the starting-point of which is nutrition, and altruism, the starting-point of which is sexuality. In these organic needs he finds the origin of justice. It is a merely physiological fact,* the highest degree of the social instinct, the expression of a multitude of sensations, images, ideas, springing successively from various circumstances in many generations, and welded together, so to speak, in the brain, by the force of habit, the invention and use of language, and the action of time. Thus there arises a tradition, which becomes the public opinion of the community, giving birth to "those uniformities of approbation and disapprobation"—the phrase, I think, is Dr. Bain's—which encourage and, so to speak, consecrate such and such conduct as tending to the general good; or, in other words, as likely to result in the largest number of pleasant sensations for the largest number of people. Thus the test of the moral value of an action is not the intention of the doer, but the result of the deed. In the new ethics the maxim so often and so ignorantly cited to the reproach of the Society of Jesus, that "the end justifies the means," finds place in all its nakedness, as a very cardinal doctrine. It gives rise in practice to some curious applications, as when Mr. Cotter Morison, in his recent volume, exalts "the barren prostitute" at the expense of "the prolific spouse."

But in truth intention must be beside the question in the new morality, for its professors, one and all, through their identification of moral necessity with physical necessity, are inevitably led to

* Elsewhere he allows justice to be "an irreducible psychical fact." I suppose irreducible means ultimate.

Determinism. "The doctrine of free will is virtually unmeaning," Mr. John Morley tells us. And with the quiet contempt of one who is most ignorant of what he is most assured, he opposes to those fatuous persons who hold it, "sensible people who accept" what he calls the "scientific account of human action." That account is that every act is really the outcome of universal necessity; that free will is merely a name by which we veil our ignorance of causes, an illusion properly explained by Mr. Spencer as the result of a vast collection of detailed associations whereof the history has been lost. Do we venture to hint a doubt that this doctrine degrades man by reducing him to a machine? Mr. Morley loftily admonishes us that we are "using a kind of language that was invented in ignorance of what constitutes the true dignity of man." "What is Nature itself," he inquires, "but a vast machine, in which our human species is no more than one weak spring!" Society then, and its supposed interests being the one rule of right and wrong, it is idle to talk of any natural rights of man. We are taught, in terms, that "the *only* reason for recognizing *any* supposed right or claim inherent in any man or body of men, other than what is expressly conferred by positive law, ever has been and still is, general utility," and we are referred to "Bentham, Austin, and Mill" as having "conclusively settled that." We are assured that "a natural right is a mere figment of the imagination," or what is apparently regarded as more heinous still, "a metaphysical entity." Do we venture to suggest that slavery, for example, may be considered as opposed to a man's natural right to freedom? No, we are told; the true objection to slavery is that it is opposed to the good of the community. Lord Sherbrooke, some years ago, affirmed that the principle of abstract right had never been admitted in England; a statement which implies, at the least, deficiency of information or shortness of memory. "If it is the sound English doctrine," observed Mr. Matthew Arnold, by way of comment on this text, "that all rights are created by law, and are based on expediency, and are alterable as the public advantage may require, certainly that orthodox doctrine is mine." *All* rights the creation of law! Well, well, it is always a pity when Mr. Arnold lays aside his garland and singing robes, and dallies with philosophy. But such an accomplished scholar might have remembered that the doctrine of which he thus makes solemn profession is precisely the doctrine of the ancient sophists so admirably refuted by Plato. Besides, he surely possesses some acquaintance with the language and literature of Germany. And the knowledge that the idea of *Naturrecht* is the very foundation of scientific jurisprudence in that country might have served to make him pause. However, there can be no question that the apostle of culture is here the mouthpiece of the vulgar belief that material power, the

force of numbers, furnishes the last reason of things and the sole organ of justice; a belief which finds practical expression in the political dogma that any "damned error" becomes right if a numerical majority of the male adult inhabitants in any country can be induced, by rhetoric and rigmarole, to bless it and approve it with their votes.

Now what are we to say of this new morality? The first thing which I shall take leave to say is that it is not moral at all. *Pace* Professor Huxley, I venture to assert that you can derive no ethical conception whatever from "the laws of comfort," that in mere physics there is no room for the idea of right. I say it for this reason—that the mechanical view of the universe offers no spiritual ground of existence, that out of it no true individual can "emerge." No one that I know of, with the exception of Mr. John Morley, praises or blames a machine. It is only in the organic sphere that an ethical principle can be found. View human life from the merely physical side, and force takes the place of right. The strongest are the best. They survive; they prove their goodness by surviving. And further than this the experimental sciences cannot bring us. In a world of mechanism, right is a meaningless word, for it has neither object nor subject. Again, I say that out of needs, personal or racial, out of the interest, whether of the individual or of the community, you cannot extract an atom of morality. For the first thing about the moral law, as about all law, is a sanction, an obligation. To labor for the good of humanity, to sacrifice my private gratification to the general welfare, may be an admirable rule if it comes to me in the name of Eternal Justice, or, which is really the same thing, in the name of God. Not so if it appeals to me in the name of utility. I ask what is useful for myself, for my own pleasure. Why should I not if man is merely a pleasurable animal? Do not mistake me. I grant that pleasure is a mighty spring of individual life. But I deny that it is the source of ethics. The only morality you can derive from it is the morality of money, for which pleasures, physical and intellectual, of all kinds, may be purchased: "*Divina humanaque pulchris divitiis parent*—Pleasure and pain govern the world," Bentham tells us. "It is for these two sovereign masters alone," he insists, "to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do." Well, surely the pleasure and pain which come home to the individual are his individual pleasure and pain. But they tell us "Our sole experimental and scientific criterion of human action—the greatest happiness of the greatest number—does carry with it an obligation. The precept really is: Work for the general advantage, for you will find your own advantage in doing so."

To this I reply, first, Where is the obligation, the binding tie?

In place of it you present me with nothing but a mere motive. And in the second place I observe that the proposition on which that motive is based is untenable. It is by no means universally true that in working for the general advantage I shall find my own. On the contrary, upon many occasions the general advantage points one way and my private advantage another. Nay, is it too much to say that my own private and personal advantage will seldom be identical with the general advantage in a world where the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest are primary laws? The truth is that the general advantage is an abstraction which concerns only the abstraction called humanity. If pleasure, happiness, good, is the criterion of action, it is pretty certain to mean in practice our own individual pleasure, happiness, good. Let us look at the old precept, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," in the light of the new morality. I present that injunction to a young man burning with a passion for a married woman. He replies, reasonably enough, "Why should I not commit adultery?" "Because it is for the general interest, which is, in truth, your own interest, that you should not. Don't you see, some day, when you marry, if you ever do marry, some one may commit adultery with your wife." "May! yes; I will run that risk. Meanwhile I shall enjoy the supreme pleasure of gratifying the strongest desire which I have ever experienced." The answer seems to me conclusive. If pleasure be the sanction of ethics, be assured an immediate and certain pleasure will be found a stronger sanction than a future and contingent pleasure. In fact, in any system of morals based on physics, the only criterion of right and wrong, in the long run, is force; the only reason for respecting the person or property of another is that he can compel respect for it. Yes; nothing remains but—

"The simple rule, the good old plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Physical laws give us mere facts. And the authority of a mere fact is its material force. You can no more extract morality from mere facts than sunbeams from cucumbers—perhaps less. But do we not speak of respecting facts? True. But the word "respect" here means only recognition; it implies no element of moral judgment. "Let us not fight against facts," says Euripides, "for we can do them no harm." We recognize, as prudent men, their character of necessity. And so we shape them to our ends. Far otherwise is it with the moral law. We discern in it not something that we can make serve us, but something which we must serve. It humiliates, it commands us; our respect for it is religious. There is a whole universe between mechanical necessity and ethical neces-

sity. Physical law says, "Given such and such antecedents, and such and such consequences follow." Moral law says, "From such circumstances such action ought to follow." Physical law declares, "This is how things are." Moral law declares, "This is how things ought to be." You cannot get that *ought* from a universe of observed facts, from an infinite series of experiences. "The word *ought*," Kant observes, "expresses a species of necessity which nature does not and cannot present to the mind of man. . . . The word, when we consider the course of nature, has neither application nor meaning." No. It belongs to another order. A fact is isolated and contingent. But the distinctive note of a moral principle is universal necessity, the inconceivability of the contrary. What commands my respect for another's claim is not the amount of brute force with which he can back it, but its justice. More, a primary note of justice is respect for weakness. "Nay, nay," it may be answered, "you forget the long education of public opinion. Do not its 'uniformities of approbation or disapprobation' furnish a sufficient account of morality?" No; they do not. It is not that I undervalue the ethical traditions which lie at the root of national character. So far as public opinion represents those traditions, it is a force of indubitable value for good. And so far it is an effect, not a cause. It is in no sense the creative principle of morality. Not majorities but minorities—usually very small minorities—are the "helpers and friends of mankind" on the path of ethical progress. How, in the absence of a perpetual miracle—which Dr. Bain, I suppose, does not postulate—how should it be otherwise, when we consider the units of which the majority is composed? Surely Goethe was not altogether unfounded when he wrote, "Nothing is more abhorrent to a reasonable man than an appeal to a majority, for it consists of a few strong men who lead, of knaves who temporize, of the feeble who are hangers on, and of the multitude who follow without the slightest idea of what they want." As a matter of fact, the highest moral acts which the world has witnessed have been performed in the very teeth of an uniformity of social disapprobation. A primary token of greatness in public life is to be absolutely unswayed by the "*ardor civium prava jubentium*." And pravity it is, as often as not, for which they clamor. Did Socrates, did Jesus Christ, found themselves upon the public opinion of the communities in which they lived? What a source for the motive or the sanction of the moral law!

But more; as I pointed out just now, the theories of Naturalism, one and all of them, held by the prophets of the new ethics, involve Determinism. The attempt to apply the laws of natural history to social relations issues, logically and inevitably, in the doctrine of complete moral irresponsibility. For moral obligation presupposes,

may, postulates, a certain freedom of the will. It is a necessity addressed to free activities; not, of course, absolutely free, but relatively—free in the mysterious depths of consciousness to choose between motives. “*Du kannst Mensch sein, weil du Mensch sein sollst.*” Here is the only ground of merit and demerit, the only sufficient justification of that penal legislation without which society could not hold together. Unless you admit free will and goodness in itself, absolute right and the possibility of choosing right, no reasonable theory of the criminal law is possible. View the malefactor merely in the light of physical science, and what you have to deal with is not a free agent responsible for the evil he has done, because he knew the wrong and might have refrained, but a temperament dominated by irresistible impulses, a machine urged to the fatal deed by cerebral reaction. If the murderer merely obeyed physiological fatality in slaying his victim, it is monstrous to punish him. Where there is no responsibility there is no guilt. “But his execution will deter others.” Deter others! Is that a sufficient reason for killing an innocent person? “But any punishment short of death, at all events, may be remedial.” How remedial, if Determinism is true? *Velle non discitur.* Such is the working of the new ethics in the sphere of criminal jurisprudence. Its influence throughout the whole of the public order cannot help being equally monstrous. It saps the idea of responsibility in individual consciences. Its cardinal principle is supplied by the maxim of Helvétius, taken in all its nudity and crudity, “*Tout devient légitime pour le salut publique.*” The maxim is absolutely unethical. It makes of justice, in Plato’s phrase, merely “the interest of the stronger.” “To do a great right do a little wrong.” No; “it may not be.” “The dictum, ‘All’s well that ends well,’” Kant excellently observes, “has no place in morals.” Morality is nothing if not absolute. It is nothing but a mere regulation of police in any system of philosophy, falsely so called, based solely upon the physical sciences, which are essentially relative.

In opposition to the teachers whose views we have been considering, I venture to think that there is a higher law than that which finds expression in the sterile formulas of Naturalism, a law which is not derived from the force of habit, from imitation, from human respect, from selfishness, personal or tribal, called, in the slipshod jargon of the day, “utility;” a law which, as Aquinas writes, is immutable truth, wherein every man shares who comes into the world. That old doctrine of Natural Right, now so contemptuously rejected as a chimera of the schools or an idol of the den, I hold to be a sound doctrine, and the only sure foundation of ethics and jurisprudence. I believe in the existence of justice anterior to all experience, and wholly independent of empirical deductions. I am

persuaded that the moral law exists apart from the ephemeral race of man; that it existed before that race came into being, and will exist after that race has vanished from the earth; that it is absolutely binding upon us, as upon the totality of existence; and that we possess an organon whereby we may discover it. I shall proceed to give my reasons for this faith that is in me, and without which human life would lose for me all its dignity and value. In what I am about to write I prescind entirely from all theological theories and religious symbols. I admit, or rather I insist, that morality is in a true sense independent. I mean this, that our intuitions of right and wrong are first principles anterior to all systems, just as are the intuitions of existence and of number. Now morality is a practical science. Its subject is man as he lives, moves, and has his being in the well-nigh infinite complexity of human relations. Its conclusions must, therefore, have to do with the concrete, the conditioned, for it is the science of human life. But then it views man transcendently—not only going beyond the facts of sense by means of our imaginative faculty, but grasping that spiritual substance which cannot fall within the range of physics. It is only in the light of the ideal atmosphere which envelops and penetrates our intellect, and which is the very breath of life to our spiritual being, that we can discern ethical principles. I very confidently affirm that the progress of the physical sciences has not in the least changed the moral conditions of human existence. And Mr. Huxley must pardon me if I say that when he informs the world that “natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover the law of conduct,” he does but darken counsel by words without knowledge. It would be as reasonable to assert that ethical knowledge affords an explanation of the common pump. There is this essential difference between the natural and the moral order, that physical science deals with facts, and the generalizations obtained from them by means of the principle—assumed but never proved—of the uniformity of nature, while ethical science starts from self-evident intuitions and categorical assertions. Thus its principles are, in the strictest sense, transcendental. Not to experience does the ethical “ought” appeal, but to the reason of things. It is founded not upon the physical, but upon the metaphysical; not the relative, but upon the absolute; not upon the phenomenal, but upon the noumenal. Not among the beggarly elements of the external universe, but in the inner world of consciousness, of volition, of finality, must we see the ultimate bases of right and duty. Yes; in its own sphere morality is autonomous. It is absolutely independent both of religious systems and of the physical sciences. It is a branch of what Leibnitz called *quædam perennis philosophia*—a universal meta-

physic which endures though "creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth sure;" though steam and electricity and dynamite revolutionize the external conditions of human life. Whether we call that philosophy natural, or intuitive, or traditional, certain it is that it embodies a number of first principles which are part of our intellectual heritage, and of which we may say in the words of the tragic poet, "They are from everlasting, and no man knows their birthplace." Among these are the ideas and principles which are creative of morality. The savage who does not in some way distinguish between right and wrong is not extant; and if he were, he would not be man, but something lower. There is, there can be, no new morality in the sense of new original principles. The conception of moral right was not absent from mankind before biology became a science, or until the Royal Society was founded; neither by any process of chemistry or physics can it be reduced to the attractions or repulsions of matter, or its presence detected by instruments, however fine. The rule of ethics is the natural and permanent revelation of reason. Let us see what that revelation is.

And first I must say that the Positivism, the Naturalism, the Materialism rampant in the present day appear to me to be in truth a great insurrection against reason. What is the most certain portion of all my knowledge? Surely it is this, that I—the thinking being—exist. In strictness all my knowledge is subjective. Of what is external to myself I know nothing except its potentiality. My knowledge of it, directly or indirectly, is dependent upon my sensations, which tell me, to some extent, its qualities, but do not tell me what it really is or whether it is anything if abstraction be made of its qualities. The forms of intuition and of rational induction supply a criterion of certitude infinitely transcending any afforded by what it is the custom to call "positive and verifiable experience." Now, as I have already insisted, the presence in our consciousness of the first principles of morality is an indubitable fact. As surely as I am conscious of myself so am I conscious of moral obligation. "There is," writes Turgot, "an instinct, a sentiment of what is good and right that Providence has engraven on all hearts, which is anterior to reason, and which leads the philosophers of all ages to the same fundamental principles of ethics." I am quite willing to leave "Providence"—the divine concept—out of the question here. I wish just now to go merely by the facts of our moral nature. And one of these facts—the primary one—is, I say, the sense of ethical obligation. Aristotle considered it the special attribute of man that he is a moral being, enjoying perception of good and evil, justice and injustice, and the like. It is the doctrine of the *Politics* that this marks man off from the rest of animate nature. We know now more than that great master knew concern-

ing the creatures inferior to man in the scale of being. For myself, I cannot deny the rudiments, at least, of the ethical sense to some of them, the raw material of the morality which is to be. I believe with Professor Huxley—and it is always a pleasure to agree with him—that “even the highest faculties of feeling and intellect begin to germinate in lower forms of life.” Nature appears to me a vast hierarchy of being, in which one order passes into another by gradations so fine as to require “larger, other eyes than ours” to trace them. Without thought—Reason—in the ground of things, this wide sphere of life is unintelligible to me. I hold with Kant that mere senseless mechanism is quite insufficient to explain organic products. With him, I regard the entire history of organic life as a process of development, brought about by the action of immaterial causes upon the forces and properties of matter. But unquestionably it is of man only that we can predicate consciousness in the full sense of the term. “Nature,” said Schelling, “sleeps in the plant, dreams in the animal, wakes in the man.” Everywhere throughout her vast domain we seem to see the striving after individuality. Everywhere there is, in some sort, a principle of unity, be it in the atom of the inorganic world, the cell in the lower vegetable forms, or the whole organism in the higher. The plant has life in itself. Is it conscious of that life? “For ’tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes.” So Wordsworth, soaring in the high reason of his fancies. Who shall say that he is wrong? But in the animal world we have a further development of individuality. The action of mechanism becomes less and less. Here is motion, self-originated; here is some degree of spontaneity; here is consciousness, imperfect, indeed, but extending we know not how far; here are psychical faculties well marked, however scantily developed; here is a certain accountableness. But in man we have more. Of him solely, I say, can consciousness be predicated in the full meaning of the word. He alone can recognize and will the creative thought of his being. He alone is free, for he exists for himself and not for another.* He alone in an individual in the completest sense. He is more; he is a person. Thing, individual, person —*ens*, *suppositum*, *hypostasis*, as the scholastics have it—these are the three degrees in the dynamic evolution of being. At what period in history the personality of man emerged, we know not. But assuredly, whenever the period was, his personality was due to the growth, side by side with sensuous and instinctive impulses, of another very different faculty, which gave him quite other grounds of action. That was the dawn of reason, which rendered man’s liberty possible, which enabled him to

* I need hardly say that I have before my mind the definition of freedom given by Aristotle in the *Metaphysics*, ἐλεύθερος ἄνθρωπος ὁ αὐτοῦ ἕνεκα καὶ μὴ ἄλλου ὄν.

become *potens sui*, master of his fate, by emancipating him from the yoke of instinct as no other animal is emancipated. A free volition is spontaneity in no degree subject to physical necessity. It may be truly called man's distinctive endowment, although the foreshadowings, the presentiments, the germs of it—*μυήματα τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ζωῆς*—may be found in the lower animals. It is the essence, the very form of his personality. It is the basis as of ethics, so of jurisprudence and of politics—which are, in truth, mere branches of ethics—according to the pregnant dictum of Hegel. The existence of free will is right. It is to personality that rights attach, and all rights imply correlative duties. You cannot predicate rights where you cannot predicate duties. Rights and duties spring up from the same essential ground of human nature. They are different aspects of one and the same thing. From each duty issues a right, the right to perform the duty, with precisely the same logical force and warrant as from necessity issues possibility. The power of willing right right, and the consciousness that he ought to will it, is a primary fact of man's nature. And this free volition, determined by the idea of good, is in itself a revelation of the moral law. The autonomy of the will is the object of that *lex perfecta libertatis*. "The ethical faculty," as we read in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, "enunciates laws which are imperative or objective laws of freedom."

Natural right, it is sometimes said, arises from the inalienable idea of the person in himself. The statement requires to be guarded. It is only in society that personality is realized, "*Unus, homo nullis homo.*" Hence that other dictum, which must be received with the like caution, that right is the offspring of civilization. True it is that right is not the attribute of man in Rousseau's "state of nature." The pre-civilized epoch in which that filthy dreamer sought his Utopia was in truth an epoch of the reign of force, of hideous cruelty, of cannibalism, of dirt unspeakable, of sexual promiscuity, of lying and hypocrisy. And such is the state which his doctrines tend to bring back. Unquestionably it is society alone that gives validity to right, for man is, in Aristotle's phrase, "a political animal." If we follow the historical method only, we must pronounce the birth-place of right to have been the family, from which civil polity has been developed. But if we view the matter ideally, we must say that the experience of the race is here merely an occasion, not a cause; it does not create, it merely reveals right. The social organism exhibits that which lies in the nature of man, deep down in the inmost recesses of his being, but which could never have come out of him in isolation. It is in history that the idea of right unfolds itself. It is in the fellowship of successive generations that the idea becomes increasingly realized as man becomes more ethical. For

man is not only "a political animal," he is also "a historical animal." And this it is, even more than the Aristotelian criterion, that marks him off from the rest of sentient existence. He is "made and moulded of things past." He is a part of all that his ancestors have been. Bygone generations are incarnate in him. He is a link between the civilization which has gone and the civilization to come. And what is civilization but the progressive realization by man of the end of his being, which end is ethical? Consider, on the one hand, the Red Indian who tortures his captive enemy, his untutored mind not doubting that he is merely exercising a right; and, on the other, contemplate John Howard on his "circumnavigation of charity," not counting his life dear so that he may redress the wrongs of criminals. Thus has the idea of right grown in the human conscience. But an idea, in the true sense of the word, it is. Its root is in the transcendental. All human rights are really but different aspects of that one great aboriginal right of man to belong to himself, to realize the idea of his being. In strictness, positive law does not make but merely recognizes and guarantees them. A Prætorian edict, an act of Parliament, is not their source but their channel. Our codes are merely formulas in which we endeavor, with greater or less success, to apply, in particular conditions of life and social environment, the dictates of that universal law which is absolute and eternal justice. This is, in Burke's magnificent language, "that great immutable, pre-existent law, prior to our devices and prior to all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir." This law, the great Roman orator had declared two thousand years before, "no nation can overthrow or annul: neither a senate nor a whole people can relieve us from its injunctions. It is the same in Athens and in Rome; the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." This is the law of which Hooker majestically proclaims, "Her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

"God is law, say the wise." In Him the moral order is eternally conceived, eternally realized. But the science of ethics leads to, does not start from, the divine concept. "If us, as know so little, can see a bit o' good and rights, we may be sure as there's a good and a rights bigger nor what we can know." So Mrs. Winthrop in *Silas Marner*; truly enough. The moral law is a natural revelation of an order of verities eternal, transcendental, noumenal. The correspondence of that law with the needs of our nature proclaims as with the voice of an archangel and the trump of God, that final causes are a necessary element in ethics. From the fact of moral

obligation we reason to its source in the Infinite and Eternal. It is a dictum of Leibnitz that the true way of proving the existence of God is to seek the reason of the existence for the universe, which is the totality of contingent things, in the substance which bears within itself the reason of its existence. The ephemeral race and the debile reason of man are among the most contingent forms of being. Only in the Self-Existent can a base be found for ethical ideas. The great legists to whom we owe the vast fabric of Roman jurisprudence knew this well. Hence their emphatic recognition of the transcendental foundation of private right. It was an expression of the august doctrine which they had learned from the philosophers of the Porch that universal reason governs the world; that the lives of men should be regulated by that supreme order which is justice in the soul, beauty in the body, and harmony in the spheres. But it is to the Founder of Christianity and the doctors of His religion—conspicuous among them the masters of the mediæval school—that the world owes the clearest, the most prevailing, the most cogent teaching as to the universality of right and the solidarity of mankind. Now this characteristic of universality is, I venture to think, the first and the most essential note of ethics. The theory of the moral law must be founded on reason. To make of it a mere deduction from experience is to perform a mortal operation upon it, is to reduce right and wrong to a question of temperament, of environment, of cuisine, of latitude and longitude. Kant knew this well. Hence the rule which he lays down for our conduct, the maxim by which we may try and test its ethical worth: Act so that the motive of thy will may always be equally valid as a principle of universal legislation. I do not say that this maxim is alone adequate as the fundamental thought of ethics. It may be open to the criticism that it is rather the uniform view of a criterion than the pregnant principle of morals. But, at all events, in its recognition of universality it is built upon the everlasting rock. What a change to turn from the ampler ether, the diviner air of this noble idealism, to the stifling empirical doctrine prevailing in our own country. I suppose that empiricism is due to the influence of Locke, whose reign is by no means over. There can be no question that his method if not his actual teaching does lead to empiricism. There can be as little that the moral philosophy of his disciple Paley is essentially empirical. Schopenhauer, in correction of a far greater thinker, observes that when Spinoza denies the existence of right apart from the State, he confounds the means for asserting right with right itself. This is unquestionably true. But the belief that human law can be the ultimate ground and the only measure of right appears upon the face of it so untenable that one is lost in wonder how it could possibly have obtained such credit. All right

the creation of positive law! The right to existence, for example? or the right of self-defence? or the right to use to the best advantage one's moral and spiritual faculties? Imagine a number of settlers in a new country before they have had time to frame a polity. Are they then devoid of these rights? Surely it is sufficient to ask such a question. But we are told that these rights arise from a contract express or implied. As a matter of fact society is not founded upon convention, although I allow a virtual compact whence is derived the binding obligation of laws regarding things in themselves indifferent. But if the rights which I have instanced exist at all—and in practice every one admits their existence—they possess universal validity. A contract may or may not be. It is contingent. But these rights must be. They are absolute. Right is founded on necessity. What is necessary and immutable cannot proceed from the accidental and changeable. To me it is evident, upon the testimony of reason itself, that there are certain rights of man which exist anterior to and independently of positive law, which do not arise *ex contractu* or *quasi ex contractu*, and which may properly be called natural, because they originate in the nature of things. And here let me express my regret at the scanty and uncertain treatment which this subject has received from one who is by common consent the most accomplished of English jurists. In his *Ancient Law*, Sir Henry Maine tells us that "the law of Nature" as the great Roman jurists conceived of it, "confused the past and the present;" that "logically it implied a state of nature which once had been regulated by natural law," while "for all practical purposes it was something belonging to the present, something entwined with existing institutions, something which could be distinguished from them by a competent observer." The law of nature, as I understand it, and as I believe the Roman jurists, following the great Hellenic philosophers from Aristotle downward, understood it, belongs to the domain of the ideal. It is the type to which positive law should endeavor, as far as may be, to approximate; but the approximation must vary indefinitely according to social conditions. I am well aware that what is noumenally true may be phenomenally false; that in the life of men, principles must be viewed not in the abstract but in the concrete, as embodied in actual facts and institutions. I quite agree with Sir Henry Maine that, in jurisprudence we must rigorously adhere to the historical method. But it also appears to me that the historical method alone is insufficient. Its conclusions must be tested, must be corrected by that reason which is the ultimate court of appeal. The law of nature is an expression of the nature of things in their ethical relations. The natural rights of man have an ideal—which means most real—value, as showing the goal to which society in

unison with individual efforts should tend. We live in a world of objects conditioned by ideas. A right is that one possession of the individual, with which, in virtue of the moral law, no power outside him can interfere. The office of positive law is to guard those rights. "The faculty of constraint," Kant says, "aims at the vindication of my natural rights by suppressing their violation." Positive law is the rule of reciprocal liberty, the guardian of the natural rights of the individual which are the rule of his liberty. The idea of personality is limited by the idea of solidarity. In the true social theory these ideas are reconciled, not abolished. For, *pace* Mr. John Morley, society, like the individual, is an organism, not a machine. Hence we may accept Kant's definition of freedom, "the rights of the individual so far as they do not conflict with the rights of other individuals." With this proviso it must be maintained that man is naturally free; that he has a natural right to the normal development and exercise of his various faculties, and therefore that he has a right to the means necessary to their development.

It appears to me of the utmost importance to insist upon these truths at the present day, when there is so strong and so growing a tendency in the popular mind to believe that virtue and duty, justice and injustice, are mere matters of convention; when for the eternal distinction between true and false, right and wrong, we are so peremptorily bidden to substitute the uncouth shibboleths of a sect of physicists. I had occasion, not long ago, to cite the well-known dictum, "The rights of man are in a middle." The printers were good enough to make of it, "The rights of man are in a muddle." In a muddle indeed! My object in this paper has been to let in, if possible, a little light upon the weltering chaos; to help my readers, in however small a degree, to give order and fixity to their conceptions upon social relations. But one is nothing in England if not what is called "practical." Your average Englishman does not care greatly whether there be a God or not, provided the price of stock does not fall. There is truth in Mr. Carlyle's account of him, that if you want to awaken his real beliefs, you must descend into "his stomach, purse, and the adjacent regions." Kant tells that a man has reason and understanding. Reason seems to have well-nigh departed from the British mind since the overthrow among us of the Aristotelian philosophy by Hobbes and Locke. I quoted, at the beginning of this paper, the statement, which seems to me quite correct, that Mr. Herbert Spencer is emphatically *the* philosopher of the present day in England and in America. No wonder. His is essentially what the French call a *raison d'épicier*, a grocer's intellect. He is most industrious, most precise, most conscientious, most clear when he chooses, within certain limits. But they are narrow limits, like the four walls of a shop. Of the vast horizons beyond,

he has no knowledge. "The vision and the faculty divine," essential to all philosophy worthy of the name, is not in him. His popularity is an emphatic testimony to the singular unidealism—I had almost written the congenital imbecility—of the English mind in respect of eternal and divine things. I suppose an effort should be made to heal it. But who is sufficient for these things? *Exoriare aliquis*. Meanwhile, in order to put myself in touch with the national sentiment, I shall point to two practical applications of this doctrine of right upon which I have been insisting; to its bearing upon the questions of political power and private property raised so imperiously by Democracy and Socialism. But I must do that in another paper.—W. S. LILLY, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

PARSEEISM AND BUDDHISM.

MANY of the more intelligent class of unbelievers refer to the religions of the East, such as Confucianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Parseeism, and Mohammedanism, as being so nearly on the same plane with Christianity that it is impossible to accept it to the exclusion of their claims. Without considering here the numerous marks by which the Catholic and divine religion is separated from all systems and creeds merely human, we may arm ourselves against cavils of this kind by a glance at the real character of two of the most vaunted of the great Oriental cults; not, however, condemning them with the hastiness of ignorance, but rather taking them in their most favorable aspect. It must be premised that all of these systems embody portions of the primitive traditions of the race, and are so far true and similar to the Catholic religion; but, on the other hand, they have two great evils, apart from the crowning one of their very existence outside the church's pale: first, the divine traditions are only partially retained, and are often so distorted and corrupted as to be nearly unrecognizable; and, second, their special claims have little or no logical foundation, and utterly vanish under a rigid application of the laws of evidence. We have here to consider the latter of these characteristics, referring only incidentally to the doctrinal features of the religions whose bases we examine.

Both of the names at the head of this article represent reformed religions which branched off from the ancient Brahmanical stock centuries before the birth of Christ. Zoroaster, about twelve centuries B.C., revived a pure monotheism which admitted no rival to the one Supreme Deity, not even Ahriman, who is far from holding the conspicuous place which is given him in the dualistic theology falsely attributed to the Zoroastrian or Parsee religion. Buddha,

seven hundred years later, founded an atheistic philosophy which denied the reality of all things, admitting neither immortality nor a soul to be immortal, neither an actual universe nor a God to create it. So the *devas*, or gods of the Brahmans, became the *divs*, or demons of the Parsees, and with the Buddhists degenerated into mere legendary beings or goblins, treated with contempt, and only carried about in puppet-shows as servants to Buddha.

The religion of Zoroaster, which more than once threatened to overspread the globe, is now of small extent. About seven thousand of the Parsees are to be found in the vicinity of Yezd, in their original country, Persia, but the principal part of them, now numbering only from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand, inhabit Bombay and a few other places in India. "The descendants of those who remained in Persia have gradually decreased in numbers and sunk in ignorance and poverty, though still preserving a reputation for honesty, chastity, industry, and obedience to law superior to that of the other Persians. The Parsees of India are considered a very superior people, and some of the wealthiest merchants of that country are numbered among them. Their religious tenets, too, are remarkably pure; and, contrary to popular notions, include neither dualism nor the worship of the elements. This then, may be taken as one of the best of Asiatic religions; and, fortunately, we have at hand a means of acquiring a very accurate knowledge of it. In addition to the investigations of European scholars we have from the pen of Dadabhai Naaraji, an enlightened Parsee of the priestly caste, two works, written some years ago while he was professor of Guzerati at the University College, London, and treating respectively of the manners and customs and of the religion of his people. All their sacred books and all their prayers are composed in the ancient Zend, and there is not, according to this unexceptionable authority, a single person among them, either priest or layman, who is able to read that language. "The whole religious education of a Parsee child consists in preparing by rote a certain number of prayers in Zend, without understanding a word of them; the knowledge of the doctrines of their religion being left to be picked up from casual conversation." Until about 1835 there was no book from which the doctrines of the Parsee religion could be gathered; but about that time a kind of a catechism was written in Guzerati, the popular language, with the view, it is said, of counteracting the influence of Christian missionaries. From this work we extract the following:

"Q. What is our religion?—A. Our religion is the worship of God.

"Q. Whence did we receive our religion?—A. God's true prophet—the true Zurthost Ashantamân Anashirwân—brought the religion to us from God.

"Q. What religion has our prophet brought us from God?—A. The disciples of our prophet have recorded in several books that religion. Many of these books were

destroyed during Alexander's conquest; the remainder of the books were preserved with great care and respect by the Sassanian kings. Of these again the greater portion were destroyed at the Mohammedan conquest by Khalif Omar, so that we have now very few books remaining—viz., the Vandidad, the Yazashné, the Visparad, the Khardeh Avesta, the Vistasp Nusk, and a few Pehlevi books. Resting our faith upon these few books, we now remain devoted to our good Mazdashna religion. We consider these books as heavenly books, because God sent the tidings of these books to us through the holy Zurthost."

It will be seen from this that the Parsee religion depends solely upon the interpretation of a few books, written in a language which is intelligible only to a handful of European scholars—who have deciphered it, after incalculable labor, during the present century—deriving their authority from their presumed conformity to the teachings of Zurdosht, or Zoroaster, who, as Max Müller observes, is considered, not a divine being nor even a son of God, but "simply a wise man, a prophet favored by God, and admitted into God's immediate presence; but all this on his own showing only, and without any supernatural credentials, except some few miracles recorded of him in books of doubtful authority."

Buddhism, though originating in India, has in that country, as well as in China, Tartary, and elsewhere, been greatly corrupted, and, in the course of its long and, in India itself, unsuccessful struggle with Brahmanism and other cults, has been in some cases badly confused with them and impregnated with their doctrines. It must be judged, however, by its own proper tenets, and by its state in Thibet and Ceylon, the northern and southern centres of the pure and ancient teaching. We need not give any special consideration to the paradoxical nihilism of its metaphysics, and it is also necessary to exclude the esoteric philosophy known to the initiated, which rests upon a different basis, and has a significance too profound and an affiliation too startling for it to be here unmasked. Even as an exoteric religion Buddhism has a special interest, on account of its aggressive character, and the fact that numbers of highly intelligent Americans and Europeans have recently given in their adhesion to it. It is possible that it may spread to an alarming extent in the near future.

"Various agencies—among them conspicuously the wide circulation of Mr. Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem, *The Light of Asia*—have created a sentiment in favor of Buddhistic philosophy which constantly gains strength. It seems to commend itself especially to free-thinkers of every shade of opinion. Three French gentlemen of high position, who recently visited Ceylon and made public profession of Buddhism by taking the 'Three Refuges' at Colombo and Galle temples, told the high-priest that the whole school of French Positivists were practically Buddhists and would not hesitate to follow the example set by themselves. And it is reported to the author [of Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*, whose preface we are quoting] by a Singhalese gentleman of high birth that the eminent Prof. Ernst Haeckel, in a conversation which occurred during his recent visit to Ceylon, told him that, so far as explained to him, the Buddhistic theory of the eternity of matter and force, and other particulars, were identical with the latest inductions of science." Col. Olcott adds: "This good opinion of Buddhism

must increase in strength among scientific men as its corruptions are cleared away, and the veritable teaching of the Lord Buddha is discovered."

Passing over the absurdity of speaking of the eternity of matter as an *induction* of science, and not stopping to reconcile this with the Buddhist metaphysics, these extracts show that the main strength of the system is in its general agreement with the rationalistic schools of European thought, to whose soul-starved votaries it offers a means of satisfying their innate spiritual cravings without conforming their lives to an inflexible code of morals, or bowing their intellects to the yoke of divine faith. There is, however, an absence of guarantees for its objective truth almost as complete as we have already noticed in the case of Parseeism. It is not said that any divine revelation was made to its founder; indeed, Buddhism knows no Supreme Being from whom to expect such a revelation.

Let us appeal to the latest and most reliable authority, and see what this greatest of Oriental cults, which claims to number within its ranks considerably more than a third of the human race, has to say of its own origin. Such an authority we find in the publication quoted above, *A Buddhist Catechism, according to the Canon of the Southern Church*, by Henry S. Olcott. This work "has been revised and criticised by a committee of 'elders' who are thoroughly orthodox Buddhists," and its correctness is vouched for by H. Sumangala, "High-Priest of the Sripada and Galle, and Principal of the Widyodaya Parwina," of Ceylon, and recommended by him for use in Buddhist schools. Up to the spring of 1885, 17,000 copies of it in Singhalese and 15,000 in Burmese have been distributed through the Buddhist homes and schools of Ceylon and Burmah. It has also been translated into the French, German, Japanese, Siamese, Tamil, and other languages. Being written by a European convert, and intended largely for circulation in Christian countries, it would naturally contain the strongest possible presentation of the case. Referring to the first American, from the fourteenth Singhalese, edition, edited by Prof. Elliott Coues, one of the most learned and talented of American scientists, we find that Gautama, Prince Siddârtha, the head of the Sâkya tribe, after seeking unsuccessfully through the Brahmans, and afterward by independent experiments, to attain to a knowledge "of the causes of sorrow and the nature of man," finally went one evening to the Bôdhi or Asvattha tree. We then read:—

" Q. 48. What did he do there?—A. He determined not to leave the spot until he attained the Buddhahip.

" Q. 49. At what side of the tree did he seat himself?—A. The side facing the east.

" Q. 50. What did he obtain that night?—A. The knowledge of his previous births, of the causes of re-birth, and of the way to extinguish desires. Just before the break of the next day his mind was entirely opened like the full-blown lotus-flower; the light of supreme knowledge, or the Four Truths, poured in upon him; he had become Buddha—the Enlightened, the All-knowing."

This is supplemented in questions 102 and 103 by the statement that the entire system of Buddhism came to his mind during this great meditation of forty-nine days under the Bô tree. Now, there is in the whole book not a single word of evidence that Gautama Buddha's experience was anything more than a delusion, and there seems to be actually no defence of the system possible, except on purely rational grounds as a body of philosophy, every element in which is to be accepted or rejected on its own merits. This is clearly stated in the *Catechism*:—

“Q. Are there any dogmas in Buddhism which we are required to accept on faith?—A. No; we are earnestly enjoined to accept nothing whatever on faith, whether it be written in books, handed down from our ancestors, or taught by the sages. Our Lord Buddha has said that we must not believe a thing said merely because it is said; nor traditions because they have been handed down from antiquity; nor rumors, as such; nor writings by sages because sages wrote them; nor fancies, that we may suspect to have been inspired in us by a deva; nor for inferences drawn from some hap-hazard assumption we may have made; nor because of what seems an analogical necessity; nor on the mere authority of our teachers or masters. But we are to believe when the writing, doctrine, or saying is corroborated by reason and consciousness.”

Of the Sacred books, the Tripitikas, the answers to questions 94 and 97 show that, though they are revered “as containing all the parts of the Most Excellent Law, by the knowing of which man can save himself [from the miseries of existence and of re-births, Q. 64],” they are not considered to be inspired.

The Four Truths referred to above are the summing-up of the whole system on its practical side. These are enumerated by Col. Olcott, but are more clearly stated by Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire in the following language: “1. Pain is the inevitable heritage of man in life; 2. The cause of pain arises from acts, activity, desires, passions, and faults; 3. Pain for man may cease forever through Nirvana; 4. The way to reach this final end of pain is that taught by Buddha.” The same author, who is the foremost of the scientific students of Buddhism, explains, on the authority of the sacred books and the modern priesthood, that “Nirvana had for Buddha no other meaning than nothingness, from which man never returns because he no longer exists.” The way taught by Buddha consists in “complete conquest over and destruction of this eager thirst for life and pleasures, which cause sorrow” (Q. 61), and this conquest is attained by following certain prescribed rules of thought and conduct. The whole is based upon what looks very much like what the Lord Buddha calls a “hap-hazard assumption” of the transmigration of souls (or, less incorrectly, metempsychosis), which no Buddhist seems to dream of either questioning or attempting to prove, and which is unprovable on account of the admitted fact that there is ordinarily not the slightest recollection of the events of any former passage through earth-life.

One who stands within the temple of Catholic Truth, with its

broad and mighty foundations under his feet, its beautiful and radiant domes above him, and the serene influence within his breast of the unspeakable Presence by which it is pervaded, will not fail in properly characterizing such a system, which teaches (Q. 128) "goodness without a God; a continued existence without what goes by the name of 'soul;' happiness without an objective heaven; a method of salvation without any vicarious Saviour; a redemption by one's self as the redeemer, and without rites, prayers, penances, priests, or intercessory saints; and a *summum bonum* attainable in this life and in this world." When we see on what slight grounds are built these mighty Babels of human pride, we realize how true is that bold assertion of Donoso Cortes that there has been established since the prevarication of man, between the truth and human reason—

"A lasting repugnance and an invincible repulsion. . . . On the contrary, between human reason and the absurd there is a secret affinity and a close relationship. Sin has united them with the bond of indissoluble matrimony. The absurd triumphs over man precisely because it is devoid of all rights anterior and superior to human reason. Man accepts it precisely because it comes naked; because, being devoid of rights, it has no pretensions. His will accepts it because it is the offspring of his understanding, and his understanding takes delight in it because it is its own offspring, its own *verbum*, because it is a living testimony of its creative power. In the act of its creation man is like unto God and calls himself God. And if he be God, like unto God, in man's estimation all else is nothing. What matters it that the other be the God of truth, if he is himself the God of the absurd? At least he will be independent like God, he will be sovereign like God; by adoring his own production he will adore himself; by magnifying it he will be the magnifier of himself."

—MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, in *The Catholic World*.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF AN OYSTER.

THAT most charming naturalist and genial observer of all things animate, Frank Buckland, used to say that oysters, like horses, have their points. He tells us that—

"The points of an oyster are, first the shape, which to be perfect should resemble very much the petal of a rose-leaf. Next, the thickness of the shell; a first-class thoroughbred native* should have a shell of the tenuity of thin china or a Japanese tea-cup. It should also have an almost metallic ring, and a peculiar opalescent lustre on the inner side; the hollow for the animal of the oyster should be as much like an egg-cup as possible. Lastly, the flesh itself should be white and firm, and nut-like in taste. It is by taking the average proportion of meat to shell that oysters should be critically judged. The oysters at the head of the list are of course 'natives;' the proportion of a well-fed native is one-fourth meat. The nearest approach to natives, both in beauty and fatness, are the oysters of Milford in South Wales. The deep-sea oysters, such as the white-faced things dredged up in the Channel between England and France, are one-tenth meat; while the very worst are some Frenchmen, which are as thin and meager as French pigs."

* "Natives" are oysters artificially reared, those found naturally being termed "sea oysters."

Such are some points of an oyster. But we nineteenth-century mortals have but little time to observe and consider all the points of even such things as lie very near to our hearts (I speak anatomically, of course)—things fit for digestion. I have no doubt that by some, perhaps many of my readers, the “petal of a rose-leaf” and the “Japanese tea-cup” will be dismissed as mere poetry, and that for them the philosophy of oysters may be summed up in the one statement, “the flesh should be white and firm and nut-like in taste;” that is if *nut-like* expresses with any due adequacy so pure and concentrated a relish. It is perhaps well for us that we are able thus to seize upon the points of real vital importance, and to eschew those which do not immediately concern us. We sit down to dinner and swallow our oysters without any idea of how they came to be raised, and without realizing, perhaps without knowing, that they are complex organized creatures instinct with life and motion.

Motion? Yes, motion. As I write there lies before me tastefully disposed on its natural dish an oyster in the form in which it glads the sight of hungry mortals when they have taken their seats at table. With fine scissors I snip off a delicate slice of the so-called “beard” which constitutes the oyster’s gills; and this slice I place on a glass slip, covering it with a thin glass dish, and then transferring it to the stage of my microscope. Would that you could see the trembling, quivering, glancing life that is thus disclosed. The field of the microscope is occupied by the yellowish translucent material of which the gill is constructed. Across it run a number of closely set parallel bars, and here and there between the bars is an elongated slit. Each slit is the centre of a little living whirlpool; for the edges of the bars that bound it carry a vast number of delicate microscopic translucent hairs which are waving to and fro in ceaseless motion. The waves travel in one direction down one side of the slit and in the opposite direction up the other side of the slit. Hence the appearance of an elongated living whirlpool. In the eight or ten square inches of gill-surface there must be tens of thousands of these trembling life-whirlpools, all of which you suddenly engulf, with a gentle smothered smack of the lips.

“I suppose,” says Professor Huxley, “that when the sapid and slippery morsel—which is and is gone, like a flash of gustatory summer lightning—glides along the palate, few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery (and going machinery too) greatly more complicated than a watch.” All that I propose to do here is to say a few words suitable for those who do not like to be altogether ignorant of such matters, but have neither the time nor the inclination to be fully instructed, on the life-history of the oyster from its birth to its descent into the eager and expectant tomb. I would that I could induce each one of my readers to ex-

amine an oyster. I am not asking him to dissect it. All that is necessary is to turn over its parts with a toothpick.

First let him notice, before the oyster is opened, how tightly the two valves of the shell are closed. An oyster, if the shell be not chipped or otherwise injured, may live for two months or more out of water, especially if it be placed with the hinge uppermost. The water within the shell is thus retained in the most favorable position for keeping the gills moist. But if the shell be chipped, the water drains away or evaporates, and the creature dies.

The opening of an oyster, like many another apparently simple operation, requires some skill and is based upon previous knowledge. The hollow between the valves of the shell is occupied by the living mollusk. From valve to valve there passes a powerful muscle, the scar of the attachment of which is readily seen near the center of the inner face of an empty shell. It is by means of this muscle that the oyster closes its valves with such a firm grip. To open the oyster it is necessary to skillfully insert a strong flat knife between the living mollusk and its shell, and to cut the muscle close to its point of attachment. When this is done, the shell gapes about half an inch through the action of an elastic cushion near the hinge, which when the shell is closed is in a state of compression, but which when the oyster dies and the muscle relaxes, or when the muscle is severed, serves by its elasticity to force the shell agape.

When the oyster has been opened and the valve of the shell has been removed, the following points about its structure may be readily made out, and all the more readily if it be placed in a soup-plate of water. In the first place, the mollusk will perhaps not occupy the whole surface of the shell. This is due to severe muscular spasms consequent to the shock its system has recently undergone. But in the living state, closely applied to the whole of the interior of the two valves, are the two lobes of the mantle, which are given off from the body as thin layers of fleshy substance, the edges of which are thickened and bear a coarse reddish-brown or dusky fringe. In the contracted mollusk, as it lies in the shell before us, the mantle-lobes may be recognized by their fringed edges.

Our next task is to find out which is head and which is tail in our oyster; or rather—since it hath neither head nor tail—its top and bottom, its front and rear. The hinge is at the top, the valves of the shell on either side. The oyster usually rests on its larger and more convex left valve, so that, like a flounder, it lies on its side. The hinder margin of the shell is usually somewhat straighter than its anterior edge. This and the shape of the shell will generally serve to distinguish right from left and front from back. But the front of the contained mollusk itself may readily be distinguished from its rear by the sickle-shaped gills, four in number, which curve

round in front of the body, and lie between the mantle-lobes. The gills are often spoken of as the "beard." And in addition to this fleshy beard there is also a kind of fleshy mustache, consisting of two flaps on each side arising from the corners of the wide slit-like mouth, which must be sought in front, beneath a sort of hood under the hinge. It lies in the vestibule—a cavity which extends for some distance above the body. The mouth leads into a coiled alimentary canal which terminates just above the hinder end of the sickle-shaped gills in another large chamber. The observer will have no difficulty in recognizing the curved gills with their delicate radiating striations, will readily find the vestibule and mouth at their upper ends, and may pass his toothpick into the large posterior chamber which runs along the whole length of their inner edges, communicating with the tubes of their somewhat spongy substance, and opening widely beneath and behind the body.

We have seen that on the sides of the gills and around the microscopic slits by which they are pierced, there are myriads of delicate, translucent hairs continually lashing the water. Upon the activity of these hairs the oyster depends for food, for oxygen, for very life. At first sight the oyster would seem to be in bad case. It is fixed and sedentary all its adult life. Its ancestors had indeed, like most bivalve mollusks that now exist, a fleshy foot projecting between the inner gill-plates, by means of which they could perform some sort of sluggish motion. But through lazy and sedentary habits the oyster tribe has lost, or well-nigh lost, this foot; the oyster has literally one foot—and that its only one—in the grave. This, however, is no very great disadvantage, for though the cockle is able to hop with some effect, the monopodal progression of mollusks would give them but a lame chance of a livelihood had they no other method of capturing their prey. The food of the oyster consists of such microscopic organisms and organic particles as float freely in the water. By the lashing of the invisible gill-hairs a current of water is set up which partly sweeps upward along the gill-plates to the vestibule, and partly passes in at the slit-like gill-meshes, and thus through their spongy and tubular structure into the posterior chamber. Thus through the edges of the shell, and between the mouth margins, a constant current passes inward; while an equally constant current passes outward through the posterior chamber. The blood in the gills is thus aerated; the ejecta from the alimentary canal (and also the kidney) are swept out; and at the same time food-bearing water is carried to the vestibule where the myriad transparent hairs which cover the "mustaches" sweep the unsuspecting minutiae into the slit-like mouth.

I often wonder whether so tasty a morsel as the oyster itself possesses a sense of taste. Were Nature just, this sense should be

well developed. One would fain hope that our sapid friend's fleshy mustaches may minister to taste; that for him too there may be some gleams of "gustatory summer lightning." As a hope, however, it must remain: there is no conclusive evidence that the oyster possesses a sense of taste. Indeed it does not appear that Nature has been in any way lavish toward the oyster, in the matter of sensory endowments. Its sense of hearing has gone along with the foot, in which organ the auditory sac is lodged in less sedentary mollusks. Smell, or rather some sense by means of which it can test the incoming water, it may have. A sense of touch, distributed especially, it may be, along the mantle-fringe, is undoubtedly present. There are no eyes; but the dusky-colored mantle-fringe is probably vaguely sensitive to light. For when the shadow of an approaching boat is thrown on to a bed of oysters they are said to close their valves before any undulation of the water can have reached them. I have not been able to glean any anecdotes of the intelligence of oysters. The most favorable report I can give is from the pages of the Rev. W. Bingley's *Animal Biography*:—

"The oyster has been represented, by many authors, as an animal destitute not only of motion, but of every species of sensation. It is able, however, to perform movements which are perfectly consonant to its wants, to the dangers it apprehends, and to the enemies by which it is attacked. Instead of being destitute of sensation, oysters are even capable of deriving some knowledge from experience. When removed from situations that are constantly covered with the sea, they open their shells, lose their water, and die in a few days. But when taken from similar situations, and laid down in places from which the sea occasionally retires, they feel the effect of the sun's rays, or of the cold air, or perhaps apprehend the attacks of enemies, and accordingly learn to keep their shells close till the tide returns."

From this it would seem that if an oyster be left high and dry he briefly considers his situation: if he deems it probable that the tide will rise and again submerge him, he shuts his shell and determines to hold out as long as he can. But if he thinks there is no chance of the tide's returning he gives way to despair, opens his valves, and dies. As to his facts, however, Mr. Bingley seems to be right. Just as some fresh-water organisms may be gradually accustomed to water with a greater and greater amount of salt, until they can live in sea-water which would have killed them had they been suddenly placed in it, so may oysters be gradually accustomed to a longer and longer exposure to the air without gaping. And this fact is turned to practical account in the so-called oyster-schools of France. But on the amount of intelligence involved in the process I leave others to speculate; for I am terribly skeptical of our ever attaining to much knowledge of molluscan psychology.

During the summer months oysters become "sick," and are then out of season. But the sickness is not unto death but unto life. For if a sick oyster be examined, the mantle-cavity and the inter-

spaces between the gills will be found to be packed with a granular slimy substance, known to fishermen as "white spat," and disclosed under the microscope of the naturalist as a teeming mass of developing eggs. As development proceeds, the granules become colored, and the fishermen then call them "black spat." Frank Buckland likens the spat in his condition to very fine slatepencil-dust; and he found from experiment that the number of developing eggs in an oyster varies from 276,000 to 829,000. He says:—

"One fine hot day the mother-oyster opens her shell, and the young escape from it in a cloud, which may be compared to a puff of smoke from a railway engine on a still morning. Each little oyster is provided at birth with swimming organs, composed of delicate cilia, and by means of these the little rascal begins to play about the moment he leaves his mother's shell."

The "little rascal" in some respects resembles and in other respects differs from its mother. It resembles its mother in having a shell of two valves, but the valves are smooth and transparent as glass; symmetrical, and united by a straight hinge. The mouth, which as yet of course has no mustache, is large and opposite the hinge. There are no gills. The shell is closed by a muscle similar in function to that of the mother, but different in position. But the most noticeable point of difference between the little rascal and its mother is the possession of an oval cushion projecting between the edges of the valves, and bearing on its edges the delicate swimming hairs by which the little embryo mollusk propels itself through the water amid its myriad companions, and enjoys for a while a vigorous and active life. By means of special muscles, the cushion with its swimming-hairs may be withdrawn into the shell, whereupon the oyster sinks.

It is pleasant to think that even the sedate and sedentary native enjoys, if only for a few days, an active, frisky, mischievous boyhood. In this it resembles the vast majority of bivalve mollusks. Our oyster is indeed peculiar in affording any protection to its young. Most bivalves, and even such near relations as the Portuguese oyster and the American oyster, are cast adrift so soon as they are born, and undergo no period of incubation beneath the mantle-wing of the mother. A curious example of a somewhat similar protection is afforded by the fresh-water mussel. The eggs in this case become lodged in the chambers of the outer gills. Here they develop into embryos so unlike the parent that they used to be regarded as parasites. They are minute bivalve shells, with triangular valves. The hinge runs along the base of the triangle, while the apex is curved round into a strong toothed beak. The small fry remain for a long time in the gill of the parent, the neighborhood of fish such as perch or sticklebacks seeming to have some influence in determining their ejection. They then swim by flapping

their valves, and ere long attach themselves, by fine threads with which they are provided, to one of the fish, and hang there, snapping their valves until they bury them in the skin of the fish. Becoming thus enveloped in the skin they there undergo a complete metamorphosis, by which they are converted into tiny mussels which are set free and drop to the bottom. This, in the case of the mussel, is Nature's provision for the preservation of the race. Were the fry hatched as free-swimming embryos, they would inevitably be swept away by the seaward current of the river, and the mussel, as a fresh-water race, would be unable to maintain its existence.

The existence of the adult oyster is not altogether free from danger. What with sponges tunneling in their shells, dog-whelks boring neat holes and sucking their sapid juices, and artful starfishes waiting for them to gape, and then inserting insidious fingers, they have rather a lively time of it. But the short active life of the oyster-fry is beset with yet greater dangers. It is a sensitive little thing, and succumbs to the cold of inclement seasons. It is also a tasty little morsel, and is greedily swallowed by any marine monster that has a big enough mouth—for there are epicures in plenty among the marines. And when, tired of the giddy dance of youth, he would fain settle down into sedate and sedentary bearded oysterhood, it is but too probable that the inexorable tides and currents—of the very existence of which he, like many another gay youngster, was doubtless ignorant—have swept him out into the deep sea, or to some uncongenial spot, where he is choked so soon as he endeavors to settle.

The settlement of young oysters is spoken of by the fishermen and oysters farmers as a "fall of spat." It is part of the business of oyster-culture to collect the spat, which may then be transferred to some locality especially fitted for the growth and fattening of the young mollusks. For this purpose tiles are employed, covered with a layer of chalk, which is afterward easily removed, together with the young oysters adhering to it. These are placed on the bottom. But they are apt to get covered with slime, or to lose the roughness of their surface, and thus to become unsuitable for the reception of the spat. To obviate this difficulty floating collectors are now in some places employed. These are moored near the surface where the oyster-fry disport themselves before their shells become so thick as to weigh them down. Floating cars or frames containing seed-oysters are also sometimes employed with considerable success.

When they first settle, and adhere to the tiles and collectors, or to the gravel, dead-shells, etc., which form the natural collecting medium (or "culch," as it is termed), they are very minute. But they grow rapidly, and in six or eight months attain the size of a threepenny-piece, when they are known as "brood." The diameter

of an oyster at two years is about two inches; another inch is added in the third year; after which the growth is much less rapid. As a rule, the oyster does not attain its majority until the third or fourth year, and produces the greatest quantity of spat from the fourth to the seventh year. The spatting season usually commences in May, but depends much on the temperature, being deferred till a later period in a cold season. In a warm lake on the south coast of Sweden—which forms a natural hothouse for oyster-culture—oysters are found to contain ripe spat as early as the end of March. The spatting season may continue until the end of September. And one of the most curious facts in the natural history of the oyster is this: that so soon as she has laid her eggs the mother-oyster changes her sex and becomes a male. Whether this change of sex takes place several times in a season, and if so, how often, is not known. It is a curious arrangement: but, depend upon it, it has not been instituted by Nature without a purpose.—PROF. C. LLOYD MORGAN, in *Murray's Magazine*.

WEATHER CHANGES.

No subject is so much talked about and so little understood as the weather. Men are still to be found of excellent education in other respects who connect change of weather with the phases of the moon, and consult their almanacs for rain or fine weather with all the credulousness of Zadkiel. These empirics swear, it may be, by the Shepherd of Banbury, and eagerly watch, like him, in what direction a sheep looks when it first rises, or whether a swallow flies low or high. Others observe the barometer, and perhaps register its figures; but are so little acquainted with the conditions of weather that when the glass rises during rain (owing to the observer being in front of a cyclone) they are inclined to doubt the sanity of their oracle, and to follow the old gentleman's example who, under such circumstances, opened the window and flung his barometer out on the lawn, exclaiming, "Perhaps you will now believe that it does rain!" Yet a third group of the unscientific weather-wise revel in statistics of rainfall, forgetting that these can only show the climate, not prognosticate the weather of any locality, which is due to the distribution of surrounding pressure. To obtain a knowledge of this it is necessary to search the daily charts issued by the Meteorological Office; and to peruse them to advantage the student must be well acquainted with the exact meanings of isobars, anticyclones and hemicyclones, cols, depressions, and gradients. This is one branch of his subject on which Mr. Abercrombie in his *Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day*, be-

stows much care. Then he explains the character and value of variations—how diurnal variation modifies but never alters the general character of the weather. Thus his readers are conducted to the methods of forecasting which are at present in vogue.

First, are pointed out what helps a "plain man," as Macaulay called an ordinary man of common-sense, has besides his senses to warn him of storms ahead; next the extended wisdom of the public meteorologist is estimated, of him who in his office receives periodical barograms from the Atlantic, puts together synoptic charts, and adds his own knowledge of the nature of the weather and the motion of depressions in his district. Thus, feeling the pulse, as it were, of the approaching weather, the modern scientific meteorologist issues his forecasts, and, it may be, saves much valuable property and many still more valuable lives, appearing to rival Jupiter or Æolus in his power over the winds and waves. An exhaustive treatise on modern meteorology has long been desired, and Mr. Abercrombie has herein done his best to supply it. It will not only satisfy the needs of the student; but, as enabling them to appreciate the information supplied to the papers each morning by the Meteorological Department, seafaring men, farmers, and country gentlemen will find their account in reading this book.

After some paragraphs on the use of synoptic charts, the author explains with useful diagrams the seven fundamental shapes of isobars—lines of equal atmospheric pressure—on the due consideration of which, in juxtaposition with the diurnal influences of the observer's locality, all true prognostication of weather is founded, according to modern meteorologists. An excellent chapter on clouds succeeds, paying especial attention to the cirrus. Following Ley, Mr. Abercrombie attaches especial importance to this form of cloud when considered in reference to its surroundings; indeed, "the most valuable addition of recent times to weather-lore is undoubtedly in the methodical observation of cirrus clouds." In short, with one eye on the clouds and the other on his barometer, even if unaided by telegraphic messages, an observer can, after a somewhat empiric fashion, forecast his own weather fairly well. The author generally points out the grain of scientific truth which frequently underlies popular weather proverbs; and it is amusing to hear with what gravity he draws deductions from the fact of the scalps taken by the New Mexican Indians growing damp before rain. "From this," he says, "we may assume that scalps are slightly hygroscopic, probably from the salt which they contain." It is matter of the commonest observation that all hair becomes damp before rain.

The more advanced chapters of the book give instances of cyclones with their interpretation from barograms, and explain the importance from a national point of view of careful and successive meteo-

grams for any useful weather prognostication. The influences of heat and cold, of wind and storms, upon the climate of any place as well as upon the weather to be expected, are elucidated, and by the aid of figures, synoptical charts, and meteograms, made clear to the most ordinary understanding. There are two good chapters on the local and diurnal variation of weather, after perusing which, the reader should be able, not only to estimate the factors which make up the weather in his own locality, but also the data required for national forecasting. This is mainly a question of money to procure a succession of barometrical readings, and of skilled observers who can read these barograms with a careful eye to local and diurnal variation around them. Meteorology is certainly not at present (although its students hope it is always drawing nearer to it) an exact science. The best prognostics are liable to disturbing influences, which have not been taken into account. Only a percentage of forecasts can reasonably be expected to turn out correct. A much larger percentage, however, when thus scientifically calculated, is claimed as correct by modern meteorologists than would be the case were the weather merely estimated empirically, and, as it were, by rule of thumb. "Natural aptitude, and the experience of many years' study, are" still "the qualifications of a successful forecaster."

How completely weather can upset calculations was curiously shown when we were reading this book. Throughout autumn the prevailing tone of British weather had been persistently anticyclonic. On the evening of October 21 the conditions were threatening, and the cone was hoisted for a southerly gale in some of the districts. On the next day (Saturday), however, the barometer rose, and some improvement in the weather was manifest. But that evening a cyclone was brewing at the mouth of the Channel and traveling eastward at a great rate; the barometer fell rapidly, and a gale speedily swept over the Channel Islands and the southern coast of England, fraught with some loss of life and much damage to shipping. It has been pointed out that for rapidity of formation and motion very few parallels to this gale exist. It has been compared to those of October 23, 1883, and of November 1, 1872. The swiftness of the career of these gales was so great that they did not allow time for mariners to get out of their way. Unless the officials at the Meteorological Office had been at their posts all night, and been furnished with frequent telegrams of the weather in the southwest, it would have been impossible to forecast these gales. In short, if government is to do its duty by our seafaring population, in order to insure reasonable correctness in the weather forecasts, more money must be expended. Whether it is worth while doing so may be judged from the consideration that not property so much as lives are at stake.—M. G. WATKINS, in *The Academy*.

SOME AMERICANISMS.

It is not affectation or mere pedantry to speak of the American language, for it is becoming more and more distinct, not only in matters of pronunciation and in colloquial phrases, but in the novel meanings attached to many old words, and in the fertile invention of new words. Our American cousins not infrequently express themselves as employing our common language in a way superior to the English, and doubtless the insular pronunciation, with its rising inflections, sound as peculiar to them as the more or less nasal twang—if the gentle criticism may be ventured—and the falling inflection sound to us.

Not that uniformity prevails throughout the wide area of the United States. There are marked provincialisms, as is the case with different districts in Great Britain, so that a "down-Easter" from Maine, or the typical "Yankee," or the resident in the Great West differ from each other in this respect, while all of them are unlike the drawl common in the South. In the older communities there are, of course, to be found many refined and truly cultured persons, to whose conversation it is a pleasure to listen, and who reveal in phraseology and intonation nothing of what are usually understood as Americanisms. It must also be cheerfully admitted that average people in the United States speak with much greater ease and appropriateness than persons of a corresponding position and education in England. This is to be accounted for partly by the system of recitations pursued in the schools, and partly by the social freedom which permits ready talk on almost every subject.

Without drawing undue refinements by way of distinction, and without insisting upon local and accidental peculiarities, and especially without indulging in hypercriticism or ridicule, it may be interesting to indicate some of the meanings in which familiar words are used across the water, and to explain some of the modern phrases which are continually being devised as additions to the received vocabulary.

An ordinary dictionary does not define the peculiar terms and idioms commonly used by Americans. They can be understood, although they prefer to place the accent on the penultimate syllable of "observatory" or "conservatory," or when they make "vase" rhyme with "case," or when they contract "cannot" into "can't," a sound exactly like that of Kant, the German metaphysician. They prefer to say "Italian" and "na'tional," and to pronounce "schedule" as if it were "skedule," and to call the last letter of the alphabet "zee," and to spell certain words in a way peculiar to

themselves, as "meager," "scepter," "center," "traveler," "unequaled," "plow," "develop," "skepticism," "defense," "offense," "wagon," "check" (a draft on a banker), and many others that might be cited. Public speakers often place undue emphasis upon the articles *a* and *the*, particularly on the former, which is made to sound like "ay," thus giving it undue prominence and an odd effect before the noun.

Young ladies are much addicted to the use of the word "verra," as they pronounce "very," and they describe themselves as "mad" when they are slightly vexed; and while they would on no account mention "legs"—which are always "limbs"—they describe all insects under the generic name of "bug;" but the leg of a fowl is the "second wing." Young ladydom also uses the word "awful" for "very" in the Eastern and Middle States, where "awful hungry," "awful handsome," and so on, are continually heard. When she is about to adorn herself, or to trim a bonnet or some article of dress, she says that she will "fix herself" or "fix it up;" but the same word is used in connection with meals, as "tea and fixings;" or if a guest is in doubt over the bill of fare, the waiter will probably say, "I'll fix you," and he then brings a varied and numerous assortment of dishes.

Other words are employed in a novel or an exaggerated sense. A jug or mug, however small, is a "pitcher;" wood, sawn into planks, is "lumber;" when a man states, "I feel bad," he refers, not to moral depravity, but to the state of his health, just as "I feel good" means that he is well and happy. "Big" is used not only for size, but as descriptive of quality, and, in a vulgar sense, of persons of supposed consequence, as "big bugs." "Biscuit" is synonymous with hot rolls, in which most Americans indulge twice a day, and then wonder that they suffer from indigestion; whereas "crackers" are what English people usually understand as biscuits. "Real," or "clear," or "true grit," refers to a person of superior worth or genuineness, as distinguished from one inferior, who is only "chaff." These words evidently come from the miller, as "dough-face" may be traced to the baker; meaning, a man easily moved to change his opinion, and who can be moulded, like dough, to any shape. "Back" is often used instead of "ago;" as "That was a long time back." "Beautiful," and "elegant" are much misused terms, being often applied indiscriminately to anything good, pleasing, or even tasty. "Convenient" has assumed a new meaning, and refers to what is near at hand or within easy reach; thus, a farm is advertised as "having wood and water convenient to the house." "Cute," instead of "acute," has become almost a distinct word, being stronger in its peculiar meaning than the original, and is one of the most expressive Americanisms of the day. "Dirt" is

generally used for earth, or soil, and "rag" for any piece of linen or cotton cloth. "Dress" has almost superseded the word "gown," as part of a lady's costume, and the upper portion, or "body," as it is termed in England, is the "waist" in America. Instead of "leading article" in a newspaper, "editorial" is always used. "Hoarding" is never applied to a wooden inclosure—which is always "fence"—but only to accumulating money. "Housekeep," as a verb, has firmly established itself in American speech. A letter or newspaper is not posted, but "mailed." Such a term as "nasty weather" is never heard; and the adjective itself always denotes something disgusting in point of smell, taste, or even moral character, and is never heard in the presence of ladies; but "nice" is used with great freedom, and with wide and varied meanings. The pavement of a street is always called the "sidewalk." The American substitute for "braces" is "suspenders," a delicate improvement upon the older word "gallowses," common in New England.

Surpassing others in ability is often expressed by the word "whip;" and the phrase, "That whips all creation," is well known. "Few" is used in the sense of "little," as, "I was astonished a few;" and in like manner a man will say that he has "heard considerable" of a person. Prepositions are employed in what at first seem odd meanings, and yet in many cases they are strictly appropriate, such as "on the street;" or a letter written "over his signature." In the South, members are elected to sit "in the legislature." A common phrase is that "he arrived on time." But it sounds strange to hear of a field "planted to corn;" or the phrase "at the north;" or "to be sold at auction." "In" is used for "into" very generally. "Nor" is frequently substituted for "than;" and "outside" for "beside," or "except," as "Outside the Secretary of War, no one knew of the transaction."

As might be expected, certain words which originated as vulgarisms, and which are even now never heard in good society, yet find places in colloquial speech, because of their expressiveness, arising, perhaps, more from the sound than the precise signification. Among these are "absquatulate" and "skedaddle," in the sense of running away; and "all to smash," for an utter wreck. "Highfalutin" is applied to exaggerated or bombastic speech or writing. A "loafer" is an idler or dawdler. To "cave in" means a collapse.

Public meetings are often held in the open air in newly-cleared districts, and the stump of a tree is a convenient platform. Hence the expressive phrase "to go on the stump" during some political agitation, or "campaign," which is now the stock phrase. In connection with this, the word "platform" has come to signify a statement of principles or objects, each of which is described as a "plank;" and a man who is supposed to attach undue importance

to some particular scheme or notion is styled a "crank." Politicians are said to be engaged in "log-rolling," or to have "their own axes to grind," when they are thought to be seeking personal objects under color of party zeal. Another opprobrious epithet applied to such is "machine politicians." A "caucus" is a preliminary gathering of a political party to decide upon united action; and "lobbying" means waiting outside the chambers of legislature so as to use influence for the passing of certain measures. Political nomenclature is constantly changing, as new words are invented by speakers or newspaper writers, some of which have but transient currency and are soon forgotten, such as "free-soiler," "carpet-bagger," "copper-heads," "hardshells," "softshells," "locofocos," "know-nothings," and many more. One such word, "bolter," was applied during the Presidential election in 1884 to indicate a section of the Republican party who for that time voted with the Democrats.

"To be around" is used in the sense of being near or close by: To "back down" is to yield; to "take the back track" is to retreat; and if a man utters a mistaken charge or wrongfully applies an epithet, he will probably say, by way of apology, "I take that back." A coverlet or counterpane is called a "bed-spread." Where an Englishman would say "as the crow flies," an American speaks of "a bee line," and a railroad free from tunnels is an "air-line." To be "under the weather" is to suffer from a cold. A speaker is said to "voice the sentiment" of a meeting; and instead of the common English phrase that "it is well to wash dirty linen at home," the Western people have one of pungent meaning, when the offensive odor of the animal is remembered, that "every man should skin his own skunk." To "play 'possum" is equivalent to the old London trick among the thieves of "shamming Abraham," or pretending to be dead, as the opossum does when escape seems impossible. "It's nuts to him" denotes some difficulty in comprehending, or a task that cannot well be performed; just as nuts are hard to crack. The "given name" is the Christian name, and in the West it is sometimes styled the "front name." A "live man," in the sense of quick, active, or a "live preacher," or "live prayer-meeting," are sufficiently expressed, though somewhat inappropriate terms.

Traveling has given rise to many peculiar phrases. The line is always called "the railroad," or "the roadbed," or "the track;" the carriages are "cars," or "steam-cars;" the locomotive, when not so named, is the "engine," with the "i" long; a siding is a "switch;" the wooden sleepers are known as "ties;" the station is a "depôt;" luggage is "baggage;" the guard is a "conductor;" and when he gives the signal to start, he shouts, "all aboard;" a passenger riding with a free pass is a "deadhead;" a commercial traveler is a "drummer;" a street carriage on hire is a "hack;" and the street

tramway-cars are "horse-cars." If inquiry be made for a certain street, the reply will be "go so many blocks, and then turn to the right or left for so many blocks more." When trains meet at junctions without causing delay to the traveler, he is said to "make close connections;" a quick transit is grandiloquently described as "lightning express." The name of a well-known ribbed stuff, "corduroy," has been given in new clearings to a rough kind of road, consisting of loose logs laid across the swamp. A "plank-road" is formed of sawn deals, or boards of considerable thickness, laid even and close, crosswise. Overshoes are invariably "rubbers," being an abbreviation of the name of the material.

A rush of panic-stricken people is a "stampede," as in the case of cattle. In naming the State of Connecticut, the second "c" is never heard; and by many the State of Arkansas is pronounced as if the last syllable were "saw;" while in New England, pumpkins are invariably called "punkins;" and a person of note and wealth is said to be "some punkins." A New Englander will commence most of his sentences with "wal," for "well," and will pronounce "can" as if it were written "kin." He will talk of a "potato-patch," or a "wood-lot," or a "section of kintry," or will make inquiries about absent friends by asking "How's the folks?" He is also fond of saying, "I guess," just as the people in the Northern States say, "I calc'late," and those of the South, "I reckon." A man who can do no more is described as "played out;" the odd jobs around the house are known as "chores;" any one out of health is said to be "sick," but if he suffers from actual vomiting he is "sick in the stomach;" a plot of land chosen for a dwelling is a "location;" anything specially approved of is "real good," or "real nice;" an attack of ague is "chills and fever;" and an attempt to force up or down prices of commodities is "a corner" in pork, or in corn, or in oil. The issue of fictitious railroad stock for speculative or gambling purposes is known as "watering the stock," a term derived from the practice of a famous drover who sold cattle by weight, and gave them salt to eat to induce thirst, and then let them drink copiously just before they were sold by live weight.

Trade has its own phraseology, as in England. A shop is a "store," and the different kinds of commodities are expressed by "clothing store," "dry-goods store" (*i.e.*, drapery, etc.), "drug store," "grocery store," "book store," and so forth; but a butcher keeps a "meat market," vegetables and fruits are obtained at a "vegetable store." To "make a pile" is to amass large profits. To "foot a bill" means to pay it; while to "fill that bill," signifies that the person fully comes up to the description, or is able to accomplish what is undertaken. The uniform name for treacle is "molasses," and sweatmeats

are "candies." One of the most popular confections is called "molasses candy."

If an American is asked whether some one really did such and such a thing, and he wishes to emphasize his reply, he will probably say, "He didn't do anything else." Another intense phrase is "at that;" probably an abbreviation of "added to that;" as, "He has an ugly wife and a shrew at that;" the descriptive epithet in this case referring, not to ill-favored features, but to character and temper. "Ugly" is always employed in this sense, and not with reference to bad looks. A despicable person is stigmatized as "a mean cuss." If a remark is not clearly heard or understood, the speaker will be interrupted by an abrupt "How?" which is not meant to be rude, though it may appear so to a stranger. It is part of that brevity and point which characterize the American people, who, as a rule, have no time to waste, or who, at any rate, act as if the law of life was ceaseless hurry. Indeed, such phrases as "go ahead;" the "almighty dollar," and "hurry up," are significant indications of this nature. Another is to be found in the use of verbs in a peculiar sense, as, "to collide," "to enthuse," "to erupt," "to resurrect," "to knife," and many more. The burglar's crime has been designated "burglarizing;" when caught he is "custodized;" and the news of his capture is promptly "itemized" by the penny-a-liner in the newspaper.

It must not be supposed that all the words and phrases quoted are in general use, though most most of them are commonly met with: or that they are employed by good speakers and writers. Some of them, and many others that might be given, are unquestionably of English, Dutch, or German origin, although they have become obsolete in these countries, and are much corrupted in America. Many of the provincialisms of the Northern and Eastern counties of England have become naturalized in New England, as was to be expected. A similar transmission may be traced in Virginia through the settlers from the south-western counties of England. The primary meaning is sometimes intended, instead of, as in England, the secondary meaning, which has come to be almost universal. Thus, to "admire," or to "admire at" is good old English for "wonder." "Bright" means what we should call "clever," but that word, in America, denotes amiability and courtesy; whereas "amiable," applied to a man, is understood in a derogatory sense, as if he were stupid; and "cunning" is ingenious; but a "smart man" would act dishonestly if he could and dared. A "homely" person is one distinguished by great plainness of features. Land or property is spoken of as likely to "appreciate" in value. The old English sense of nice, or excellent, still attaches to the word "curious," as used by New Englanders. "Fall" is our Autumn season, from the

falling of the leaves, and is the revival of a word found in Dryden and other old writers. It is to be regretted that many rich, quaint, and expressive terms have fallen into disuse in England, although they are still employed in America, as might be easily proved, in addition to the instances already given, if this were a paper on philology. Yet many words, now in common use in the United States belong to the category of cant and slang, which, unfortunately, are to be found in every country and in every age. The most fertile source of this in America is, undoubtedly, the lower class of newspapers, in which originate nearly all the colloquial inelegances and downright vulgarities of speech. Any sudden excitement, any political event, any popular literary production, creates and gives currency to a number of vulgar words, which often have in them nothing but sound, or a fancied resemblance to the action or character supposed to be expressed. As Mr. Buckle once said, referring to the fondness of the English for burlesque phrases and nicknames, "Many of these words are but serving their apprenticeship, and will eventually become the active strength of our language." There is a morality in the use of speech, whether oral or written, as well as in character and deeds.—DR. AUBREY, in *Leisure Hour*.

LITERARY VOLUPTUARIES.

PERHAPS the greatest pleasure in life is an ill-regulated passion for reading. Books are the best of friends, the most complacent of companions. Unlike their authors, they have no susceptibilities to be ruffled. You may toss them aside in a passing fit of impatience, to find yourself on as pleasant terms as ever with them when your humor changes. In that silent, though eloquent and vivacious company, there can be no monotony as there are no jealousies; and indeed inconstancy becomes a duty and a virtue, as with the sage King Solomon among his hundreds of wives. We may talk of tossing cherished volumes aside, for the literary voluptuary has nothing in common with the luxurious collector. The passion for exquisite Elzevirs, for sumptuous editions in superb bindings, is almost invariably antipathetical to a love of reading. The collector is curious about margins, typography and casings, but comparatively indifferent to contents. A library got together regardless of expense, can seldom be a place of real enjoyment to any one, least of all to its possessor. The books one loves will be there—nay, you are bothered by an embarrassment of riches—but you scarcely recognize your most familiar friends in their court-dresses, and you approach them with formality, in fear and trembling. Having no claims to the

genius of a Johnson or a De Quincey, you dare not make free with them in their finery as those distinguished scholars would have done.

On the other hand, the voluptuary, with rare exceptions, has as little in common with the scholars who read with a purpose and drudge on severe systems. Drudgery and method of all kinds are inexpressibly distasteful to him. All is fish that comes to his net: he is grateful to the men who have been laboring to please him, for sometimes, although not very often, the hardest work makes the lightest reading. But admiration or gratitude does not lead him to imitation, even if he have the memory, the mental grasp, and the style of Macaulay. Yet for the free-and-easy fashion of his self-indulgence, he can quote eminent precedents. Dr. Johnson himself laid down the law that reading should be done as inclination prompts one: he was in the habit of dipping and skimming himself, as he tore over the pages with knife or finger; he resented being asked if he had read a book through, saying that he had read it as "one does read such books." Scott had accumulated his rich and miscellaneous stores by casual studies of congenial subjects; it was only when he was beggared and slaving for his creditors that the author of *Waverley* and editor of Swift consented to "cram" for his *Life of Buonaparte*. There is something pitiful in his rueful praise of the magnificent notions of Constable, who kept crushing the enslaved genius of the night-lamp under piles of contemporary treatises and ponderous files of the *Moniteur*. But Southey was perhaps the most melancholy example of the literary voluptuary broken into harness. He could seldom write except on subjects that pleased him. In the face of disappointments he fondly believed in fame and a future as an English classic. He bequeathed to the more kindly appreciation of posterity the poems that had scarcely cleared the publishing expenses: he devoted invaluable time and untold trouble to unpopular histories of the Brazils and abstruse annotations of Spanish literature; and laboring indefatigably all the time to maintain his family, he only managed to make the two ends meet by more paying "pot-boilers" for the periodicals. Leading the existence of a hard-working hermit among the Cumberland hills, he was compelled to surround himself with a costly library. Yet for the life of him, unless for special purposes when the collar was chafing, he could spare no time for the books in which he could have reveled; and when the literary Tantalus died worn out, the collection was dispersed which had never been enjoyed.

The literary voluptuary, like the poet, *nascitur non fit*. He must be a man of leisure: he should be a man of some means. If he does work of any kind, he generally does it *dilettante* fashion. It is probable that, as he gets on in years, he finds out that his

pursuits become more pregnant with some ultimate purpose and possibly the tardy ambition will be awakened of turning his miscellaneous acquisitions to profitable account. Whether he dawdle on the last, or do something decently creditable, in nineteen cases out of twenty the world will pronounce his life a wasted one. Very possible the world may be wrong and ungrateful. It forgets that he might have swelled the host of authors who have mistaken their vocation, but who persistently inflict themselves on the public from vanity or for bread. It ignores the fact that his system of half-unconscious cultivation has made him an agreeable and instructive companion, instead of a solemn trifler or a feather-headed bore; and, of course, it takes no account of his personal pleasures and satisfaction.

There are boys and mere children who take to books like ducklings to the water—simply because they can't help themselves. And be it remarked that, as a rule, these precocious little book-lovers are the best and brightest of their species. They are overflowing with animal as well as intellectual energy. Rending their garments in the heyday of high spirits, ready to risk their necks after apples or bird-nests, they would be apt to break the hearts of their tutors and governesses, were it not for those welcome intervals of repose. We know no prettier sight than that of a healthy and high-spirited boy dashing in head foremost through the casement from a foray in the fields. Carelessly impulsive, like a kitten or a monkey, his eye is caught by some dog-eared little volume on his book-shelf. His mood changes as by enchantment: he makes a plunge at the book; the flashing eye is toned down in intense though subdued fascination, and in five minutes with heart and soul absorbed, he is thousands of leagues away in some bright world of the fancy. No doubt those capricious and ill-regulated impulses are highly reprehensible from the schoolmaster's point of view. The pedant will shake his head and prognosticate that if Master Jack does not actually come to the gallows, he will at all events live to eat husks with the swine. Perhaps he may; but in any case his life is likely to be a lively one, brightened by many a brief resting-time of blissful oblivion or abstraction. And there is always something more than the chance, that he may translate his roving fancies into adventures and successful action. It was a lad of the kind, successor and prototype of many another, that Kingsley painted in his Amyas Leigh. There were few books in Bideford in those days, nor was Amyas what Captain Costigan would have called a "litherary cyracthar." But the oral embroidery of the many-colored web spun from "yarns" of buccaneering adventures served a similar purpose; and when Amyas saw the chart of Sebastian Yeo, it was the spark to the powder train that sent him flying *Westward Ho*.

Books were scarce at Bideford in the eighteenth century, and, generally speaking, any boy's range of choice is limited. He is rough in his ways—he is less particular than the Pharisees about the purification of his hands—so he is warned off valuable volumes. But, like a young man with maidens, he is in no wise fastidious when it is a case of first love. David Copperfield, in the changed conditions of Blunderstone Rookery, lighted upon his feet, and found blissful forgetfulness of family sorrows “in the blessed little room,” with Fielding and Smollett, Goldsmith and De Foe, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and the *Arabian Nights*. As well he might, for had he been left free to pick and choose, he need hardly have cared to enlarge that charmed circle. There are boys, and they have read greedily, who when brought up in the gloom of Calvinistic households, have been content to pick the stray plums out of biographies of sainted divines, or put up with records of missionary enterprise. Needless to say, we do not refer to such apostolical saints as Francis Xavier, or Heber, or the late Bishop Selwyn; or to missionaries like Williams, Moffat and Livingstone, whose style is as spirited as their adventures were sensational. There are boys to whom Hume and Smollett—the history, not *Roderick Random*—or a stray volume of the *Annual Register* have been godsend.

Every instructor of youth has found out to his sorrow, that while any father may send his son to the Pierian springs, scores of floggings will not force him to drink. But, on the other hand, if a colt will to the water, cart-ropes won't hold him back. It may be one of the many troubles of after-years that he has been getting *blasé* upon books, as in everything else. Yet still he has fond recollections of the volumes that were his early friends; and the old strings that are touched by passing associations will vibrate to the very core of his heart. For there is a marvelous tenacity and retentive ness in the first freshness of the memory. The boyish memory seizes, with no sense of effort, on the verses that strike the fancy, and are perpetually ringing in the ears. There is many an elderly man who could repeat, with scarcely an inaccuracy, dozens of the Psalms of David in the metrical version, although undoubtedly the poetry leaves much to desire; whole pages of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, or of Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, where hero met hero in Homeric combat; and many a verse from Percy's *Reliques*, although the English ballad poetry is too often tame and prosaic. But it is not only a *Chevy Chase* that fires the blood, with the pathetic burial of the Douglas beneath the bracken bush, after the deadly fight of Otterburn. Every boy naturally makes himself at home and perfectly happy in the greenwood with Robin Hood and his merry outlaws; and as one book expands the mind and begets delight in another, he is prepared by the ballads and metrical romances for

the pleasures of *Ivanhoe*. He may be rather fascinated than pleased by the misanthropic beauties of Byron; yet although he may rise to the Byronic heroism of setting lightly by life, he cannot sympathize with the cynicism that makes less than no account of a thing so agreeable. But Scott, whether he be writing in prose or verse, will always for him be the veritable magician; for we cannot think so badly of the rising generation as to believe that Scott is going out of favor. Scott's young admirer does not critically weigh the novels with the poems, or one of the novels against another. He knows what pleases him, and reads on in faith and the fullness of hope, sure that the next excitement is only deferred. Half a dozen out of as many hundreds of sensational scenes have assured the magician's ascendancy over him. His appreciation is versatile, and he finds perpetual entertainment. His blood is aflame, and he rapt in breathless admiration, when the Black Knight is hewing his way through the oaken palisades of Torquilstone, or *Ivanhoe* is humbling the challengers in the lists of Ashby de la Zouch. But he is quite as much pleased, though in a different way, at the fox-hunt of Charlieshope, or when the Borderers, "burning the water," are leistering the salmon by torch-light.

There has been a good deal of discussion of late as to the books that ought to be general favorites with boys. We cannot profess to answer for other people, or to make recommendations to them; but we can speak confidently of some of the books that delighted ourselves, although caprice and chance may have had much to do with our predilection. *Imprimis*, as the lettered monk remarks in *Harold*, there was the *Pilgrim's Progress*. In our modesty we are inclined to doubt whether any praise of ours can materially add to the reputation of Bunyan; but at all events we may cast a pebble on the cairn that has been raised to the immortal tinker's memory. And Bunyan has one great pull over contemporaries or rivals who may have been equally gifted. In the strictest families, where the rules are most severe, any boy is permitted to read him of a Sunday. So that one whole day in the seven has been absolutely consecrated to him in many cases. Setting the Scriptures aside, with the battles and bloodshed in Genesis and the Judges, what other sacred writer has a chance with him? The Pilgrim is Don Quixote in sober, religious dress. He is the champion of the books of chivalry, going in quest of religious adventure, combating fiery dragons, quelling formidable giants, and bidding defiance to devils as well as raging lions. The chivalrous hero of Bunyan, inspired by the highest and holiest of missions, faces death and hell as well as more tangible enemies. What boy can help admiring the pluck which excuses his frailties and extenuates his feebleness! Thus Christian, or Faithful, or Mr. Great Heart, or Mr. Valiant-for-Truth have

something more than the noble qualities of Spenser's very gentle and perfect knight, who carried the cross as they carried it—the dear remembrance of their bleeding Lord. And we take it for granted that the most scapegrace of boys is more or less essentially religious, though he may be lost to all sense of the proprieties, and even addicted to profane and premature swearing.

Association and alliteration lead us on from John Bunyan to George Borrow. The men had much in common besides mending kettles, though Borrow was as practical as he was imaginative, and he had translated thought into action. Reading Borrow in later life, he often rubs us up the wrong way. We remark his inconsistencies and resent his prejudices. To be a good Christian, as we believe him to have been, he was the most inveterate of haters, and he denounces Antichrist, the Church of Rome, and all their works, with even more virulence and unfairness than Charles Kingsley. He even puts out his hand sacrilegiously to touch the edifice of Scott's honor and fame. But a boy is naturally indifferent to polemics, and does not collate the writings of the objects of his admiration. We liked Borrow little less than Scott or Bunyan, and for similar reasons. He is imaginative, he is sympathetic, his style is strong and picturesque, and the tone of his books is invariably manly. Indeed he is so imaginative that we can never be altogether sure how far his professed facts are fabulous. So much the better so far as a boy is concerned. He writes with all the realism of a De Foe, implying that he pledges his conscience to the truth of what he reads like romance. In *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* we never know how far he means us to believe in his self-accredited power of spells, snake-charming and pugilism. As for the *Bible in Spain*, which was our special favorite, it is a book by itself. That the writer went thither as the agent of the Church Missionary Society, there can be no doubt whatever. Whether everything he told is true was between his conscience and himself. St. Paul himself was never in more perpetual peril, nor had Christian, when he reached the gates of the celestial city, more reason to be grateful to Providence for close shaves and hair-breadth escapes. But this we know, that the sensational episodes in the *Bible in Spain* have each and all been branded indelibly in our memory. The night-voyage across the estuary of the Tagus, when the boat was steered by the gibbering idiot through the waves and the storm; the hiding in the gipsy hovel, when he was being guided to Madrid by an outlaw and murderer; the narrow escape in rugged Finisterre, when he was arrested and nearly shot for Don Carlos; the incarceration in the horrible "Saladero" of Madrid, to which he submitted for the sake of proselytizing among the prisoners, and where he fraternized with the most diabolical scoundrels. And these are only a few

among many of the episodes that give those books of his their vivid originality.

From Bunyan and Borrow we easily pass to other volumes of travel, adventure, and sport. It must be remembered that in the days to which we are going back no books were written especially for boys. There was no *Tom Brown's School-days*, there were no *Treasure Islands* by Stevenson, no sea-stories for the young by a Russell or a Ballantyne. Like the reivers of the Borders, the boys took their goods where they found them, and if they were sharp-set, like the reivers, were ready to carry away everything that was not "too hot or too heavy." Harris's *Wild Sports in South Africa* was an immense favorite—hot as far as climate went, but very far from heavy. The illustrations were decidedly out of drawing and perspective, and sometimes repulsively blood-bespattered, according to modern humanitarian notions, but, possibly, on that account, they gratified us all the more. The white rhinoceros might be cast in the mold of the colossal bulk of the monstrous mammoth, as the elephant dwarfed the audacious sportsman who was tackling him; but the colored pictures corresponded to those signs in the fairs which prepare the bystanders for the sensations awaiting them in the caravans. We walked in among the chapters, eager to gape and admire; and we shall never forget the entertainments over which we lingered. In fact, we took a season-ticket to Harris, and subsequently to Gordon Cumming, and went in again and again. So that when the Zulu war came off, long after the last of the elephants and giraffes had withdrawn from the Limpopo to the far interior; and when the pioneers of Dutch agricultural enterprise had well nigh extirpated the gnus and the hartebeests, we had the scenery and politics of the country of the Matabili at our finger-ends, and were ready to follow the changing fortunes of the campaign in our familiar acquaintance with the predecessors of Cetewayo.

A book we liked almost as well was Lloyd's *Scandinavian Field-Sports*, perhaps because it changed all conditions of temperature, and inculcated with no sort of pretension the virtues of patience and endurance. Harris and his companion had only to keep themselves cool by casting their clothes—always a dream of delight to a boy—and they were absolutely surfeited with sport. Like the hide-hunters among the herds of buffalo in the American prairies, they were lost in the shifting panorama of the wild African menagerie, and had only to leave their horses to look to themselves, to gallop, and to load and fire right and left. Whereas Lloyd brought up his reports from the solitudes of Scandinavian forests, and told of subtle schemes for "skalling" the wary bears that had been tracked to their lairs in the sylvan recesses.

There was a similar sense of adventurous excitement, with all

the pleasure of its being brought nearer home, in St. John's *Wild Sports of the Highlands*, and in his *Tour in Sutherlandshire*. He was the "Leatherstocking" of civilized life, with great literary gifts, though it was a surprise and something of a shock to his modesty when the *Quarterly* welcomed his maiden contributions, on the introduction of his friend Cosmo Innes. How breathlessly we followed him on his last successful quest after "the muckle hart of Braemore!"—the mighty beast much regretted by the shepherd who had delivered him to his doom by giving information to the sportsman. With what pleasure we accompanied St. John on his fishing expeditions on the Findhorn, where, more than once, surprised between the rocks and the stream, he barely saved himself from a sudden descent of the waters. For the Findhorn, having its sources in the Monadhliadh hills, is apt to rise suddenly in brown spate when there are waterspouts in the mountains; and St. John describes a "Morayshire flood" on that stream and on the Spey, with as realistic picturesqueness as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Those volumes of his abound in spirited incident. He is shooting at the "skeins" of the wild swans which now, as we fear, have well-nigh deserted the Loch of Spynie: dragging himself along on his belly like the sinuous serpent, to quote Christopher North, a still older sportsman, he is stalking the shy bean-geese, well guarded by their watchful sentinels; or he is sending a wired cartridge into the speckled chest of a marten-cat; or he is cutting off the retreat of the skulking otter, who, gourmand-like, contenting itself with a single bite in the shoulder, has been making wild work with the salmon and the sea-trout. But St. John was one of these heaven-born geniuses who are never more attractive than when they are least pretentious. It is exciting to stand on the shore of a Sutherlandshire loch, and watch him stripping and striking out for the truncated rock that is topped by the nest of the osprey or fishing-eagle. But it is just as interesting to walk round his garden, and be presented to the robins or the flycatchers that make their nests in the bushes or the creepers. Another sporting writer of nearly equal fascination, and with the advantage of a more ambitious field, was the "Old Forest Ranger." The Ranger gives the impressions of veracity to strange pictures of sport; to netting and spearing the dangerous man-eater, as he speaks of encounters with the more formidable bison in impracticable jungles, where the rifles had to risk the shots and stand their ground, taking their chance of tossing and goring,

But, apart from sport, it was Campbell who first introduced us to those striking aspects of oriental life which Burke, in his famous philippics loved to develop in his gorgeous imagery. The Ranger kept to lone forest and tank, avoiding the crowds and

bazars in the sacred cities; but he showed us the sporting camp of the wealthy civilian satrap, with its luxurious traveling equipments, its train of servants and *shikaris*, and those studs of priceless Arab steeds that have latterly been ousted by the "Walers." The Ranger, like St. John, is often instructive as a naturalist; sometimes he is extremely sensational, as when he describes the bees that have their "bykes" in the steep cliffs overhanging the Nerbudda River, sweeping down in their venomous swarms from their strongholds on the intruders who are rowing up the ravine.

Sea-books have, of course, an extraordinary attraction for boys, since any boy who is worth his salt aspires to breaking his neck some day in climbing to the top-gallant cross-trees, if he does not dream of hoisting the black flag on the Spanish main, or being laid to rest and enshrined amid the lamentations of a nation with Nelson and Collingwood in the Abbey or St. Paul's. Marryat, as a matter of course, must be at every reading boy's finger's ends. The juvenile takes Mr. Midshipman Easy, who had the knack of always falling on his feet, as a model, rather than as a warning; and he deplores these piping days of peace, when there are no longer French privateers to be cut out, or French prisons to be escaped from. He shudders at the spectral manifestations of the phantom ship; as he delights in the dramatic escapes of the "dog-fiend," and admires the toughness and gameness of the starveling Smallbones. But if he have genuine though undeveloped literary appreciation, he is sure to have cherished an absolute passion for *Tom Cringle*. Michael Scott was almost as much of a wizard as his more famous namesake of the middle ages. He did not cleave the Eildon Hills in three, or bridle the Tweed with a bridge of stone; but he has cast his spells over tens of thousands of readers. Although no sailor in all matters concerning ships and the salt water, he has left professionals immeasurably behind. We daresay he made some technical mistakes, which was pretty much all the critics found to object to him. But what powerful simplicity in his masculine style; what freshness of fancy and poetry of diction! He is sometimes repulsive in expatiating on horrors in detail, because he never cared to balk the vigor of that most realistic imagination. But how he rings the changes on comedy and tragedy, on pathos, humor, and broad rollicking fun! Proteus-like, you never know where to have him, as he rises into earnest eloquence on some subject that touches him, or suddenly subsides into grotesque drollery, that brings you back to the broad grin from gravity or sentimentality. Then he has all the versatility of a masterful painter like Velasquez: like the unrivaled Spaniard, he is at much at home in portrait, or landscape, or marine studies as in *sujets de genre*. Take Sprawl and the Commodore pacing the deck of the *Gazelle* or the John-Canoing of the

negroes in the streets of Kingston; or the solemn trial-scene of the "Cuba fisherman;" on the passage of the Moro in the tropical moonshine; or the hurricane off the island of St. Andres that closed the cruising of the *Midge*.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Tom Cringle's Log* are perfect in their way; but boys cannot always make sure of such delectable reading. Well, as we have remarked, they are noways particular. Weaned by unhappy chances from battle, murder, and sudden deaths; away from Romances of War, with forlorn hopes, and night surprises, and sackings of convents; separated by circumstances, if not by the breadth of an ocean, from Cooper's Mohicans and Scouts, or from Washington Irving and Rip Van Winkle—they can make themselves just as happy on occasion with books that were intended more especially for their seniors. Naturally they take most kindly to novels; but some novels recommend themselves unaccountably to their instincts, while others do not.

We may give the clue to what we mean by recalling some other of our personal experiences. It need hardly be said that we were enthusiastically devoted to Lever in his early style. We were by no means over scrupulous on the score of morality; and as we heartily admired Jack Hinton undertaking on the spur of the moment to ride the vicious steeplechaser at Loughrea, so we were far from thinking the worse of Harry Lorrequer for wounding a poor devil in a duel for no reason at all. But in our estimate of Bulwer's early books we were more discriminating. It might have been supposed that we should have reveled in *Paul Clifford*, as in a more genteel Newgate Calendar, with the moonlight rides and robberies, and the meetings of the "Minions of the Moon" at nocturnal taverns on solitary heaths. As matter of fact, we did not care for it, perhaps because the author wrote with a political purpose, casting his characters as political caricatures; whereas we read again and again *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*; partly, perhaps, for the sake of the thrilling descent upon "Daw's baby" in the den of thieves, and for the single-stick scene where the seemingly effeminate dandy, by way of practical repartee, knocks the truculent Lord Calton out of time. Yet we are proud and happy to remember now that we were by no means insensible to poetry and pathos. For our favorite among all Bulwer's fictions was *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, with its graceful intermingling of Gothic superstition and sad sentimentality. It was a blissful day when we chanced upon some stray numbers of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, as it originally came out in shilling parts. But what pleased us most were those introductory chapters, that have been since suppressed in the ordinary editions—the witch-finder's nephew chivalrously

driving the dead body through the ruffian bands, when crime and terror were abroad in the streets of London; the meeting of Joe Toddyhigh with his old schoolmate, the Mayor; and the notes on evenings below stairs, at *Mr. Weller's Watch*, started in imitation of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. Thackeray would doubtless been caviare to us in those days, although, indeed, his fame was scarcely established. But we had an extraordinary weakness for Warren's *Ten Thousand a-Year*, though the novel is legal, political, sentimental, and was neither written for, nor seemingly adapted to juveniles. On the strength of *Ten Thousand a-Year*, we tried in vain to enjoy *The Diary of a Late Physician*, notwithstanding its undeniable merits and our prepossessions in favor of the author.

As to famous novels we were involuntarily fastidious and exacting; but travels and voyages of any kind were always a safe resource. Our best and oldest friend was, of course, Robinson Crusoe. In his experience, as in the result of his researches among the Caribbean cannibals, we were inclined to place implicit faith. Next to Crusoe we ranked Captain Cook, though the great circumnavigator had never enjoyed the strange opportunities the castaway had turned to such excellent account. Cook had never peopled an island with talking parrots, nor made himself a self-taught master of the arts and industries, nor filled paddocks with the posterity of goats caught in pitfalls; and it was somewhat wearisome through successive pages to stand off and on the clumps of palms on the coral-reefs, "making short boards" and taking solar observations. But then Cook turned down pigs among those palm-groves to breed and multiply; he saw much of the savages in the way of trade and barter, if he never saved a Man Friday from them to be his confidant and cabin steward; and, after all, we set it down to his credit that the savages did murder him in the end. To Williams' missionary enterprises we have already alluded: and the missionary by the way, profited by Cook's herds of swine, when he persuaded his South Sea converts to renounce man and rat for pork. Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals* was another stand-by, although we must confess to having found it desperately dull in later life. But it was something then merely to read of such fights as that where the *Glatton*, contending triumphantly against tremendous odds, gained herself immortal fame, and has consequently had her name perpetuated in the navy. Then there were narratives of shipwreck that have riveted themselves in the memory, though now we can scarcely quote the authorities. The dry facts of Byron's escape after the wreck of the *Wager* are doubtless to be found in Campbell; but it was not in Campbell that we read of the barefooted sailor-boy struggling through South American forests and swamps, beneath the burden of putrid seal-flesh, sewn up in filthy sacking,

with which the selfish captain had overweighted him. Then there were the boats of the *Bounty*; there was the raft of the *Medusa*; and there were the deaths and the escapes of the many adventurous mariners who went pushing toward the Pole through the ice-floes in their cockle-shells, of smaller tonnage than some of our modern steam launches. Boys may revel now from midsummer to Christmas in any number of romances specially invented for them. Yet, reviewing our reminiscences, we doubt if they were better off than their fathers and grandfathers, who are assumed to have been less fortunate. A feast in the school-room is all very well, but there is far more flattery and possibly more fun in an eight o'clock dinner in company of the seniors.

Fresh youth is the season where pleasures have their keenest zest; but we must go on to the more mature voluptuaries, who find much enjoyment still, although they have long ago begun to feel *blasé*. To put things at the worst, they have this pull over their neighbors, that they have always resources of distraction and abstraction. We have already referred to the opinions of Johnson on book-reading, and we may give his authority *verbatim*, according to Boswell: "He advised me to read just as inclination prompted me, which alone, he said, would do me any good; for I had better go into company than read a set task." And even when the venerable Samuel was comparatively well off and in receipt of a comfortable Government pension of £300, he stowed away his own library in a couple of garrets which he rarely took the trouble to ransack. He skimmed the publications of the day as they reached him, tearing his way through the leaves with a ruthless forefinger if no paper-cutter was handy. The literary gourmand may not follow that gluttonous example, but he has laid the precepts to heart. He may study an old almanac *faute de mieux*, for every printed page has an irresistible attraction for him, and he will snatch naturally at anything in type he comes across from a folio of St. Chrysostom to the advertising sheet of a daily journal. Nowadays, happily for him, it is seldom that he is reduced to such extremities. Now we are perpetually on the move, and when a reader goes on a journey the railway bookstall confronts him with its attractive show of wares. The newest publications are all on sale, if he is content to pay the regulation retail price, in place of seeking 25 per cent. discount in open market.

But the voluptuary is not the man to balk his fancy and put off till to-morrow, or the Greek Kalends, the purchase that tempts him at the moment. There are the latest volumes of Spencer's social philosophy—of the histories or historical lectures of Froude or Freeman. There is the latest novel by Black, Blackmore, or Besant. There are the memoirs of the last lamented statesman we lost, side by side with the *Discourses on Deism*, by the very reverend and

eloquent the Dean of Barchester. There is the new volume of lyrics by the old Laureate, and the sporting story of *A Scandal in the Shires* which has made sensation in serial shape in certain circles. Our friend who may be bound for his moor in the north of Scotland and who always makes it a principle to be on the safe side and take ample precautions, lays in his supplies of literature to beguile the way. He settles the question of extravagance with his conscience, by assuring himself there need be no waste. What he does not consume between Euston and Inverness or Invergordon will come in usefully in the shooting-box when the floods set in. He rejoices the stall-keeper by his profuse and promiscuous purchases; but after all it is a toss-up, as he knows in his heart, how far he will turn them to immediate account. For he never reads unless the spirit moves him; and the spirit, which is sometimes as restless as any imp that tasked the ingenuity of the old wizards to find it employment, is at other times perversely dull and sluggish. He might often have saved his money could he have foretold by any prescience how he was to feel disposed. But experience has proved that if he starts unprovided he is sure to be beset by a craving hunger. What makes it worth his while to be lavishly provident is the chance of two phases of keen enjoyment. One is when, with the brain phenomenally animated by intellectual electricity, he flutters from work to work like the bee among the flowers, seeming to anticipate each author's idea in strong magnetic sympathy. The other is when, abandoning self-will and self-control, he has been charmed into the oblivion of absorbed attention, and when the minutes are flying by unconsciously with the miles. For the voluptuary, though volatile, is on occasion as prehensile as the creepers that cling to old walls, sticking their tendrils into bricks and mortar. Could he sustain the mental power and prolong the grasp that sometimes astonish himself, he might do memorable things on his own account in his day and generation.

But people buy books comparatively seldom now, and more's the pity. Of course every voluptuary has his collection of favorite companions; but he has for fewer inducements than formerly to add to it methodically. In the olden time a book-lover must either beg or borrow; and borrowing often led on either to buying or stealing. Now, he is probably indifferent to his circulating library subscription, for the system is unsatisfactory; but he is certainly a member of one good club at least, and there the books of the day are all displayed on the tables. Unless it be a case of actually falling in love, the average amateur is apt to content himself with slight flirtations. But as there are invariably exceptions to prove each rule, so there are exceptions to the general and almost universal principle—that buyers who deal freely with the booksellers seldom study their

collections. And we may bring these desultory notes to a close, by quoting one or two typical and exceptional instances:—

The first that suggests itself is that of the author of *The Book-Hunter*. As Hill Burton is dead, we may speak the more freely of him; the more so, that all that can be said is to his credit. Burton was the most earnest and indefatigable of students. When he took up a subject, whether for some grave work of history or not, he was sure to thrash it out thoroughly. Thus, when he undertook the beginning of the Eighteenth Century and *The Reign of Queen Anne*, he went on a tour on the Continent, that he might inspect the battle-fields of Marlborough and Eugene; and from his frugal habit of turning the shreds of his acquisitions to account, came the series of articles subsequently contributed to this magazine—*Devious Rambles with a Definite Purpose*. Burton, from his youth upward, was a book-collector and a bookworm. He was devoted to rare and quaint editions—like Snuffy Davy in the *Antiquary*; with the snap of a bull-dog, he had the scent of a sleuth-hound in smelling them out; and neither black-letter nor barbarous Latin in microscopic type could choke him off in his indomitable enthusiasm when he was following up a literary trail. We have had the privilege of visiting him in his library beneath the Braid Hills—indeed, the report of one of those visits has been reprinted in the memoir prefixed to the *Book-Hunter*; and though we need not say that we mean nothing disrespectful by the simile, he reminded one of a spider in the middle of its web. Books were packed behind books on the shelves of the old-fashioned rooms in an ancient Scottish manor-house; we might almost say that the corkscrew staircases of stone in the turrets and the grim stone corridors were padded with them. The owner, and the owner alone, had the clue to all the intricacies of the labyrinth, and could have laid his hand, had he been blindfolded, on anything he wanted. As some medieval volume from the presses of Paris or Nuremberg was suggested in the course of his fascinating conversation, he would jump up to hand it down for inspection with all the animation of a boy. When he felt constrained to drudge, he was indefatigable in drudgery. But at the same time, although he had broken himself to go steadily in harness, he was always delighted to kick himself free. It was hard to tempt him into even the most congenial company, for he found all the pleasures of still better society among the books that never stood upon ceremony.

A voluptuary of very different character was the late Lord Houghton. An accomplished man of the world, if ever there was one, he knew everybody from princes and presidents downward, and was welcomed everywhere for his rare social versatility. Essentially a literary man, by taste even more than by training, he moved about in his own atmosphere of literary brightness, and was as eager to receive

ideas as he was quick to communicate them. With him in an ordinary mixed party, it was flint and the steel; he could strike sparks from anything not absolutely unflammable. And accordingly, his hospitable house at Fryston had been furnished in harmony with his tastes. We do not speak of the chairs and the tables. But the bookcases that lined the rooms and the very entrance-hall were filled with popular volumes in simple but attractive bindings, specially selected to combine cultivation with amusement. He prided himself on everything being readable that was within easy reach; and readable everything was.

A third instance, and we have done—though this last example must be anonymous, as the gentleman, being alive and sensitive, might object to publicity and personalities. Not a few of his friends may recognize him. He is a lawyer in large practice, the sole surviving partner in a great solicitor's firm. He is beset by troops of clients, who insist upon making him their friend and their confidant. He has various other irons in the fire: he directs insurance companies, and superintends shipping speculations. He can never call a moment of his time his own: nor can he ever conscientiously give himself a holiday. His mania, his extravagance, his recreation, is buying books, and collecting engravings to illustrate them. Should he chance to play the truant from Lincoln's Inn Fields, his clerks will probably insinuate that he is indisposed. Indisposed for business he is, but he has never had an hour's illness in his life. The chance—nay, the certainty—is that he has given himself leave of absence, and gone off to a book-sale. And if he be there, and has set his heart upon anything, it will be hard to beat him at the battle of the books. As a rule, however, he is seldom tempted to go roving. His fancy is rather for sumptuous editions and magnificent volumes *de luxe*, which can be obtained by giving *carte blanche* to the bookseller and his agents. His cherished collection, in which magnificence is toned down by good taste, with its rare autograph letters and its priceless sign-manuals, is a sight to see. So far there is nothing surprising. Money spent with a certain knowledge may do much, if not everything. But the marvel is that this man reads his books, and finds leisure, without an apparent moment of spare time, to have all the literary controversies of the day at his tongue-tip. And the only theory on which his intimates can explain the phenomenon is, that this literary Sardanapalus must have sold himself to the fiend, though there is no smell of brimstone about his Russian leather bindings, and although he apparently puts to no diabolical use the miscellaneous information he accumulates.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

POST-TALMUDIC HEBREW LITERATURE.

I.—FROM THE COMPLETION OF THE TALMUD TO THE BEGINNING OF JEWISH LITERATURE IN EUROPE :—A. D. 500–1040.

THE Talmud had been finished in a time of great disaster to the Jewish community in Babylonia. During the reign of the Persian kings Jezdegerd, Firuz, and Kobad, the Magian religion had reached a powerful ascendance, and both Christians and Jews suffered the rigors of persecution. The office of *Resh Geluta*, "Head of the Dispersion," had been degraded to a venal title of the rich; the decline of the Babylonian schools had been caused, and thus the chain of ordination had been interrupted in a most palpable manner. In consequence of this, the succeeding Doctors did not again assume to themselves any authority in opposition to tradition, and confined their teaching and judgment simply to the comparison and reconciliation of what was in their hands, to explanation and opinion; hence they were called *Saboraïm*, "Decisors," "Opinionists." The period of the *Saboraïm* extends from about A. D. 500 to 657. This period, however, is divisible into two parts, and it is only the first part, that is, from the death of Rabina, A. D. 500, to the death of Rabbi Giza and Rabbi Simuna, A. D. 550, which can properly be denominated the real *Saboraïm* epoch, while the second part, which consists of the interval between the real *Saboraïm* and the rise of the *Gaonim*, from A. D. 550 to 657, has no proper designation, because the Doctors who lived at this time, and the work which they did, are alike unimportant and desultory. Looking at the work of the *Saboraïm*, we find that they only supplemented and completed the work of the *Amoraïm*. The Talmud lay before them as a book ready to hand, as an object of exposition, investigation, and discussion. Hence their work was more of a practical than of a theoretical nature. Rabbi Giza, the President of the College at Sora, Rabbi Simuna, President of the College at Pumbaditha, and Rabbi of Rob, were the most prominent men among the *Saboraïm*, whose names have come down to us. Of their disciples and successors we hardly know anything. To the time of the *Saboraïm* perhaps belongs the collection or final redaction executed in Palestine of some of the lesser treatises of the Talmud, forming a kind of apocrypha to the Talmud. Generally speaking the period which follows is obscure and dark, and the uninteresting pages of literary history are filled with accounts of persecutions traced in blood.

About this time, when the knowledge of the Hebrew language disappeared from among the people at large, that alteration had to be introduced into the synagogue service which involved a change

in the office of the *Chazan*. As the ancient practice of asking any one to step before the ark and conduct the divine service could not be continued, it was determined that the Chazan, who was generally also the schoolmaster of the infant-school, should be the regular reader of the liturgy, which he had to recite with intonation. Excepting this change, the usual prayers were recited, and the several sections of the lessons from the Law and the Prophets were read with the help of the *Methurgeman*—paraphrast or translator—who was followed in a lecture by the *Darshan*, or expositor and preacher.

To this time also we must trace the origin of the *Masora*, or that grammatico-critical apparatus, which now forms a part of the Hebrew text of the old Testament. The design of this apparatus is to indicate the correct reading of the text in respect of words, vowels, accents, etc., so as to preserve it from corruption. The word *Masora* denotes tradition, and the men, who were thus engaged with the Masora, were called the Masters of the Masora, or Masorites. According to Jewish tradition the work of the Masora began with Moses, who committed it to the wise men till Ezra and the so-called great Synagogue, and was then transferred to the learned men of Tiberias, by whom it was committed to writing, and was called *Masora*. But the Masorites executed no new revision of the text, their immediate work was merely to write down the material given them by tradition. This was the work of the Jewish scholars, who, from the sixth century, flourished in Palestine, and had their principal seat at Tiberias. In looking at the contents of the Masora, we notice that they embrace notes concerning:—

I. The *Keri* (what is read in the margin), and the *Kethib* (what is written in the text), of which there are 1359 in the Old Testament, and which are divisible into three general classes:—(1) The class nominated *Keri and Kethib* (read and written), and *Kethib and Keri* (written and read), which comprises words read differently from what they are written, arising from the omission, insertion, exchanging, or transposition of a single letter. This class, by far the greater portion of the marginal readings, may be called *Variations*; (2) The class called *Keri velo Kethib* (read but not written), or marginal insertions of entire words not to be found written in the text;—and (3) the class called *Kethib velo Keri* (written but not read), or omissions in the margin of entire words written in the text.

II. *Ittur Sopherim*, that is, the removal of the scribes, by which is meant the removal of a superfluous *van* which has crept into the text.

III. *Tikkun Sopherim*, that is, emendations of the scribes, which refer to eighteen alterations, which the scribes decreed should be introduced into the text, in order to remove anthropomorphisms and other delicate expressions.

IV. The consonants of the text in noting about 30 letters which are larger than the others, about 30 that are smaller, 4 which are "suspended" or placed above the line of the others in the same word, and 9 which are "inverted" or written upside down. The Masorites also give instances where final letters occur in the middle of a word, and where initial letters are found at the end. They also tell us how often each letter occurs: Thus, for instance, *Aleph*, 42,377 times; *Beth*, 38,218 times; *Gimel*, 29,537 times, etc., etc.

V. *Words*, in noting (1) the cases of *scriptio plena* and *defectiva*; (2) the number of times in which words occur at the beginning of a verse, or the end of it; (3) words of an ambiguous meaning; (4) words which have over them the *puncta extraordinaria*; (5) words which present anomalies in writing or grammar.

VI. *Vowel points and accents* in the Hebrew text.

VII. *Verses*, in noting the number of verses in each book of the Old Testament which they notified by a technical word or words; the number of letters in each book. The total number of letters has been stated as 815,280, which, however, is but an approximate calculation. In fine, they marked 25 or 28 places, where there is a pause in the middle of a verse, or where a hiatus is supposed to be found in the meaning. The Masora was originally preserved in distinct books. A plan then arose of transferring it to the margins of the manuscripts of the Bible. For this purpose large curtailments were necessary, and various transcribers inserted in their margins only as much as they had room for, or strove to give it an ornamental character by reducing it into fanciful shapes. Thus much confusion still exists, and a critical work on the Masora is a great desideratum.

The last Doctors of the Law in the chain of Rabbinistic succession are the Gaonim, A. D. 688-1040.

According to the Jewish historian Graetz, the title *Gaon* originated about A. D. 658. When Ali, the son-in-law and vizier of Mohammed, was elected caliph (657) and the Islamites were divided into two parties, one for and the other against Mohammed, both the Babylonian Jews and the Nestorian Christians decided in his favor and rendered him great assistance. Maremus, who supported Ali's commander-in-chief in the siege of Mosul, was nominated *Catholicos* while Rabbi Isaac, the President of the College of Sora, who at the head of several thousand Jews aided Ali in the capture of Tiruz-Shabur, (May, 657), was rewarded with the title, *Gaon*, "Excellence." Accordingly the title Gaon is either of Arabic or Persian origin, and properly belonged to the presidents of the Sora College, who alone bore that appellation at the beginning, while the president of the subordinate sister college at Pumbaditha was called the "head of the college" by the Babylonians; and it was only in

later times, especially when Pumbaditha continued alone to be *the* college of the Doctors of the Law, that its presidents were described by the title of Gaon.

It is difficult to draw the line between the last Saboraim and first Gaonim, since even the latter produced no independent literature, but only continued to promote the study of the Talmud (and almost the Babylonian exclusively). The real literature of the Gaonim (with the exception of the Masora, the development of which we meet in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries), does not begin until the middle of the eighth century. The only literary production of this period (viz., 658–750) is the *Sheëltoth*, or Questions and Answers of Rabbi Acha of Shabcha, who, vexed at seeing his own pupil preferred at his election of Gaon by the Prince of the Exiles, went to Palestine, composed a work which combined all the different characteristics of the study of that time.

To this period also belongs the beginning of the *Neo-Hebrew Poetry*.

When poetry in its more elevated types was being unfolded among the Arabians, and the studies of the Masorites were rendering the Hebrew language more flexible as a poetic instrument, some of the earliest and, at the same time, the most grand of the synagogue anthems received their imperishable form. Poetry itself now took among the Jews the name of *Piut*, a term obviously adopted from the Greek ποιητής and the poet was, in like manner, called *Peitan*. Now these *Piyutim*, written either in the form of the *acrostic*, or arrangement of words, lines and strophes, according to the initial letters, or *rhyme* or *metre*, are to be found in the *Machazorim*, or synagogue rituals of the different countries, which consist of *Keroboth* (that part of the Morning Service which comprehends the first three Benedictions) for the Morning Prayer; *Selichoth* or penitential prayers; *Kinoth* or elegies; *Hosiannas*, particularly for the seventh of the feast of Tabernacles; *Bekashoth* or petitions, etc., and as the different subjects are generally taken from history and dogmatic theology, their poetical value is various.

The earliest *Peitan* is José ben José, of whom nothing is known, except some pieces, for which see Zunz, *Literaturgeschichte der synagogalen Poesie*. The most famous, however, of this period, is Eleazar Kalir, the author of more than 200 *piyutim*, and the founder of the synagogal poetry. The time and period of his life cannot be exactly ascertained. These hymns, which seem to have the power of the thunder, and to gleam with the resplendence of lightning, are distinguished for a peculiar grandeur and solemnity, and are treasures of devotion.

THE KARAITES—A. D. 761–900.

About the same time, when Acha ben Shabcha went to Palestine,

a movement took place in the Jewish community, which divided or rather split it up into two parties, the *Talmudic Jews* and *Bible Jews* or *Karaites*, a schism which has at present not been healed. The name *Karaite*, from the Hebrew *Kara*, "to read," "recite," describes the radical difference of the Karaites from other Jewish sects. They are textualists in opposition to the traditionalists. Like the Sadducees of old they rejected tradition, and adhered to the letter of the Scriptures, and though the Sadducees were not in all respects like the later Karaites, for the latter believed some things which the former denied, and *vice versa*, yet the ground principle of both was the same—opposition to tradition and zealous attachment to the text of the law, and hence Karaism was the resuscitation and regeneration of Sadducism, and what the Sadducees had sown two centuries before Christ, was now gathered in as the harvest of that seed by Anan, about 762 of our era.

The exact date when Anan, the son of David, the renowned founder of Karaism, was born, cannot now be ascertained. All that we know is that his uncle Solomon, who was Prince or Patriarch of the exiled Jews, died childless in 761 or 762 A. D.; that Anan was the legitimate successor to the Patriarchate, and that he was then old enough to become the Prince of the Captivity; so that he was then most probably about thirty years of age. He was, however, prevented from obtaining the Patriarchate by the brothers Rabbi Jehudai, the blind, and Rabbi Dudai, who were at that time the Gaonim, or the Presidents of the Academies (the former at Sora from 759–762, the latter from 762–764 at Pumbaditha), because he rejected the traditions of the fathers, and made the Bible alone the rule of his faith, and his younger brother Hananja or Achunai was elected in his stead. Anan was not disposed, however, to submit meekly to such a slight, and his partisans encouraged him to appeal to the Caliph Abugafar Almansar against the decision of the Colleges. At first the Caliph was disposed to favor his claim, but finally the Rabbinical party succeeded, and Anan was obliged to leave his country. He retired to Jerusalem, where he built a synagogue, the walls of which were still standing in the time of the first crusade. With the establishment of the community, the schism became formal. The Rabbinic Jews excommunicated Anan with his party, and Anan again declared he wished that all the Rabbinical Jews were in his body, he would then destroy himself, so that they might die with him.

The writings of Anan are unfortunately lost, and we are mainly indebted to the statements and allusions in the works of the Arabic historians, Makrisi, Masudi, Sharastani and Abulfeda, for our knowledge of his doctrinal system. The ground principles of this system are the unity of God and the justice of God.

Anan absolutely rejected the existing Mishna and Gemara, and advised his followers to "search the Scriptures deeply." He also rejected the calendar introduced by Hillel II., and instituted the scriptural beginning of the month, which is when the new moon appears. The Sabbath was to be kept according to the Scriptures, and in this respect he was stricter in his theory than the Rabbins. He abrogated the use of phylacteries by explaining Exodus xiii. 9, figuratively as in Prov. iii, 3, vi. 21. In matters of inheritance he put sons and daughters upon an equality, and declared that a husband has no right to inherit his departed wife's property. Of Christ, as the founder of Christianity, Anan spoke in the terms of the highest respect. He declared Jesus of Nazareth a very wise, just, holy and God-fearing man, who did not at all wish to be recognized as a prophet, nor to promulgate a new religion in opposition to Judaism, but simply desired to uphold the law of Moses, and do away with the commandments of men. And Anan therefore condemns the Jews for having treated Jesus as an impostor, and for having put him to death without weighing the justice of his pretensions.

The followers of Anan looked upon him with such veneration and reverence, that they ordained a prayer to commemorate his death, which the Karaites offer up for him every Sabbath to the present day, and which is as follows—"Our God and God of our Fathers, have mercy on our dead and on your dead, and on all the dead of all this people of the house of Israel, and above all on our Leader Anan, the Prince, the Man of God, the Patriarch of the Captivity, who opened the way to the Scriptures, enlightened the eyes of the Karaites, and turned many from sin and transgression, and led us in the right way."

After his death (765-780), the Ananites, so called in honor of their leader, elected Anan's son, Saul, as their leader. Supported by Rabbi Mocha—the inventor of the interlineary system of vocalization, called also the Tiberian or Palestinian—Abigedor, and Malich Armali, the faithful disciples of Anan, his son, with all filial reverence for his father, had the wisdom to betake himself to further reforms. Some things instituted by the founder were altogether discarded, being found impracticable, others were modified or changed and new things introduced. The study of the Bible became now the chief object, and the present system of accentuation and vowel points, as we now have it in our Hebrew Bibles, originated about that time. Anan's son, however, was insignificant both as a leader and a writer. His literary labor, so far as we know, was confined to "Notes upon the Decalogue," in which he attempted to show that all the statutes of Moses were contained in the Ten Com-

mandments. His son, Josiah, a grandson of Anan, was still more insignificant.

But the greatest luminary among the Karaites was Benjamin ben Moses Nahavendi, about 800–820. He was not only an authority in Persia, where he was even able to convert Moslems to the faith of the Bible, but his decisions were sought and respected in Babylon and Palestine. But here again we have to lament that all the writings of this immortal reformer of Karaism are lost, except one entitled *Dinim*, which treats exclusively on penal and civil laws. That he made great changes which were highly appreciated by the followers of Anan, can be seen from the circumstance, that in consequence of his scriptural teaching, they discarded the name Ananites, and henceforth called themselves *Karaites*, "Scripturalists," or *B'ne Mikra*, *Baaley Mikra*, or "followers of the Bible," in opposition to the *Baaley ha-Kabala*, or "followers of tradition."

After Nahavendi, the next conspicuous Karaite Doctor was Daniel ben Moses el-Kumassi, supposed to be a younger brother of the above mentioned Benjamin. He flourished from 820–860. We may also mention Eldad ha-Dani (about 880–890), the famous traveler, who in his interesting, but fabulous narratives (*Sefer Eldad ha-Dani*, Latin transl. by Genebrard, Paris, 1584), pretends to tell of the remnant of the ten tribes, their laws, customs and condition; Chawi-el-Balchi, the Karaite freethinker, who is pronounced the first rationalistic critic of the Bible, and who flourished after 880.

We have thus reached the year 900, in which Karaism had attained its highest point of development. From this period, therefore, we may look upon Karaism as finally fixed, both in its opposition to Rabbinism, and in the fundamental articles of faith by which its followers demand to be judged. But for Karaism itself this age (A. D. 900) was very critical. The endless variety of opinion upon dogmas, the most wayward, arbitrary, and contradictory views on interpretation called out by the freedom of inquiry in the scripture, the manifold divisions in the sect, and the tendency of freethinking, all this must be fatal to a community as soon as any strong foe should rise against Karaism. The champion of Rabbinism against Karaism, to whom more than to any other the defeat of the sect as a growing heresy is to be ascribed, was the Egyptian Saadias ben Joseph Gaon, of whom we shall speak further on. The Karaites ceased after this time to have much literary significance. But the communities which still remain, preserve in their customs, the lost record of Anan and his followers.

The last author among the earlier Gaonim was, as we have seen, Rabbi Acha of Shabcha, and for almost a century the literature of the Gaonism is almost a blank. The first, who opens the series of literati toward the end of the ninth century is Mar Zemach I.

ben Paltoij, of Pumbaditha (872–890), the author of a Talmudic Lexicon entitled *Aruch*, in which he explains in alphabetical order such words of the Talmud as bear upon antiquity and history. Contemporary with Paltoij was Nahshon ben Zadok of Sura (881–889), who also wrote elucidations to difficult passages in the Talmud, not in alphabetical order, but to the treatises of the Talmud. To him is also attributed the perpetual Kalendar (*Iggul di R. Nahshon*), founded upon a period of 19 years; which, however, was proved to be not quite correct by the learned Spaniards of the tenth and eleventh centuries, but was, nevertheless, made the basis of calendar-tables by some later writers, and has retained a place in some works nearly to the present day. This same Nahshon is probably also the author of the Chronicle entitled *Treatise upon the Tanaim and Amoraim*.

The third author of this period was Rabbi Simeon of Kahira or Misr in Egypt, who composed a compendium of the most important *Halachoth* from both Talmuds, entitled *The Great Halachoth*, about A. D. 900, the introduction of which contains the first known attempt to arrange all laws under the old canonical number of 613, that is, to determine accurately these 613 precepts from the Halacha literature then extant. To his time Graetz assigns the Chronicle entitled, the *History of the Maccabees of Joseph ben Gorion*, which is a translation of an Arabic book of the Maccabees, the *Tarich al Makkabain*, *Jussuf ibn Gorgon*. This book, says the same writer, has been afterward translated by an Italian Jew, who by his additions displayed great skill in his Hebrew style, and which translation is generally known under the title *Josippon* (Pseudo-Josephus).

Another famous man at this time was Isaac (Ben-Soleiman) El-Israëli, known under the name "Ysaacus" (845–90) of Egypt, famous as physician, philosopher, and linguist. As a physician he was skillful in dietetics and uroscopy; the best of his works were published in a compendium by Abdallatif, appropriated by Constantinus Afer, and variously edited by Jews after the Arabic and Latin. He also wrote a philosophical commentary on the first chapter of Genesis, treating of the creation, of which, however, only a part is now extant. It bore the title of *Sefr Jezirah* or *Perush*, whence the error that he wrote a commentary on the book *Jezirah*. One of Isaac's pupils was Dunash ben Tamim, famous alike as physician and astronomer,

About the same time as Eldad ha-Dani (whom we mentioned above) flourished Jehudah ibn Koreish in Fâs (about 870–900), skilled in languages, who besides the three original Semitic languages, also understood the Berber language and was well read in the Mishna and Talmud, the Koran and Arabic poets. He is the author of a Hebrew

Lexicon (*Iggaron*); a Hebrew grammar (both works not yet found); *Risalah*, or an epistle addressed to the Jewish community at Fez, in which he rebukes his brethren for neglecting to study Chaldee paraphrases of the Old Testament, and tries to show that it is impossible to understand some portions of the Bible without the help of the cognate Semitic idioms. This epistle was published in the Arabic by Bargés and Goldberg, Paris, 1857; extracts are given by Ewald and Dukes in *Beiträge zur Geschichte der ältesten Auslegung des Alten Testaments*, Stuttgart, 1844, I. 116–123; II. 117, 118.

One of the most famous among the later Gaonim was Saadia Gaon (A. D. 892–942), whom we have already mentioned. Saadia Gaon ben Joseph ha-Pithomi, ha-Mizri, was born at Pithom (Al Fayum) in Egypt, A. D. 892. He enjoyed the tuition of an eminent Karaite teacher, Shalmon ben Jerucham, an advantage that gave him an enlargement of mind beyond many of his colleagues in the Babylonian schools, though he never embraced the Karaite doctrines, but contended for the necessity of oral tradition. When little more than twenty-two (914) he published his first production written in Arabic, *A Refutation of Anan*, the founder of Karaism, no more extant. In opposition to the Karaites he also undertook an Arabic translation of the Scriptures accompanied by short annotations. His biblical works are:—a translation of the Pentateuch with annotations; a translation of Isaiah; a translation of the Psalms; of Job; a commentary on the Song of Songs, and on other books. Besides, he also wrote grammatical and lexical works on the language of the Hebrew Scriptures. All this was done between the years 915 and 928. So great was his reputation that David ben Sakkai, the Prince of the Captivity, sent for him to come to Sura in Babylonia, where he was appointed Gaon of the Academy (928). After occupying his high office a little more than two years, he was deposed through the jealousy of others and his own unflinching integrity. He, however, retained his office in the presence of an anti-Gaon for nearly three years more, when he had to relinquish his dignity altogether. He then retired to Bagdad, where he resided four years (933–937), and wrote against the celebrated Masoretic Aaron ben Asher, as well as the two philosophical works, the *Commentary on the Book of Jezira* and the treatise entitled *Faith and Doctrine*, which were the foundation of the first system of ethical philosophy among the Jews.

The latter work, originally written in Arabic, has often been published in ibn Tibbon's Hebrew translation. It was also translated into German. It consists of ten sections, and discusses (1) the creation of the world and all things therein; (2) the unity of the creation; (3) law and revelation; (4) obedience to God and disobedience, divine justice and freedom; (5) merit and demerit; (6) the

soul and immortality; (7) the resurrection; (8) redemption; (9) reward and punishment; (10) the moral law.

In the year 937 Saadia was reinstated as Gaon of Sura, and died five years afterward in 942, in the fiftieth year of his age. Among the many opponents against whom Saadai wrote, Aaron ben Asher, the celebrated Masorite, whom we have mentioned already, deserves our attention, not so much as the opponent of Saadia, but as the great master of the Tiberian system of vowels and accents, and of the partial as well as entire Masora, who, by his accurate edition of the text of the Hebrew Bible, which is the present *textus receptus*, immortalized his name.

Aaron ben Moses ben Asher, usually called Ben Asher, flourished about A. D. 900. Up to his time the Masoretic text was in a very unsettled condition, and in order to have an accurate, or rather, a settled and uniform text, Asher devoted the greater part of his life to collating and editing the Hebrew Scriptures, which he executed with such care and minuteness, and in so masterly a manner that, notwithstanding Saadia's opposition to it, and Ben Naphtali's strictures upon it, his revision superseded all other editions, was soon regarded as sacred, and became the standard text from which copies were made, both in Jerusalem and Egypt. It is this revision from which also our Hebrew Bibles of the present day are printed. Ben Asher also wrote several Masoretic works. Contemporary with Ben Asher was Moses ben David ben Naphtali, of Bagdad, who also distinguished himself by an edition of a revised text of the Hebrew Scriptures, in opposition to Ben Asher, in which, however, he had no great success.

With the death of Saadia, in 942, the last evening-red of the Suranic Academy had passed away, and about the year 948 the school had to be closed. In order to secure its further existence four young men were sent out, never to return again, to interest their rich co-religionists in the continuation of this old school of learning. But these four men, instead of helping their *alma mater*, were the means of helping others by founding new schools of learning in Egypt, Spain, and France. History has preserved the names of these men who, on their voyage in the Mediterranean Sea, were taken captive by a pirate and sold into slavery. They were Rabbi Shemaria ben Elhanan, who was sold at Alexandria, and became the head of the Jews in Egypt. Rabbi Hushiel, who was sold on the coast of Africa, went to Kairwan, where he became chief Rabbi; the third, Nathan ben Isaac Cohen, the Babylonian, probably went to Narbonne, while the fourth, Rabbi Moses ben Hanoah, was carried to Cordova.

During the voyage the pirate became enamored of the handsome wife of Rabbi Moses, and endeavored to force her to his wishes. She

asked her husband, in Hebrew, if those drowned at sea would be resuscitated at the resurrection; he answered her with the verse of the Psalm lxviii. 22, "The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan, I will bring again from the depths of the sea." On hearing which, to save her honor, she plunged into the sea and perished. On the vessel's arrival, the Jews of Cordova redeemed Moses and his son, although their abilities were not at the time known. One day, Rabbi Moses, habited in sackcloth, with his son, entered the synagogue over which Rabbi Nathan presided. The discussion was on a difficult passage of the treatise *Yoma*: after listening for some time, he explained it so satisfactorily to all the students present, that Rabbi Nathan rose from his seat and said: "The stranger in sackcloth is my master, and I am his scholar;" and turning to those learned in the law, continued, "Do you make him Judge of the Congregation of Cordova," which they did. Becoming thus known to the inquirers after Rabbinical knowledge in Cordova, he unfolded such stores of that kind as not only to win admiration of the people, but to prepare his way to the chief seat of instruction, and patronage of the Cordovan King, Hashem II., who himself received instruction from him in the laws and usages of the peculiar people who formed so considerable a section of his subjects. Moses was followed in the presidency of the Cordova synagogue by his son Enoch, who for many years maintained an equal reputation.

When Rabbi Hushiel, the second of the captives, came to Kairwan, where he became also Head of the School from 950-980, he found the study of the Talmud as well as of science in a flourishing state. Here lived at this time a pupil of the famous physician, Isaac Israeli, named Abusahal Dunash (Adonim) ben Tamin, born about 900, and died about 960. He was instructed in metaphysics, medicine, and philosophy. When twenty years of age, Dunash wrote an elaborate critique on Saadia's works. Besides, he wrote works on medicine, astronomy, and the Indian arithmetic, which had then been just introduced, as well as treatises on Hebrew grammar, in which he treated the analogies between the Hebrew and Arabic linguistic phenomena, and a commentary on the Book *Jezira*, as Saadia's work on it did not satisfy him. Like his master, he was physician to the Calif Ismael el-Mansur.

About the same time there lived in Italy a man, whom we may justly call the representative of Jewish learning in Italy in the time of Saadia. This man was Sabbatai Donnolo (born in 913, and died about 970). Donnolo, who was a native of Oria, near Otronto, was taken captive with his parents at the time when Oria was plundered by the Mohammedans of the Fatimite kingdom. While his parents were taken to Palermo and Africa, Donnolo was redeemed at Trani. Destitute of all means for support, he paved his own way

by studying medicine and astrology, in which branches he soon became famous. Though a practitioner of medicine—for he was physician to the Byzantine viceroy Eupraxios—he owes his reputation to his erudite works on astronomy.

Besides the *Josippon*, or *Pseudo-Josephus*, which originated about this time, we must mention the *Tana debi Eliahu*, or *Seder Eliahu*, an ethical Midrash, composed by a Babylonian about A. D. 974. This expository work is remarkable because the author carefully inculcates the avoidance of non-Jewish customs, and the most exact justice toward non-Jews. Another Midrash, or exposition on the Pentateuch, belonging to this period is the *Midrash Jalamdenu* (best edition by Buber, Wilna, 1885). It is better known under the name of *Midrash Tanchuma*.

But the more the study of the Talmud was cultivated outside of Babylonia through the efforts of those four men, of whom mention has already been made, the less insignificant became the still existing academy at Pumbaditha, over which before its final close two men presided, who deserve our attention, viz., Sherirah and his son, Hai Gaon.

Sherira Gaon (born about 930, and died 1000) first taught at Perez Shibbur and won such universal respect in the Jewish community, that when raised to the Gaonate, the office of *Resh G'lutha*, or Head of the Captivity, becoming vacant, was not filled, and Sherira was left to discharge the twofold function of chief ruler in both departments. In his old age he associated with himself his son Hai, or Haya, in the direction of the schools. He underwent in his latter days a disastrous reverse of fortune, having fallen under the displeasure of the Caliph Ahmed Kader, who confiscated his property, and afterward hanged him. He died at the age of seventy. Sherira is said to have been an implacable enemy to the Christians. But it is due to him, with respect to our present investigations, to remark, that it is to him we owe the most accurate intelligence of the affairs of the Jewish schools in Babylonia; his book entitled *Iggereth* "Epistle," or in other copies *Zshuboth* "Responses," containing not only answers to a variety of questions on the methodology of the Talmud, but also brief personal notices of many of the most distinguished schoolmen of the period. The best edition is that published by Goldberg in a collection of treatises, entitled *Chophesh Matmonim*, Berlin, 1845.

About the same time with Sherira lived Rabbi Gershon ben Jehuda, the first Talmudic authority among the German Jews. Since the time of Charlemagne, there already existed a college for the study of the Talmud in Narbonne. For Charlemagne is said to have had implicit confidence not only in the ability, but also in the integrity of the Jewish merchants in his realm, and he even sent one Isaac as his

ambassador to the court of Haroun Alrashid. Great privileges the Jews also enjoyed under Louis le Débonnaire, who is said to have made them all-powerful. But this college, which rather cultivated mysticism than the study of the Talmud, received a new impulse for the study of the latter through a Talmudic scholar of the Suranic College, who went there, but whose name is not exactly known; perhaps it was Nathan ben Isaac of Babylon. It was probably his pupil Rabbi Leon or Leontin (Jehuda ben Meïr), who is to be regarded as the founder of that Talmudic study, which from that time on became famous both in France and Germany. His pupil was Gershon ben Jehuda commonly called "Rabbenu Gershon," "the Ancient," "the Light of the Exile," born about 960, and died in 1028. He is the reputed founder of the Franco-German Rabbinical school in which the studies of Babylonia were earnestly revived. He was called the *Māor hagolah*, "the Light of the French Exiles," but he humbly acknowledged that for all he understood, he was obliged to his teacher. He is also the founder of monogamy among the Jews, and of other institutions, which were for a long time disputed and rejected, and himself was placed under ban for attempting the abrogation of the Mosaic precept respecting the marriage of a man with the childless wife of his deceased brother. Gershon is the author of a commentary on the Talmud, and of some hymns and penitential prayers. For reasons unknown, he went to Mayence, where he founded a college which soon attracted the youth of Germany and Italy.

Contemporary with this authority of the Germano-French congregations lived at Mayence Rabbi Simeon ben Isaac ben Abun of Le Mans, who is especially famous for his poetry.

The last Gaon was Hai or Haya, son of Sherira (born in 969, and died in 1038). In early life he proved himself a worthy descendant of fathers, so illustrious in Israel for their learning and integrity. At the age of eighteen he was made the colleague of his father, and two years afterward, he received the degree of co-Gaon, in which relation he continued till the death of his father Sherira. The Caliph having been made aware that the charges which had brought the aged father to his end were unfounded, permitted the son to retain the Gaonship, the sole duties of which he discharged till his death in 1038. Hai Gaon was distinguished both for his personal virtues and for an erudition which rendered him the most accomplished Jewish scholar of his time. The learned men of the nation were then more intent upon the cultivation of general science in common with the Arabian philosophers; but Hai abided by the traditional studies of the Hebrew schools, and sought to recall and concentrate the intelligence of his people on the old, but fast decaying system of Rabbinical study. In this respect he seemed to stand like a solitary column among mouldering ruins. His manifold works, sixteen in number,

may be classified under the head of—1-7, Talmudical; 8-10, exegetical; 11-12, poetical; 13-14, cabbalistic; 15-16, miscellaneous—all of which are enumerated in Fürst, *Bibliotheca Judaica*, I. 355-358. Hai was the last rector of Pumbaditha.

Contemporary with Hai was his father-in-law, Samuel ben Chofni, (born about 960, and died in 1034). He is generally regarded as the last Gaon of the Suranic School, and is the author of a philosophical commentary on the Pentateuch, and of some Talmudical treatises.

Hai was followed by Hiskia, but his presidency was one of trouble, for in the Calif of the day he found an enemy who pursued him to death in 1040. His two sons, who were also brought under sentence to the same fate, effected their escape into Spain, where Hebrew literature, forsaking the now desolated schools of the Euphrates, found an asylum in which it put forth a renewed vigor, and clothed itself with beauties it had never worn since the times when the Prophets wrote with the pen of inspiration. Indeed the time had come, when the Jewish Spain took the heritage of Judea, Babylonia, and North Africa, to increase it for coming generations, and the opportunities for doing so were very favorable, especially in the tenth and eleventh centuries, when the Jews of Spain had two men who by their public position and wealth became the patrons of Jewish learning and made Spain the centre of Jewish literature for the coming centuries. These men were *Chasdai ben Isaac* and *Samuel ha-Nagid*, with whom our next period commences.—BERNHARD PICK.

RAILROADS IN CHINA.

To the question which has been asked me so many times since my return to the United States, "Are the Chinese going to build railroads, etc.?" I answer unhesitatingly, "Yes, whenever they can be shown that this can be done with their own money obtained at first by private loans, and by their own labor under the direction of foreign experts who will treat them fairly and honestly." They will not for the present borrow money on the credit of their government or a pledge of its revenues for the purpose of paying for such works, nor will they grant concessions or subsidies for foreigners. So far as I can see, they will not take money from any Power or syndicate, and agree to a repayment of the same by a mortgage upon the works to be created thereby. As has been shown, their leading statesmen want railroads, and have an intelligent understanding of how they are to be utilized for the benefit of the country; but they are not willing to have them upon any terms which will increase the European influence in China, or give European Powers the slightest pretext for meddling with the internal affairs of the country or its government.—GEN. JAMES A. WILSON.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NOWADAYS all things appear in print sooner or later; but I have heard from a lady who knew Mrs. Shelley a story of her which, so far as I know, has not appeared in print hitherto. Mrs. Shelley was choosing a school for her son, and asked the advice of this lady, who gave for advice—to use her own words to me—“Just the sort of banality, you know, one does come out with: Oh, send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself.” I have had far too long a training as a school-inspector to presume to call an utterance of this kind a *banality*; however, it is not on this advice that I now wish to lay stress, but upon Mrs. Shelley’s reply to it. She answered: “Teach him to think for himself? Oh, my God, teach him rather to think like other people!”

To the lips of many and many a reader of Professor Dowden’s volumes a cry of this sort will surely rise, called forth by Shelley’s life as there delineated. I have read those volumes with the deepest interest; but I regret their publication, and am surprised, I confess, that Shelley’s family should have desired or assisted it. For my own part, at any rate, I would gladly have been left with the impression, the ineffaceable impression, made upon me by Mrs. Shelley’s first edition of her husband’s collected poems. Medwin and Hogg and Trelawny had done little to change the impression made by those four delightful volumes of the original edition of 1839. The text of the poems has in some places been mended since; but Shelley is not a classic, whose various readings are to be noted with earnest attention. The charm of the poems flowed in upon us from that edition, and the charm of the character. Mrs. Shelley had done her work admirably; her introductions to the poems of each year, with Shelley’s prefaces and passages from his letters, supplied the very picture of Shelley to be desired. Somewhat idealized by tender regret and exalted memory Mrs. Shelley’s representation no doubt was. But without sharing her conviction that Shelley’s character, impartially judged, “would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary,” we learned from her to know the soul of affection, of “gentle and cordial goodness,” of eagerness and ardor for human happiness, which was in this rare spirit—so mere a monster unto many. Mrs. Shelley said in her general preface to her husband’s poems: “I abstain from any remark on the occurrences of his private life, except inasmuch as the passions which they engendered inspired his poetry; this is not the time to relate the truth.” I for my part could wish, I repeat, that that time had never come.

But come it has, and Professor Dowden has given us the *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* in two very thick volumes. If the work was to be done, Professor Dowden has indeed done it thoroughly. One or two things in a biography of Shelley I could wish different, even waiving the question

whether it was desirable to relate in full the occurrences of Shelley's private life. Professor Dowden holds a brief for Shelley; he pleads for Shelley as an advocate pleads for his client; and this strain of pleading, united with an attitude of adoration which in Mrs. Shelley had its charm, but which Professor Dowden was not bound to adopt from her, is unserviceable to Shelley, nay, injurious to him, because it inevitably begets, in many readers of the story which Professor Dowden has to tell, impatience and revolt. Further let me remark that the biography before us is of prodigious length, although its hero died before he was thirty years old, and that it might have been considerably shortened if it had been more plainly and simply written. I see that one of Professor Dowden's critics, while praising his style for "a certain poetic quality of fervor and picturesqueness," laments that in some important passages Professor Dowden "fritters away great opportunities for sustained and impassioned narrative." I am inclined much rather to lament that Professor Dowden has not steadily kept his poetic quality of fervor and picturesqueness more under control. Is it that the Home Rulers have so loaded the language that even an Irishman who is not one of them catches something of their full habit of style? No, it is rather, I believe, that Professor Dowden, of poetic nature himself, and dealing with a poetic nature like Shelley, is so steeped in sentiment by his subject that in almost every page of the biography the sentiment runs over. A curious note of his style, suffused with sentiment, is that it seems incapable of using the common word *child*. A great many births are mentioned in the biography, but always it is a poetic *babe* that is born, not a prosaic *child*. And so, again, André Chénier is, not guillotined, but "too foully done to death." Again, Shelley after his runaway marriage with Harriet Westbrook was in Edinburgh without money and full of anxieties for the future, and complained of his hard lot in being unable to get away, in being "chained to the filth and commerce of Edinburgh." Natural enough; but why should Professor Dowden improve the occasion as follows?

"The most romantic of northern cities could lay no spell upon his spirit. His eye was not fascinated by the presences of mountains and the sea, by the fantastic outlines of aerial piles seen amid the wreathing smoke of Auld Reekie, by the gloom of the Canongate illuminated with shafts of sunlight streaming from its interesting wynds and alleys; nor was his imagination kindled by storied house or palace, and the voices of old, forgotten, far-off things, which haunt their walls."

These reserves being made, I have little except praise for the manner in which Professor Dowden has performed his task; whether it was a task which ought to be performed at all, probably did not lie with him to decide. His ample materials are used with order and judgment; the history of Shelley's life develops itself clearly before our eyes; the documents of importance for it are given with sufficient fulness, nothing essential seems

to have been kept back, although I would gladly, I confess, have seen more of Miss Clairmont's journal, whatever arrangement she may in her later life have chosen to exercise upon it. In general, all documents are so fairly and fully cited, that Professor Dowden's pleadings for Shelley, though they may sometimes indispose and irritate the reader, produce no obscuring of the truth; the documents manifest it of themselves. Last but not least of Professor Dowden's merits, he has provided his book with an excellent index.

Undoubtedly this biography, with its full account of the occurrences of Shelley's private life, compels one to review one's former impression of him. Undoubtedly the brilliant and attaching rebel who in thinking for himself had of old our sympathy so passionately with him, when we come to read his full biography makes us often and often inclined to cry out: "My God! he had far better have thought like other people." There is a passage in Hogg's interesting account of Shelley which I wrote down when I first read it, and have borne in mind ever since; so beautifully it seemed to render the true Shelley. Hogg has been speaking of the intellectual expression of Shelley's features, and he goes on:—

"Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome."

What we have of Shelley in poetry and prose suited with this charming picture of him; Mrs. Shelley's account suited with it; it was a possession which one would gladly have kept unimpaired. It still subsists, I must now add; it subsists even after one has read the present biography; it subsists, but so as by fire. It subsists with many a scar and stain; never again will it have the same pureness and beauty which it had formerly. I regret this, as I have said, and I confess I do not see what has been gained. Our ideal Shelley was the true Shelley after all; what has been gained by making us at moments doubt it? What has been gained by forcing upon us much in him which is ridiculous and odious, by compelling any fair mind, if it is to retain with a good conscience its ideal Shelley, to do that which I propose to do now? I propose to mark firmly what is ridiculous and odious in the Shelley brought to our knowledge by the new materials, and then to show that our former beautiful and loveable Shelley nevertheless survives.

Almost everybody knows the main outline of the events of Shelley's life. It will be necessary for me, however, up to the date of his second marriage, to go through them here. Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was of an old family of country gentlemen, and the heir to a baronetcy.

He had one brother and five sisters, but the brother so much younger than himself as to be no companion for him in his boyhood at home, and after he was separated from home and England he never saw him. Shelley was brought up at Field Place with his sisters. At ten years old he was sent to a private school at Isleworth, where he read Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and was fascinated by a popular scientific lecturer. After two years of private school he went in 1804 to Eton. Here he took no part in cricket or football, refused to fag, was known as "mad Shelley" and much tormented; when tormented beyond endurance he could be dangerous. Certainly he was not happy at Eton; but he had friends, he boated, he rambled about the country. His school lessons were easy to him, and his reading extended far beyond them; he read books on chemistry, he read Pliny's *Natural History*, Godwin's *Political Justice*, Lucretius, Franklin, Condorcet. It is said he was called "atheist Shelley" at Eton, but this is not so well established as his having been called "mad Shelley." He was full, at any rate, of new and revolutionary ideas, and he declared at a later time that he was twice expelled from the school, but recalled through the interference of his father.

In the spring of 1810 Shelley, now in his eighteenth year, entered University College, Oxford, as an exhibitioner. He had already written novels and poems; a poem on the "Wandering Jew," in seven or eight cantos, he sent to Campbell, and was told by Campbell that there were but two good lines in it. He had solicited the correspondence of Mrs. Hemans, then Felicia Browne and unmarried; he had fallen in love with a charming cousin, Harriet Grove. In the autumn of 1810 he found a publisher for his verse. He also found a friend in a very clever and free-minded commoner of his college—Thomas Jefferson Hogg—who has admirably described the Shelley of those Oxford days, with his chemistry, his eccentric habits, his charm of look and character, his conversation, his shrill discordant voice. Shelley read incessantly. Hume's *Essays* produced a powerful impression on him; his free speculation led him to what his father, and worse still his cousin Harriet, thought "detestable principles;" his cousin and his family became estranged from him. He, on his part, became more and more incensed against the "bigotry" and "intolerance" which produced such estrangement. "Here I swear, and as I break my oaths, may Infinity, Eternity, blast me—here I swear that never will I forgive intolerance." At the beginning of 1811 he prepared and published what he called a "leaflet for letters," having for its title *The Necessity of Atheism*. He sent copies to all the bishops, to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and to the heads of houses. On Lady Day he was summoned before the authorities of his College, refused to answer the question whether he had written *The Necessity of Atheism*, told the Master and Fellows that "their proceedings would become a court of inquisitors but not free men in a free country," and was

expelled for contumacy. Hogg wrote a letter of remonstrance to the authorities, was in his turn summoned before them and questioned as to his share in the "leaflet," and, refusing to answer, he also was expelled. Shelley settled with Hogg in lodgings in London. His father, excusably indignant, was not a wise man and managed his son ill. His plan of recommending Shelley to read Paley's *Natural Theology*, and of reading it with him himself, makes us smile. Shelley, who about this time wrote of his younger sister, then at school at Clapham, "There are some hopes of this dear little girl, she would be a divine little scion of infidelity if I could get hold of her," was not to have been cured by Paley's *Natural Theology* administered through Mr. Timothy Shelley. But by the middle of May, Shelley's father had agreed to allow him £200 a year.

Meanwhile, in visiting his sisters at their school in Clapham, Shelley made the acquaintance of a schoolfellow of theirs, Harriet Westbrook. She was a beautiful and lively girl, with a father who had kept a tavern in Mount Street, but had now retired from business, and one sister much older than herself, who encouraged in every possible way the acquaintance of her sister of sixteen with the heir to a baronetcy and a great estate. Soon Shelley heard that Harriet met with cold looks at her school for associating with an atheist; his generosity and his ready indignation against "intolerance" were roused. In the summer Harriet wrote to him that she was persecuted not at school only but at home also, that she was lonely and miserable, and would gladly put an end to her life. Shelley went to see her; she owned her love for him, and he engaged himself to her. He told his cousin, Charles Grove, that his happiness had been blighted when the other Harriet, Charles's sister, cast him off; that now the only thing worth living for was self-sacrifice. Harriet's persecutors became yet more troublesome, and Shelley, at the end of August, went off with her to Edinburgh and they were married. The entry in the register is this:

"August 28, 1811. Percy Bysshe Shelley, farmer, Sussex, and Miss Harriet Westbrook, St. Andrew Church Parish, daughter of Mr. John Westbrook, London."

After five weeks in Edinburgh the young farmer and his wife came southwards and took lodgings at York, under the shadow of what Shelley calls that "gigantic pile of superstition," the Minster. But his friend Hogg was in a lawyer's office in York, and Hogg's society made the Minster endurable. Mr. Timothy Shelley's happiness in his son was naturally not increased by the runaway marriage; he stopped his allowance, and Shelley determined to visit "this thoughtless man," as he calls his parent, and to 'try the force of truth' upon him. Nothing could be effected; Shelley's mother, too, was now against him. He returned to York to find that in his absence his friend Hogg had been making love to Harriet, who had indignantly repulsed him. Shelley was shocked, but after a "terrible day" explanation from Hogg, he "fully, freely pardoned him," promised to

retain him still as "his friend, his bosom friend," and "hoped soon to convince him how lovely virtue was." But for the present it seemed better to separate. In November he and Harriet, with her sister Eliza, took a cottage at Keswick. Shelley was now in great straits for money; the great Sussex neighbor of the Shelleys the Duke of Norfolk, interposed in his favor, and his father and grandfather seem to have offered him at this time an income of £2,000 a year, if he would consent to entail the family estate. Shelley indignantly refused to "forswear his principles," by accepting "a proposal so insultingly hateful." But in December his father agreed, though with an ill grace, to grant him his allowance of £200 a year again, and Mr. Westbrook promised to allow a like sum to his daughter. So after four months of marriage the Shelleys began 1812 with an income of £400 a year.

Early in February they left Keswick and proceeded to Dublin, where Shelley, who had prepared an address to the Catholics, meant to "devote himself towards forwarding the great ends of virtue and happiness in Ireland." Before leaving Keswick he wrote to William Godwin, "the regulator and former of his mind," making profession of his mental obligations to him, of his respect and veneration, and soliciting Godwin's friendship. A correspondence followed; Godwin pronounced his young disciple's plans for "disseminating the doctrines of philanthropy and freedom" in Ireland to be unwise; Shelley bowed to his mentor's decision and gave up his Irish campaign, quitting Dublin on the 4th of April, 1812. He and Harriet wandered first to Nant-Gwillt in South Wales, near the upper Wye, and from thence after a month or two to Lynmouth in North Devon, where he busied himself with his poem of *Queen Mab*, and with sending to sea boxes and bottles containing a *Declaration of Rights* by him, in the hope that the winds and waves might carry his doctrines where they would do good. But his Irish servant, bearing the prophetic name of Healy, posted the *Declaration* on the walls of Barnstaple and was taken up; Shelley found himself watched, and no longer able to enjoy Lynmouth in peace. He moved in September, 1812, to Tremadoc, in North Wales, where he threw himself ardently into an enterprise for recovering a great stretch of drowned land from the sea. But at the beginning of October he and Harriet visited London, and Shelley grasped Godwin by the hand at last. At once an intimacy arose, but the future Mary Shelley—Godwin's daughter by his first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft—was absent on a visit in Scotland when the Shelleys arrived in London. They became acquainted, however, with the second Mrs. Godwin, on whom we have Charles Lamb's friendly comment: "A very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles!" with the amiable Fanny, Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter by Imlay, before her marriage with Godwin and probably also with Jane Clairmont, the second Mrs. Godwin's daughter by a first marriage, and herself afterwards the

mother of Byron's *Allegra*. Complicated relationships, as in the Theban story! and there will be not wanting, presently, something of the Theban horrors. During this visit of six weeks to London Shelley renewed his intimacy with Hogg; in the middle of November he returned to Tremadoc. There he remained until the end of February, 1813, perfectly happy with Harriet, reading widely, and working at his *Queen Mab* and at the notes to that poem. On the 26th of February an attempt was made—or so he fancied—to assassinate him, and in high nervous excitement he hurriedly left Tremadoc and repaired with Harriet to Dublin again. On this visit to Ireland he saw Killarney, but early in April he and Harriet were back again in London.

There in June, 1813, their daughter Ianthe was born; at the end of July they moved to Bracknell, in Berkshire. They had for neighbors there a Mrs. Boinville and her married daughter, whom Shelley found to be fascinating women, with a culture which to his wife was altogether wanting. Cornelia Turner, Mrs. Boinville's daughter, was melancholy, required consolation, and found it, Hogg tells us, in Petrarch's poetry; "Bysshe entered at once fully in her views and caught the soft infection, breathing the tenderest and sweetest melancholy as every true poet ought." Peacock, a man of keen and cultivated mind, joined the circle at Bracknell. He and Harriet, not yet eighteen, used sometimes to laugh at the gushing sentiment and enthusiasm of the Bracknell circle; Harriet had also given offence to Shelley by getting a wet-nurse for her child; in Professor Dowden's words, "the beauty of Harriet's motherly relation to her babe was marred in Shelley's eyes by the introduction into his home of a hireling nurse to whom was delegated the mother's tenderest office." But in September Shelley wrote a sonnet to his child which expresses his deep love for the mother also, to whom in March, 1814, he was remarried in London, lest the Scotch marriage should prove to have been in any point irregular. Harriet's sister Eliza, however, whom Shelley had at first treated with excessive deference, had now become hateful to him. And in the very month of the London marriage we find him writing to Hogg that he is staying with the Boinvilles, having "escaped, in the society of all that philosophy and friendship combine, from the dismaying solitude of myself." Cornelia Turner, he adds, whom he once thought cold and reserved, "is the reverse of this, as she is the reverse of everything bad; she inherits all the divinity of her mother." Then comes a stanza, beginning

"Thy dewy looks sink in my breast,
Thy gentle words stir poison there."

It has no meaning, he says; it is only written in thought. "It is evident from this pathetic letter," says Professor Dowden, "that Shelley's happiness in his home had been fatally stricken." This is a curious way of putting the matter. To me what is evident is rather that Shelley had, to use

Professor Dowden's words again—for in these things of high sentiment I gladly let him speak for me—"a too vivid sense that here (in the society of the Boinville family) were peace and joy and gentleness and love." In April come some more verses to the Boinvilles, which contain the first good stanza that Shelley wrote. In May comes a poem to Harriet, of which Professor Dowden's prose analysis is as poetic as the poem itself. "If she has something to endure (from the Boinville attachment), it is not much, and all her husband's weal hangs upon her loving endurance, for see how pale and wildered anguish has made him!" Harriet, unconvinced, seems to have gone off to Bath in resentment, from whence, however, she kept up a constant correspondence with Shelley, who was now of age, and busy in London raising money on *post-obit* bonds for his own wants and those of the friend and former of his mind, Godwin.

And now, indeed, it was to become true that if from the inflammable Shelley's devotion to the Boinville family poor Harriet had had "something to endure," yet this was "not much" compared with what was to follow. At Godwin's house Shelley met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, his future wife, then in her seventeenth year. She was a gifted person, but, as Professor Dowden says, she "had breathed during her entire life an atmosphere of free thought." On the 8th of June Hogg called at Godwin's with Shelley; Godwin was out, but, "a door was partially and softly opened, a thrilling voice called 'Shelley!' a thrilling voice answered 'Mary!'" Shelley's summoner was "a very young female, fair and fair-haired, pale indeed, and with a piercing look, wearing a frock of tartan." Already they were "Shelley" and "Mary" to one another; "before the close of June they knew and felt," says Professor Dowden, "that each was to the other inexpressibly dear." The churchyard of St. Pancras, where her mother was buried, became "a place now doubly sacred to Mary, since on one eventful day Bysshe here poured forth his griefs, his hopes, his love, and she, in sign of everlasting union, placed her hand in his." In July Shelley gave her a copy of *Queen Mab*, printed but not published, and under the tender dedication to Harriet he wrote: "Count Slobendorf was about to marry a woman who, attracted solely by his fortune, proved her selfishness by deserting him in prison." Mary added an inscription on her part: "I love the author beyond all powers of expression . . . by that love we have promised to each other, although I may not be yours I can never be another's"—and a good deal more to the same effect.

Amid these excitements Shelley was for some days without writing to Harriet, who applied to Hookham the publisher to know what had happened. She was expecting her confinement; "I always fancy something dreadful has happened," she wrote, "if I do not hear from him . . . I cannot endure this dreadful state of suspense." Shelley then wrote to her, begging her to come to London; and when she arrived there, he told her the state of

his feelings, and proposed separation. The shock made Harriet ill; and Shelley, says Peacock, "between his old feelings towards Harriet, and his new passion for Mary, showed in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech, the state of a mind 'suffering, like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection.'" Godwin grew uneasy about his daughter, and after a serious talk with her, wrote to Shelley. Under such circumstances, Professor Dowden tells us, "to youth, swift and decisive measures seem the best." In the early morning of the 28th of July, 1814, "Mary Godwin stepped across her father's threshold into the summer air," she and Shelley went off together in a post-chaise to Dover, and from thence crossed to the Continent.

On the 14th of August the fugitives were at Troyes on their way to Switzerland. From Troyes Shelley addressed a letter to Harriet, of which the best description I can give is that it is precisely the letter which a man in the writer's circumstances should not have written:—

"My dearest Harriet, I write to you from this detestable town; I write to show that I do not forget you; I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at last find one firm and constant friend to whom your interests will be always dear—by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured. From none can you expect this but me—all else are either unfeeling or selfish, or have beloved friends of their own."

Then follows a description of his journey with Mary from Paris, "through a fertile country, neither interesting from the character of its inhabitants nor the beauty of the scenery, with a mule to carry our baggage, as Mary, who has not been sufficiently well to walk, fears the fatigue of walking." Like St. Paul to Timothy, he ends with commissions:—

"I wish you to bring with you the two deeds which Tahourdin has to prepare for you, as also a copy of the settlement. Do not part with any of your money. But what shall be done about the books? You can consult on the spot. With love to my sweet little Ianthe,
ever most affectionately yours,
S.

"I write in great haste; we depart directly."

Professor Dowden's flow of sentiment is here so agitating, that I relieve myself by resorting to a drier world. Certainly my comment on this letter shall not be his, that it "assures Harriet that her interests were still dear to Shelley, though now their lives had moved apart." But neither will I call the letter an odious letter, a hideous letter. I prefer to call it, applying an untranslatable French word, a *bête* letter. And it is *bête* from what is the signal, the disastrous want and weakness of Shelley, with all his fine intellectual gifts—his utter deficiency in humor.

Harriet did not accept Shelley's invitation to join him and Mary in Switzerland. Money difficulties drove the travelers back to England in September. Godwin would not see Shelley, but he sorely needed, continually demanded, and eagerly accepted, pecuniary help from his erring "spirited son." Between Godwin's wants and his own, Shelley was hard pressed. He got from Harriet, who still believed that he would return to her, twenty

pounds which remained in her hands. In November she was confined; a son and heir was born to Shelley. He went to see Harriet, but "the interview left husband and wife each embittered against the other." Friends were severe; "when Mrs. Boinville wrote, her letter seemed cold and even sarcastic," says Professor Dowden. "Solitude," he continues, "unharassed by debts and duns, with Mary's companionship, the society of a few friends, and the delights of study and authorship, would have made these winter months to Shelley months of unusual happiness and calm." But alas, creditors were pestering, and even Harriet gave trouble. In January, 1815, Mary had to write in her journal this entry: "Harriet sends her creditors here; nasty woman. Now we must change our lodgings."

One day about this time Shelley asked Peacock: "Do you think Wordsworth could have written such poetry if he ever had dealings with money-lenders?" Not only had Shelley dealings with money-lenders, he now had dealings with bailiffs also. But still he continued to read largely. In January, 1815, his grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, died. Shelley went down into Sussex; his father would not suffer him to enter the house, but he sat outside the door and read *Comus*, while the reading of his grandfather's will went on inside. In February was born Mary's first child, a girl, who lived but a few days. All the spring Shelley was ill and harassed, but by June it was settled that he should have an allowance from his father of £1,000 a year, and that his debts (including £1,200 promised by him to Godwin) should be paid. He on his part paid Harriet's debts and allowed her £200 a year. In August he took a house on the borders of Windsor Park, and made a boating excursion up the Thames as far as Lechlade—an excursion which produced his first entire poem of value, the beautiful *Stanzas in Lechlade Churchyard*. They were followed, later in the autumn, by *Alastor*. Henceforth, from this winter of 1815 until he was drowned between Leghorn and Spezzia in July, 1822, Shelley's literary history is sufficiently given in the delightful introductions prefixed by Mrs. Shelley to the poems of each year. Much of the history of his life is there given also; but with some of those "occurrences of his private life" on which Mrs. Shelley forbore to touch, and which are now made known to us in Professor Dowden's book, we have still to deal.

Mary's first son, William, was born in January, 1816, and in February we find Shelley declaring himself "strongly urged, by the perpetual experience of neglect or enmity from almost every one but those who are supported by my resources, to desert my native country, hiding myself a Mary from the contempt which we so unjustly endure." Early in May left England with Mary and Miss Clairmont; they met Lord Byron at Geneva and passed the summer by the Lake of Geneva in his company. Miss Clairmont had already in London, without the knowledge of the Shelleys, made Byron's acquaintance and become his mistress. Shelley det

mined, in the course of the summer, to go back to England, and, after all, "to make that most excellent of nations my perpetual resting-place." In September he and his ladies returned; Miss Clairmont was then expecting her confinement. Of her being Byron's mistress the Shelleys were now aware; but "the moral indignation," says Professor Dowden, "which Byron's act might justly arouse, seems to have been felt by neither Shelley nor Mary." If Byron and Claire Clairmont, as she was now called, loved and were happy, all was well.

The eldest daughter of the Godwin household, the amiable Fanny, was unhappy at home and in deep dejection of spirits. Godwin was, as usual, in terrible straits for money. The Shelleys and Miss Clairmont settled themselves at Bath; early in October Fanny Godwin passed through Bath without their knowing it, traveled on to Swansea, took a bedroom at the hotel there, and was found in the morning dead, with a bottle of laudanum on the table beside her and these words in her handwriting, and without signature:—

I have long determined that the best thing I could do was to put an end to the existence of a being whose birth was unfortunate, and whose life has only been a series of pain to those persons who have hurt their health in endeavoring to promote her welfare. Perhaps to hear of my death will give you pain, but you will soon have the blessing of forgetting that such a creature ever existed as . . ."

A sterner tragedy followed. On the 9th of November, 1816, Harriet Shelley left the house in Brompton where she was then living, and did not return. On the 10th of December her body was found in the Serpentine; she had drowned herself. In one respect Professor Dowden resembles Providence: his ways are inscrutable. His comment on Harriet's death is: "There is no doubt she wandered from the ways of upright living." But, he adds: "That no act of Shelley's, during the two years which immediately preceded her death, tended to cause the rash act which brought her life to its close, seems certain." Shelley had been living with Mary all the time; only that!

On the 30th of December, 1816, Mary Godwin and Shelley were married. I shall pursue "the occurrences of Shelley's private life" no further. For the five years and a half which remain, Professor Dowden's book adds to our knowledge of Shelley's life much that is interesting; but what was chiefly important we knew already. The new and grave matter which we did not know, or knew in the vaguest way only, but which Shelley's family and Professor Dowden have now thought it well to give us in full, ends with Shelley's second marriage.

In regret, I say once more, that it has been given. It is a sore trial for the love of Shelley. What a set! what a world! is the exclamation that comes from us as we come to an end of this history of "the occurrences of Shelley's private life." I used the French word *bête* for a letter of Shelley's;

for the world in which we find him I can only use another French word, *sale*. Godwin's house of sordid horror, and Godwin preaching and holding the hat, and the green-spectacled Mrs. Godwin, and Hogg the faithful friend, and Hunt the Horace of this precious world, and, to go up higher, Sir Timothy Shelley, a great country gentleman, feeling himself safe while "the exalted mind of the Duke of Norfolk [the drinking Duke] protects me with the world," and Lord Byron with his deep grain of coarseness and commonness, his affectation, his brutal selfishness—what a set! The history carries us to Oxford, and I think of the clerical and respectable Oxford of those old times, the Oxford of Copleston and the Kebles and Hawkins, and a hundred more, with the relief Keble declares himself to experience from Izaak Walton,

"When, wearied with the tale thy times disclose,
The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose."

I am not only thinking of morals and the house of Godwin, I am thinking also of tone, bearing, dignity. I appeal to Cardinal Newman, if perchance he does me the honor to read these words, is it possible to imagine Copleston or Hawkins declaring himself safe "while the exalted mind of the Duke of Norfolk protects me with the world?"

Mrs. Shelley, after her marriage and during Shelley's closing years, becomes attractive; up to her marriage her letters and journal do not please. Her ability is manifest, but she is not attractive. In the world discovered to us by Professor Dowden as surrounding Shelley up to 1817, the most pleasing figure is poor Fanny Godwin; after Fanny Godwin, the most pleasing figure is Harriet Shelley herself.

Professor Dowden's treatment of Harriet is not worthy—so much he must allow me in all kindness, but also in all seriousness, to say—of either his taste or his judgment. His pleading for Shelley is constant, and he does more harm than good to Shelley by it. But here his championship of Shelley makes him very unjust to a cruelly used and unhappy girl. For several pages he balances the question whether or not Harriet was unfaithful to Shelley before he left her for Mary, and he leaves the question unsettled. As usual, Professor Dowden (and it is his signal merit) supplies the evidence decisive against himself. Thornton Hunt, not well disposed to Harriet, Hogg, Peacock, Trelawny, Hookham, and a member of Godwin's own family, are all clear in their evidence that up to her parting from Shelley Harriet was perfectly innocent. But that precious witness, Godwin, wrote in 1817 that "she had proved herself unfaithful to her husband before their separation. . . . Peace be to her shade!" Why, Godwin was the father of Harriet's successor. But Mary believed the same thing. She was Harriet's successor. But Shelley believed it too. He had it from Godwin. But he was convinced of it earlier. The evidence for this is, that, in writing to Southey in 1820, Shelley declares that "the single passage of a life

otherwise not only spotless but spent in an impassioned pursuit of virtue, which looks like a blot," bears that appearance "merely because I regulated my domestic arrangements without deferring to the notions of the vulgar, although I might have done so quite as conveniently had I descended to their base thoughts." From this Professor Dowden concludes that Shelley believed he could have got a divorce from Harriet had he so wished. The conclusion is not clear. But even were the evidence perfectly clear that Shelley believed Harriet unfaithful when he parted from her, we should have to take into account Mrs. Shelley's most true sentence in her introduction to *Alastor*: "In all Shelley did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience."

Shelley's asserting a thing vehemently does not prove more than that he chose to believe it and did believe it. His extreme and violent changes of opinion about people show this sufficiently. Eliza Westbrook is at one time "a diamond not so large" as her sister Harriet but "more highly polished;" and then: "I certainly hate her with all my heart and soul. I sometimes feel faint with the fatigue of checking the overflowings of my unbounded abhorrence for this miserable wretch." The antipathy, Hogg tells us, was as unreasonable as the former excess of deference. To his friend Miss Hitchener he says: "Never shall that intercourse cease, which has been the day-dawn of my existence, the sun which has shed warmth on the cold drear length of the anticipated prospect of life." A little later, and she has become "the Brown Demon, a woman of desperate views and dreadful passions, but of cool and undeviating revenge." Even Professor Dowden admits that this is absurd; that the real Miss Hitchener was not seen by Shelley, either when he adored or when he detested.

Shelley's power of persuading himself was equal to any occasion; but would not his conscientiousness and high feeling have prevented his exerting this power at poor Harriet's expense? To abandon her as he did, must he not have known her to be false? Professor Dowden insists always on Shelley's "conscientiousness." Shelley himself speaks of his "impassioned pursuit of virtue." Leigh Hunt compared his life to that of "Plato himself, or, still more, a Pythagorean," and added that he "never met a being who came nearer, perhaps so near, to the height of humanity," to being an "angel of charity." In many respects Shelley really resembled both a Pythagorean and an angel of charity. He loved high thoughts, he cared nothing for sumptuous lodging, fare, and raiment, he was poignantly afflicted at the sight of misery, he would have given away his last farthing, would have suffered in his own person, to relieve it. But in one important point he was like neither a Pythagorean nor an angel: he was extremely inflammable. Professor Dowden leaves no doubt on the matter. After reading his book, one feels sickened for ever of the subject of irregular relations; I forbid that I should go into the scandals about Shelley's "Neapolitan

charge," about Shelley and Emilia Viviani, about Shelley and Miss Clairmont, and the rest of it! I will say only that it is visible enough that when the passion of love was aroused in Shelley (and it was aroused easily) one could not be sure of him, his friends could not trust him. We have seen him with the Boinville family. With Emilia Viviani he is the same. If he is left much alone with Miss Clairmont, he evidently makes Mary uneasy; nay, he makes Professor Dowden himself uneasy. And I conclude that an entirely human inflammability, joined to an inhuman want of humor and a superhuman power of self-deception, are the causes which chiefly explain Shelley's abandonment of Harriet in the first place, and then his behavior to her and his defence of himself afterwards.

His misconduct to Harriet, his want of humor, his self-deception, are fully brought before us for the first time by Professor Dowden's book. Good morals and good criticism alike forbid that when all this is laid bare to us we should deny, or hide, or extenuate it. Nevertheless I go back after all to what I said at the beginning; still our ideal Shelley, the angelic Shelley, subsists. Unhappily the data for this Shelley we had and knew long ago, while the data for the unattractive Shelley are fresh; and what is fresh is likely to fix our attention more than what is familiar. But Professor Dowden's volumes, which give so much, which give too much, also afford data for picturing anew the Shelley who delights, as well as for picturing for the first time a Shelley who, to speak plainly, disgusts; and with what may renew and restore our impression of the delightful Shelley I shall end.

The winter at Marlow, and the ophthalmia caught among the cottages of the poor, we knew, but we have from Professor Dowden more details of this winter and of Shelley's work among the poor; we have above all, for the first time I believe, a line of verse of Shelley's own which sums up truly and perfectly this most attractive side of him:

"I am the friend of the unfriended poor."

But that in Shelley on which I would especially dwell is that in him which contrasts most with the ignobleness of the world in which we have seen him living, and with the pernicious nonsense which we have found him talking. The Shelley of "marvellous gentleness," of feminine refinement, with gracious and considerate manners, "a perfect gentleman, entirely without arrogance or aggressive egotism," completely devoid of the proverbial and ferocious vanity of authors and poets, always disposed to make little of his own work and to prefer that of others, of reverent enthusiasm for the great and wise, of high and tender seriousness, of heroic generosity, and of a delicacy in rendering services which was equal to his generosity—the Shelley with whom I wish to end. He may talk no sense about tyrants and priests, but what a high and noble ring in such sentence as the following, written by a young man who is refusing £2,000 a year rather than consent to entail a great property!—

"That I should entail £120,000 of command over labor, of power to remit this, to employ it for benevolent purposes, on one whom I know not—who might, instead of being the benefactor of mankind, be its bane, or use this for the worst purposes, which the real delegates of my chance-given property might convert into a most useful instrument of benevolence! No! this you will not suspect me of."

And again:—

"I desire money because I think I know the use of it. It commands labor, it gives leisure; and to give leisure to those who will employ it in the forwarding of truth is the noblest present an individual can make to the whole."

If there is extravagance here, it is extravagance of a beautiful and rare sort, like Shelley's "underhand ways" also, which differed singularly, the cynic Hogg tells us, from the underhand ways of other people; "the latter were concealed because they were mean, selfish, sordid; Shelley's secrets, on the contrary (kindnesses done by stealth), were hidden through modesty, delicacy, generosity, refinement of soul."

His forbearance to Godwin, to Godwin lecturing and renouncing him, and at the same time holding out, as I have said, his hat to him for alms, is wonderful; but the dignity with which he at last, in a letter perfect for propriety of tone, reads a lesson to his ignoble father-in-law, is in the best possible style:—

"Perhaps it is well that you should be informed that I consider your last letter to be written in a style of haughtiness and encroachment which neither awes nor imposes on me; but I have no desire to transgress the limits which you place to our intercourse, nor in any future instance will I make any remarks but such as arise from the strict question in discussion."

And again:—

"My astonishment, and, I will confess, when I have been treated with most harshness and cruelty by you, my indignation, has been extreme, that, knowing as you do my nature, any considerations should have prevailed on you to have been thus harsh and cruel. I lamented also over my ruined hopes of all that your genius once taught me to expect from your virtue, when I found that for yourself, your family, and your creditors, you would submit to that communication with me which you once rejected and abhorred, and which no pity for my poverty or sufferings, assumed willingly for you, could avail to extort."

Moreover, though Shelley has no humor, he can show as quick and sharp a tact as the most practised man of the world. He has been with Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, and he writes of the latter:—

"La Guiccioli is a very pretty, sentimental, innocent Italian, who has sacrificed an immense future for the sake of Lord Byron, and who, if I know anything of my friend, of her, and of human nature, will hereafter have plenty of opportunity to repent her rashness."

Tact also, and something better than tact, he shows in his dealings, in order to befriend Leigh Hunt, with Lord Byron. He writes to Hunt:—

"Particular circumstances, or rather, I should say, particular dispositions in Lord Byron's character, render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself intolerable to me; thus much, my best friend, I will confess and confide to you. No feelings of my own shall injure or interfere with what is now nearest to them—your interest; and I will take care to preserve the little influence I may have over this Proteus, in whom such strange extremes are reconciled, until we meet."

And so we have come back again, at last, to our original Shelley—to the Shelley of the lovely and well-known picture, to the Shelley with “flushed, feminine, artless face,” the Shelley “blushing like a girl,” of Trelawny. Professor Dowden gives us some further attempts at portraiture. One by a Miss Rose, of Shelley at Marlow:—

“He was the most interesting figure I ever saw; his eyes like a deer’s, bright but rather wild; his white throat unfettered; his slender but to me almost faultless shape; his brown long coat with curling lamb’s wool collar and cuffs—in fact his whole appearance—are as fresh in my recollection as an occurrence of yesterday.”

Feminine enthusiasm may be deemed suspicious, but a Captain Kennedy must surely be able to keep his head. Captain Kennedy was quartered at Horsham in 1813, and saw Shelley when he was on a stolen visit, in his father’s absence, at Field Place:—

“He received me with frankness and kindness, as if he had known me from childhood, and at once won my heart. I fancy I see him now as he sate by the window, and hear his voice, the tones of which impressed me with his sincerity and simplicity. His resemblance to his sister Elizabeth was as striking as if they had been twins. His eyes were most expressive; his complexion beautifully fair, his features exquisitely fine; his hair was dark, and no peculiar attention to its arrangement was manifest. In person he was slender and gentlemanlike, but inclined to stoop; his gait was decidedly not military. The general appearance indicated great delicacy of constitution. One would at once pronounce of him that he was different from other men. There was an earnestness in his manner and such perfect gentleness of breeding and freedom from everything artificial as charmed every one. I never met a man who so immediately won upon me.”

Mrs. Gisborne’s son, who knew Shelley well at Leghorn, declared Captain Kennedy’s description of him to be “the best and most truthful I have ever seen.”

To all this we have to add the charm of the man’s writings—of Shelley’s poetry. It is his poetry, above everything else, which for many people establishes that he is an angel. Of his poetry I have not space now to speak. But let no one suppose that a want of humor and a self-delusion such as Shelley’s have no effect upon a man’s poetry. The man Shelley, in very truth, is not entirely sane, and Shelley’s poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry, no less than in life, he is “a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.”—MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

MOVES ON THE EUROPEAN CHESS-BOARD.*

WRITING in March, 1887, I said that, the maintenance of peace for Germany being the great aim of Prince Bismarck’s policy, he could not really have any predilection for a Government like the Russian, which jeopardize

* Professor Neinrich Geffken, of University of Strassburg, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a monthly paper on “Contemporary Life and Thought in Germany.” The following pages are a portion of his article for December, 1887. Of Prof. Geffken him-

that boon by its subversive policy; and that as soon as he saw his way to a coalition before which Russia would yield without war, he would join it. This prediction has been fulfilled by events. Bulgaria was not quite so much Hecuba to the Chancellor as he pretended. In itself it may be so, but it was not so for Austria; and the alliance with her, if it does not bind Germany to assist Austria against every attack of a foreign power, yet guarantees her territorial *status quo*. Bismarck's aim, therefore, was to mediate between Austria and Russia, and to keep back both from resolutions which might endanger peace. To do this effectually he was obliged to appear in St. Petersburg as a friend, and that is the reason why in his great speeches in the Reichstag he laid so much stress on the German friendship for Russia. It was no business of Germany to provoke her Eastern neighbor by openly opposing proposals which other powers, more directly interested, could make of no effect if they chose so to do; indeed, he could afford to support, together with France, even such preposterous Russian schemes as the intended mission of General Ernroth to Sofia as a military dictator, because he knew that Italy, Austria, and England would resist it, and he was not bound to do for them what they could do for themselves, and what his action on the other side would not prevent them from doing. This policy, which so oddly displayed France and Germany as allies racing for the friendship of Russia, was much like the course of the candid friend who gives his vote and interest to a candidate whom he does not wish to disoblige, after carefully ascertaining that his friend has no chance of being elected.

Lately, however, the Chancellor has been led to reverse his policy. Whatever he did for Russia was deemed insufficient at St. Petersburg; when he tried to mediate between Austria and Russia, Katkow replied that there was no room for mediation, and that if Germany was really Russia's friend, she must signify to Austria that the latter had nothing to do with the Balkan peninsula, and consequently must evacuate Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is true that the more cool-headed statesman who officially represents the foreign policy of the Russian Cabinet did not share these views; we abridge the following biographical sketch from Brockhan's *Conversations-Lexikon*, which warrants the belief that he is fitted for the work which he has undertaken:—

He was born at Hamburg in 1830; studied law at Bonn, Göttinger, and Berlin. In 1854 he was made Secretary of Legation at Paris. In 1859 he was made the Hanseatic Minister-resident at Berlin, and he was sent in the same capacity to London. In 1872 was made Professor of Political Science and Public Law at Strassburg. In 1880 he was a member of State Council of Elsass-Lothringia, a position which he resigned in 1882 on account of impaired health. Among his writings—the earlier ones being published anonymously—are: *The Reform of the Prussian Constitution* (1870); *The Civil Contest of 1851, and its effects upon Europe* (1870); *The Constitution of the German Confederation* (1870); *L'impasse Orientales* (1871); *The Alabama Question* (1872); *Church and State, in their Relations, Historically Developed* (1875, translated into English in 1877); *For the History of the Eastern War (1854-1855)* (1881); *La Question du Danube* (1883); *European Public Law* (1881), translated into French, under the title *Le Droit International* (1883).—ED. LIB. MAG.

pretensions; he did not follow Katkow's advice, to answer the speeches of Count Kalnoky in the Hungarian delegation, and of Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House in November, 1886, by recalling the Russian Ambassadors from Vienna and London. But he did a much more dangerous thing. He sounded Italy, whether in case of a war between Russia and Austria and Germany, she would side with Russia, and offered her Trieste if she would do so. About the same time France offered to the Cabinet of Rome, in the event of a war with Germany, the Trentino as the price of her alliance. Signor Depretis at once flatly refused to entertain for a moment such projects directed against the allies of Italy, and thus the danger was avoided; but the movement, which was undoubtedly a concerted one, sufficiently shows what Germany and Austria have to expect from their good neighbors.

The war-scare during the elections for the German Reichstag had the effect of drawing closer the relations of France and Russia; and M. de Giers, finding himself in a deadlock in the Bulgarian question—when his master would not alter his position towards the Regents as usurpers, and yet did not dare to enforce his demands at the risk of a conflagration—sent General Martinow to Paris to confer with M. Flourens. Upon this there appeared in the Russian-inspired paper at Brussels, *Le Nord*, an article written by M. Catacazy, late favorite of Prince Gortchakow and Minister at Washington (where he made himself impossible), declaring that Russia would not allow a second crushing defeat of France by Germany, which would leave her alone with an all-powerful neighbor. Katkow found this policy not strong enough; he was in active communication with General Boulanger, through General Bogdanovitch, and with M. de Laboulaye, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg; he daily pleaded in his *Moscow Gazette* for the French alliance, and began violently to attack M. de Giers. The Czar administered a mild reprimand to him, and proposed to confer the Grand Cross of the order of Vladimir on his Minister. Katkow came to Gatchina to defend himself; he expounded his ideas, and eloquently demonstrated to his master that any binding undertaking with Austria and Germany would gravely endanger Russian interests, and that it was necessary to come to close relations with France. The Czar, half persuaded, told him to see Giers, who, however, did not receive him. This the Emperor took very much amiss; and when the Minister sent in his resignation, saying, that under the present circumstances his advice could scarcely be useful, the Imperial answer was that the Czar, as he appointed his Ministers, likewise dismissed them when he thought fit so to do, and not when the idea of going occurred to them.

The decree, already signed, for conferring the Vladimir on M. de Giers was cancelled; and Katkow, elated by his success, was hard at work to replace the Minister by Count Ignatieff or by General Schuvalow, Amba-

sador at Berlin. At that moment there suddenly arrived the news of another Ministerial crisis at Paris, which once more showed how little confidence could be placed in the French political quicksands. The Emperor was much struck; he saw that his more sober-minded Minister had been right; and Katkow's influence underwent a decisive shock. It sank still more, when—about the same time—General von Schweinitz, the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg, happened to lay his hand upon one of the secret communications of Katkow with French politicians, and this paper was sent by the Emperor William to the Czar, who sternly rebuked the Moscow journalist for such high-handed interference. This is said to have hastened his end.

Katkow's death was certainly an advantage for Germany; yet it must not be overrated. On the one hand it would be a mistake to consider him as a Panslavist; on the contrary, he ridiculed the idea of bringing all the Slavs under the Imperial sceptre as a chimera, which had nothing to do with the realities of Russian policy. His leading principles were that the only possible government for Russia was the hereditary autocracy of the Czar, leaning upon the orthodox Church; that the outlying provinces of the Empire—Poland, the Baltic provinces, and Finland—must be Russianized by every means; and that the Balkan States must be placed under a Russian protectorate. In promoting this policy, the secret of his success consisted simply in strongly, and even roughly, urging the supreme power to do what it longed to, but often dared not, do. This influence became paramount under Alexander III., who, educated by Katkow's friend Podobenszew, now chief of the Holy Synod, had intimate relations with Katkow even when he was Czarevitch. It was but natural, that a man who constantly told the Czar, "You are all-powerful and infallible, only you do not know your omnipotence and are badly served," should be listened to, though of course he understood that omnipotence just as the Jesuits used to understand the infallibility of the Pope—that is, in the sense that the Pope was to execute what they thought fit. Katkow was not at first an adversary of Germany; he had studied at Berlin and was a classical scholar; he had acknowledged that the German alliance had been most useful to Russia, and had defended Prince Bismarck against the reproach of having frustrated Russia's legitimate demands at the Congress of Berlin. It was only after the Austro-German alliance of 1879, when the anti-German feeling became strong in Russia and Skobelev made his famous speeches in that sense, that Katkow gradually turned against Germany and argued for a French alliance; but as a Conservative he had no predilection for the Paris Radicals, and constantly urged that only a strong and nonarchival France would be a reliable ally.

On the other hand, the seed of hatred sown by Katkow has spread so widely, that his death has by no means allayed the Russian feeling against

Germany. It is quite true that the Russian Government was somewhat embarrassed by the speech of Deroulède at Katkow's grave, as the Chief of the Patriotic League had attacked the French Government for its lukewarmness; but the fact that the representative of the Emperor at Kiew, General Baranow, dared to entertain Deroulède at a banquet, and enthusiastically respond to his toast of the Russo-French alliance, sufficiently shows how strong the current of public opinion must be; and the Grand Duke Nicholas's speech in the French steamer *Uruguay* was a striking proof of the feelings which prevail in the Imperial family. Moreover, though Katkow is dead, Podobenoszew survives; and he is the most strenuous promoter of the Russification of the western border provinces. Not only is the oppression of the Protestant faith and the German element in the Baltic provinces, and of the Catholic religion in Poland, ruthlessly carried on, but a great blow was struck at foreign influence by a Ukase of May last, which forbade any foreigner to become, or to remain, a landed proprietor in Russia.

This edict was severely felt in Germany. Many of our wealthy nobles possess large estates in Russia, and were thus placed in the dilemma of selling their property under most unfavorable conditions or becoming naturalized Russians. Such, for instance, was the case with Prince Hohenlohe, Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, whose wife inherited from her brother, the late Prince Wittgenstein, estates which are said to be as large as the kingdom of Wurtemberg. Yet it was difficult for the German Government to complain of a measure which was strictly within the limits of internal Russian affairs. It is said that Prince Bismarck, in seeking for his master a personal interview with the Czar at Stettin, hoped to obtain a modification of this Ukase, which he thought the Czar could hardly refuse to his venerable grand-uncle. However this may be, it seems certain that the Czar believed such a request would be made, which he was as loth to grant as to refuse; and that this was one of the considerations which moved him not to go. He was moreover dissatisfied with the attitude of Germany, and did care to affront public opinion in Russia, which would have considered his visit to Stettin as a humiliation. So he remained at Copenhagen, although preparations for his reception had been made at Stettin Castle, saying; "Well, I too will not be made to go to Canossa." The illness of his children obliging him to remain somewhat longer as the guest of his father-in-law, and so making his return by sea impossible, he could not well go home by way of Germany without paying a visit to our Emperor; but though the visit took place upon terms of perfect politeness, and though the Czar even received Prince Bismarck, who was summoned to Berlin by the Emperor, that visit can scarcely have any great political importance, except to show Russia that she must remain passive.

Prince Bismarck lost no time in making his reply to this attitude; having

already renewed and confirmed his alliance with Austria in the course of a visit by Count Kalnoky to Friedrichsruhe, he now invited the Italian Premier, Signor Crispi, to come and see him. What was most curious in this visit was that it was kept secret to the last moment; but when it had taken place a studied publicity was given to its results. Signor Crispi, indeed, denied that he had spoken the words attributed to him, in the interview with which he favored a reporter of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on his way home, but the report was immediately reprinted in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the Chancellor's paper, and what Crispi himself said at the banquet at Turin amounted to much the same.

The gist of it was this: We are in friendly relations with all Powers, but we are allies of the two central Powers of Europe, and at sea, we act in accord with England. My journey has caused uneasiness in France, but the confidence of the Government happily remained unshaken, for they know that my intentions are loyal and can never have a hostile direction against a country with which we are closely connected by affinity of race, by our traditions, and by civilization. No one can desire a war between the two nations; I deprecate defeat or victory in such a war, which would be fatal alike to the liberties of both, and prejudicial to the balance of power in Europe. Our system of alliances tends to one object—the preservation of order; not to aggression or perturbation. It is advantageous to Italy as well as to the general interest. Italy is not the only State which desires the maintenance of peace; for Germany, among others, pursues the same object. The history of our time is dominated by the name of one statesman whom I sincerely admire, and with whom I am connected by personal ties of long standing; his aim is peace and the greatness of his country; he has worked for thirty years to obtain that aim, and to preserve what he has won; he is an old friend of Italy, and has been so from her earliest years, for he knows the solidarity of the union of Italy and Germany. The agreement of thought and sentiment between him and myself has now received fresh confirmation. It is said that we have been conspiring at Friedrichsruhe. I, as an old conspirator, reply that we have conspired in the cause for peace, and that all those are at liberty to take part in that conspiracy who wish for peace. On taking leave of me Bismarck said: "We have rendered a service to Europe." I remember that word with pride, for Italy was never in such complete and hearty union as with her present ally, nor were her dignity and interests ever so well guaranteed. Speaking of his Eastern policy, Crispi said that Italy sought to unite respect for public treaties with the development of the autonomy of the Balkan States; that was a policy founded upon Italian traditions and interests; and those nations would as little forget the services rendered by Italy as she herself could forget those of England and France to her own unity.

The *Journal des Débats* of October 28, acknowledging the courteous terms in which Crispi spoke of France, thought that this speech, if it had cleared the clouds, yet had not dispersed them; for why, it remarks, has Italy thought fit to conclude alliances which may drag her against her will into a war of which she deprecates even the thought, and for interests which are not her own. If the Triple Alliance has not that bearing, it has none. That is what Crispi has not explained, and what, perhaps, he could not explain—this criticism is not to the point. Italy in her alliance with Germany and Austria maintains perfectly her independence, and there can be no question of her being dragged into a war against her will. Crispi described the position of Italy with a frank resolution such as has not been heard from Italian statesmen since the death of Cavour; hinting that in a war with France victory is as possible as defeat, he claims equality with that power; he desires no war, but warns France on her side also against desiring war. But in truth it was rather a piece of ingenuity for Crispi to deprecate a war with France, which in all probability could only take place in consequence of an attack by France upon Germany. He knows that Germany will not attack France, and he intimates to the latter that if she attacks Germany she has to reckon with Italy also, and that he is as much opposed to a breaking up of the unity of Germany as to her crushing France, because both eventualities would be hurtful to the balance of power. Coupled with his allusion to England, his declaration comes to this, that the peace of Europe and the territorial *status quo* are now secured by two virtual alliances—by that of Germany, Austria, and Italy on land, by that of Italy and England at sea—against any State which should seek to disturb the present distribution of power in the Mediterranean, and implicitly he tells his countrymen that this maritime alliance secures Italy against the danger of an attack on her exposed seaboard. But while thus speaking for the cause of peace and afterward dwelling upon his cordial relations with Austria, Crispi did not even mention the name of Austria, and it is at St. Petersburg that his remarks about the Balkan States will be most resented as a distinct defiance to the Czar. He even said, if we are to believe his Frankfort reporter, that “Italy, like all other European States, has reason to dread the advance of Russia to Constantinople, and cannot allow the Mediterranean to become a Russian lake.” Fresh from his conference and his arrangements with Prince Bismarck, such words are most significant, because they will be construed as spoken for all three allied powers. The net result of the important change is this:—The three Emperors’ alliance is at an end. Italy takes Russia’s former place at the side of Germany, which instead of a dubious and incalculable friend, has won a sincere and upright one. Considering the strained relations between Austria and Russia, our alliance with Austria was not sufficient so long as Italy, remaining outside, might attack Austria while involved in a war with Russia—as

France might attack Germany. The alliance of Italy with Germany isolates both France and Russia, and takes away the menacing character from an alliance of the two latter Powers. It means for Germany that in case of a French attack at least four French army corps and half of the French fleet are immobilized. It secures peace to Italy and, although the Italian frontier on the side of France is strategically very unfavorable, makes a French attack by land impossible; for the mere armed neutrality of Germany in a war between France and Italy would detain half of the French army on the Moselle and half of the French fleet, so that Italy might take the offensive and march upon Lyons. In a similar way Austria is now covered against Russia; and, France and Russia being the elements which endanger the peace of Europe, it is evident that the alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy is indeed the strongest guarantee for peace. Crispi's speech, therefore, will have a great effect in Russia, where the Czar must see that he is isolated and would court defeat if he had to enforce his plans against Bulgaria; it has had its effect at Constantinople, where the Sultan, discerning that Russia is no longer backed by Germany, refuses to comply with her requests; it has given new confidence to the Bulgarians, and has produced a wholesome sobering influence in France. It is not without significance that so shortly after the interview of Friedrichsruhe, M. Flourens made up his mind to come to an agreement with England on the long-vexed questions of the Suez Canal and the New Hebrides; and France must see that if she wishes to be on good terms with England she must not dream of a war of revenge against Germany. The influence of the recent scandals and present Presidential crisis in France must, moreover, exercise a sobering influence upon the Czar's mind, and show how dangerous would be a connection with elements so eminently unsafe. Thus, for the present at least, the danger of a Franco-Russian alliance vanishes from the political horizon, and therefore Prince Bismarck was right in saying that the interview had rendered a service to Europe. A feeling of relief and comparative security is beginning to predominate; after long disquietude, people feel safe in the hands of their rulers; and Prince Bismarck, whose former policy of backing Russia in Bulgaria was most unpopular, now has the whole nation with him.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the unfortunate incident on the Alsatian frontier, where a French keeper beating for game was killed by a German soldier; for, on the German Government expressing their regret, and resending a handsome indemnity (£2,500) to his widow, the matter was diplomatically settled, and the soldier awaits his judgment. Of much greater importance are the pending commercial negotiations in which Italy is engaged with Austria and France; for Germany is deeply interested in the concessions which these States make to each other. We have, it is true, a treaty with Italy which does not expire until 1892; but it simply stipu-

lates for the rights of the most favored nation, and this clause loses its significance with the expiration of the treaties with Austria and France, the only ones by which Italy bound herself to a specified tariff. If, therefore, these treaties are not renewed with the beginning of 1888, the strongly protective Italian tariff which was voted in the summer of this year will be applied to all nations; and this would certainly be a great blow to the German export trade with Italy, which, in consequence of the Gothard Railway, has risen from sixty-six million *lire* in 1881 to one hundred and thirty millions in 1886. Crispi, in his Turin speech, was hopeful as to the negotiations with Austria, but as regards France only expressed a wish to avoid a war of tariffs. Certain it is that there are great difficulties to be overcome; the Italians think that the Austrian treaty of 1878 has been disadvantageous to them, because under it Austrian exports to Italy have risen by 13·3 per cent, while those of Italy to Austria have decreased by 45 per cent. The Cabinet of Rome, therefore, wishes to limit the treaty tariff to three favored articles: beer, alcohol, and timber, and asks from Austria reductions of her duties on flour, straw-tresses, leather, cheese, wine, oil, fruit, and some minor articles. The Cabinet of Vienna is not inclined to accept this basis, but it might well consider that, if the negotiations should prove fruitless, Austrian industry might lose a great part of the Italian market.

Before leaving the domain of politics, I must allude to two events in the Imperial family, which, as it forms the uniting bond for all Germany, have a general importance. The one was the ninetieth birthday of our venerable Emperor, which was celebrated with general enthusiasm throughout the whole empire. The other is of a most melancholy nature. I need not speak in detail of the grave illness of our Crown Prince, which during the last few weeks has assumed a character of the utmost gravity, such indeed as, according to human knowledge and medical skill, scarcely leaves any room for hope. Apart from the sad fear that the life of a noble and amiable prince, who with truth can be said to have no enemy, is threatened to be cut off in its prime, and that both the German and the English dynasty may be called to mourn so great a loss, it is evident that the death of the Crown Prince will be a public calamity, and not for Germany alone; and that is certainly the reason why the European public with breathless anxiety follows the tragedy of San Remo. The Crown Prince was known to be strongly in favor of peace and constitutional government; as to his son, we are standing before the unknown. It is certain that he has gifts of the first order; he is honest and upright in character, an intelligent and capable soldier, has a high sense of his duties, and is happy in his family life. But he can scarcely have the maturity so desirable for the arduous task that may fall upon him.—HEINRICH GEFFKEN, in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE HUGLI:—A RIVER OF RUINED CAPITALS.

THE Hugli is the most westerly of the network of channels by which the Ganges pours into the sea. Its length, under its distinctive name, is less than 150 miles; but even its short course exhibits in full work the twofold task of the Bengal rivers as creators and destroyers. The delta through which it flows was built up in times primæval, out of the sea, by the silt which the Hugli and adjacent channels brought down from inland plains and Himalayan heights, a thousand miles off. There inundations still add a yearly coating of slime to vast low-lying tracts; and we can stand by each autumn and see the ancient secrets of landmaking laid bare. Each autumn, too, the network of currents rend away square miles from their banks, and deposit their plunder as new alluvial formations further down; or a broad river writhes like a monster snake across the country, leaving dry its old bed, and covering with deep water what was lately solid land.

Most of the channels do their work in solitude, in drowned wastes where the rhinoceros and crocodile wallow in the slush, and whither the wood-cutter only comes in the dry months, after the rivers have spent their fury for the year. But the Hugli carries on its ancient task in a thickly peopled country, destroying and reproducing with an equal balance amid the homesteads and cities of men. Since the dawn of history it has formed the great high road from Bengal to the sea. One Indian race after another built their capitals, one European nation after another founded their settlements, on its banks. . Buddhists, Hindus, Mussulmans, Portuguese, Dutch, Danes, French, Germans, and English, have lined with ports and fortresses that magnificent waterway. The insatiable river has dealt impartially with all. Some it has left high and dry, others it has buried under mud, one it has cleft in twain and covered with its waters; but all it has attacked, or deserted, or destroyed. With a single exception, whatever it has touched it has defaced. One city only has completely resisted its assaults. Calcutta alone has escaped unharmed to tell of that appalling series of catastrophes. The others lie entombed in the silt, or moulder like wrecks on the bank. The river flows on relentless and majestic as of old, ceaselessly preaching with its still small ripple, the ripple that has sapped the palaces of kings and brought low the temples of the gods,—that here we have no abiding city.

In order to understand a great Indian waterway, we must lay aside our common English idea of a river. In England the streams form lines of drainage from the interior to the sea. The life of a Bengal river like the Ganges is much more complex. In its youth the Ganges leaps out from a low-bed in the Himalayas, and races across the sub-montane tracts, gathering pebbled and diverse mineral treasures as it bounds along. After a few hundred miles of this play, it settles down to its serious work in life,

grinding its mountain spoils to powder against its sides, bearing on its breast the commerce of provinces, and distributing its waters for the cultivation of the soil. Its manhood lasts a thousand miles, during which it receives tributaries from both sides, and rolls onward with an ever-increasing volume of water and silt. But as it grows older it becomes slower, losing in pace as it gains in bulk, until it reaches a country so level that its mighty mass can no longer hold together, and its divergent waters part from the main stream to find separate courses to the sea. The point at which this dis-severance takes place marks the head of the delta. But the dismembered river has still an old age of full two hundred miles before its worn-out currents find rest. It toils sluggishly across the delta, splitting up into many channels, each of which searches a course for itself southwards, with endless bifurcations, new junctions, twists, and convolutions.

The enfeebled currents can no longer carry on the silt which the parent stream, in its vigorous manhood, has borne down. They accordingly deposit their burdens in their beds, or along their margins, thus raising their banks above the low adjacent plains. They build themselves up as it were into high-level canals. The delta thus consists of branching rivers winding about at a perilous elevation, with a series of hollow-lands or dips between. The lofty banks alone prevent the channels from spilling over; and when a channel has filled up, the old banks run like ridges across the delta, showing where a dead river once flowed. In the rainy season, the floods burst over the banks, and drown the surrounding flats with a silt-laden deluge. Then the waters settle and drop their load in the form of a coating of mud. As the inundation subsides, the aqueous expanse, now denuded of its silt, partly finds its way back to the channels, partly sinks into the porous soil, and partly stagnates in land-locked fens. The Ganges thus yields up in its old age the accumulations of its youth and manhood. Earth to earth. The last scene of all is the solitude of tidal creeks and jungle, amid whose silence its waters merge into the sea.

The Hugli is formed by the three most westerly of the deltaic spill-streams of the Ganges. The first or most northerly is the Bhagirathi, a very ancient river, which represents the original course of the Ganges, down the Hugli trough to the Bay of Bengal. A legend tells how a demon diverted the sacred Ganges by swallowing it. The demon was a geological one. A band of stiff yellow clay confined the Ganges to its ancient bed, until a flood burst through the barrier and opened a passage for the main body of the Ganges to the east. The disruption took place in prehistoric times. But to this day the Bhagirathi, and the Hugli which it helps form lower down, retain the sanctity of the parent stream. The Ganges ceases to be holy eastward from the point where the Bhagirathi breaks south. It was at this point that Holy Mother Ganga vouchsafed, in answer to the Sage's prayer, to divide herself into a hundred channels to ma

sure that her purifying waters should reach, and cleanse from sin, the concealed ashes of the heroes. Those channels form her distributaries through the delta. The Bhagirathi, although for centuries a mere spill-stream from the parent Ganges, is still called the Ganges by the villagers along its course. The levels of the surrounding country show that the bed of the Bhagirathi must once have been many times its present size. The small portion of the waters of the Ganges which it continued to receive after the geological disruption no longer sufficed to keep open its former wide channel. Its bed accordingly silted up, forming islands, shoals, and accretions to its banks. It now discloses the last stage in the decay of a deltaic river. In that stage the process of silting up completes itself, until the stream dwindles into a series of pools and finally disappears. This fate is averted from the Bhagirathi by engineering efforts. The vast changes which have taken place in the Hugli trough may be estimated from the one fact, that the first of its headwaters, which originally poured into it the mighty Ganges, is now a dying river kept alive by artificial devices.

The other two headwaters of the Hugli bear witness to not less memorable vicissitudes. The second of them takes off from the Ganges about forty miles eastward from the Bhagirathi. At one time it brought down such masses of water from the Ganges as to earn the name of the Terrible. But in our own days it was for long a deceased river; its mouth or intake from the Ganges was closed with mud; its course was cut into three parts by other streams. The country through which it flowed must once have been the scene of fluvial revolutions on an appalling scale. That tract is now covered with a network of dead rivers; a vast swampy reticulation in some places stretching as lines of pools, in others as fertile green hollows. But thirteen years ago a flood once more burst open the mouth of the Terrible from the Ganges, and it re-expanded from a little cut into a broad distributary. The third of the Hugli headwaters has its principal offtake from the Ganges again about forty miles further down. It constantly shifts its point of bifurcation from the Ganges, moving its mouth up and down the parent river to a distance of ten miles. All the three headwaters of the Hugli dwindle to shallow streams in the cold weather. At many places a depth of eighteen inches cannot always be maintained by the most skilful engineering. But during the rains each of them pours down enormous floods from the Ganges to the Hugli trough.

The Hugli, thus formed by three uncertain spill-streams of the Ganges from the north and east, receives no important tributary on its western bank above Calcutta. One channel brings down the torrents from the mountain fringe of the Central India plateau. But during three-quarters of the year this channel dwindles, in its upper course, to a silver thread amid expanses of sand. Formerly, indeed, the Hugli above Calcutta received a mighty river from the westward, the Damodar. About two centuries ago, however,

that giant stream burst southward, and now enters the Hugli far below Calcutta. For practical purposes, therefore, the only feeders of the Hugli are the three spill-streams from the Ganges on the north and east.

How comes it that these decaying rivers suffice to supply one of the great commercial waterways of the world? In the dry weather, writes the officer in charge of them, it is impossible, at a short distance below their final point of junction, "to tell whether they are opened or closed, as the proportion of water which they supply" to the Hugli "is a mere trifle." Thus in 1869 two of them were closed, and the third only yielded a trickle of twenty cubic feet a second. Yet within fifty miles of their junction the Hugli has grown into a magnificent river, deep enough for the largest ships, and supplying Calcutta with twelve million gallons of water a day without any appreciable diminution to the navigable channel. This was long a mystery. The explanation is that during the eight dry months the Hugli is fed partly by infiltration underground, and partly by the tide. The delta forms a subterraneous sieve of silt, through which countless rills of water percolate into the deep trough which the Hugli has scooped out for itself. The drainage from the swamps and hollow lands, finding no outlet on the surface, sinks into the porous alluvium. The delta thus stores up inexhaustible underground reservoirs, to feed the Hugli in the hot weather. There is a moving mass of waters beneath the surface of the land, searching out paths into the low level formed by the Hugli drain. This perpetual process of subterrene infiltration, together with the action of the tides, renders the Hugli almost independent of its headwaters so long as it can maintain the depth of its trough below the adjacent country. That depth is secured by the scouring of the current in the rainy season. During the dry months the Hugli silts up. But if only its headwaters are kept from closing altogether, the floods from the Ganges will pour down them on the first burst of the rains, and again deepen the Hugli trough. The problem of engineering, therefore, is to save the three headwaters from being absolutely silted up during the dry season.

The struggle between science and nature which the last sentence represents lies beyond the scope of this article. Meanwhile let us sail quickly up the Hugli in the cold weather, and see how man, unaided by science, fared in the conflict. The country round the mouth of the river consists of disappointing sand banks or mean mud formations, covered with coarse grass and barely a few inches above high-tide. But about thirty-five miles below Calcutta we reach a better raised land, bearing cocoanuts and rice crops of rice. There on the western side of the Hugli, but at some distance from its present course, and upon a muddy tributary, once flourished the Buddhist port of Bengal. From that port of Tamrú, the Buddhist pilgrim of the fifth century A.D. took shipping to Ceylon. It is now an inland village six miles from the Hugli channel and fifty from the sea. I

Buddhist princes, with their ten monasteries and one thousand monks, succumbed to Hindu kings of the warrior caste, who built a fortified palace said to cover eight square miles. The Hindu kings of the warrior caste were succeeded by a semi-aboriginal line of fishermen princes. As each dynasty perished, the delta buried their works beneath its silt. The floods now unearth Buddhist coins from the deep gullies which they cut during the rains; sea-shells and fragments of houses occur at a depth of twenty feet. The old Buddhist port lies far down in the mud; of the great palace of the Hindu warrior kings only faint traces remain above the surface. Even the present temple, said to be built by the later fishermen princes, is already partly below ground. Its mighty foundation of logs spread out upon the delta, heaped with solid masonry to a height of thirty feet, and surmounted by a Cyclopean triple wall and dome, form a marvel of mediæval engineering. But the massive structure, which has defied the floods and tidal waves of centuries, is being softly, silently, surely hoveled underground by the silt.

A little above the buried Buddhist port, but on the Hugli itself, we come to Falta. Once the site of a Dutch factory, and a busy harbor of Dutch commerce, it formed the retreat of the English Council in 1756, after the Black Hole and their flight from Calcutta. It now consists of a poor hamlet and a few grassy earthworks mounted with guns. The Dutch factory is gone, the Dutch commerce is gone; it strains the imagination to conceive that this green solitary place was once the last foothold of the British power in Bengal. I moored my barge for the night off its silent bank, and read the official records of those disastrous days. A consultation held by the fugitive Council on board the schooner *Phoenix* relates how their military member had written "a complimentary letter to the Nawab," who had done their comrades to death, "complaining a little of the hard usage of the English Honorable Company, assuring him of his good intentions notwithstanding what had happened, and begging him in meanwhile, till things were cleared up, that he would treat him at least as a friend, and give orders that our people might be supplied with provisions in a full and friendly manner." To such a depth of abasement had fallen the British power—that power to which in less than a year the field of Plassey, higher up the same river, was to give the mastery of Bengal.

Swiftly sailing past Calcutta, with its fourfold tiers of great ships, its fortress, palaces, domes, and monuments, we come upon a series of five early European settlements, from sixteen to twenty-eight miles above the British capital. Each one of these formed the subject of as high hopes as Calcutta; several of them seemed to give promise of a greater future. Every one of them is now deserted by trade; not one of them could be reached by the smallest ships of modern commerce. The Hugli quickly deteriorates above the limits of the Calcutta port, and the rival European settlements

higher up are as effectually cut off from the sea as if they were buried, like the Buddhist harbor, in the mud of the delta.

The first of these settlements, sixteen miles by water above Calcutta, is the old Danish town of Serampur. It formed the outcome of a century of efforts by the Danes to establish themselves in Bengal. During the Napoleonic wars it was a prosperous port, many of our own ships sailing thence to avoid the heavy insurance paid by British vessels. Ships of 600 to 800 tons, the largest then in use, could lie off its wharfs. In the second quarter of the present century the silt formations of the Hugli channel rendered it inaccessible to maritime commerce. The manuscript account of the settlement, drawn up with minute care when we took over the town from the Danes in 1845, sets forth every detail, down to the exact number of hand-looms, burial-grounds, and liquor-shops. But throughout its seventy-seven folio pages I could discover not one word indicating the survival of a sea-going trade.

On the opposite or eastern bank, a couple of miles further up, lay an ancient German settlement, Bankipur, the scene of an enterprise on which the eyes of European statesmen were once malevolently fixed. No trace of it now survives; its very name has disappeared from the maps, and can only be found in a chart of the last century. Carlyle, with picturesque inaccuracy, describes that enterprise as the Third Shadow Hunt of Emperor Karl the Sixth. "The Kaiser's Imperial Ostend East India Company," he says, "which convulsed the diplomatic mind for seven years to come, and made Europe lurch from side to side in a terrific manner, proved a mere paper company, never sent ships, only produced diplomacies, and 'had the honor to be.'" As a matter of fact, the Company not only sent ships, but paid dividends, and founded settlements which stirred up the fiercest jealousy in India. Although sacrificed in Europe by the Emperor to obtain the Pragmatic Sanction in 1727, the Ostend Company went on with its business for many years, and became finally bankrupt in 1784. Its settlement on the Hugli, deserted by the Vienna Court, was destroyed in 1733 by a Mohammedan general, whom the rival European traders stirred up against it. The despairing garrison and their brave chief, who lost an arm by a cannon-ball, little thought that they would appear in history as mere paper persons and diplomatic shadows who had only "had the honor to be." The European Companies were in those days as deadly to each other as the river was destructive to their settlements. When Frederick the Great sent a late expedition, the native Viceroy of Bengal warned the other Europeans against the coming of the German ships. "God forbid that they should come this way!" was the pious response of the President of the English Council; "but should this be the case, I am in hopes that through your Uprightness they will be either sunk, broke, or destroyed."

A few miles higher up the river on the western bank, the French settl

ment of Chandernagar still flies the tricolor. In the last century it was bombarded by English vessels of war. A great silt-bank, which has formed outside it, would now effectually protect it from any such attack. A grassy slope has taken the place of the deep water in which the admiral's flagship lay. Captured and recaptured by the British during the long wars, the settlement now reposes under international treaties, a trim little French town land-locked from maritime commerce. A couple of miles above it lies the decayed Dutch settlement, Chinsura; and another mile further on was the ancient Portuguese emporium, Hugli town. Both of these were great resorts of sea-going trade before Calcutta was thought of. In 1632, when the Mohammedans took Hugli town from the Portuguese, and made it their own royal port of Bengal, they captured over three hundred ships, large and small, in the harbor. As one now approaches the old Dutch and Portuguese settlements, a large alluvial island, covered with rank grasses and a few trees, divides the stream into uncertain channels, with lesser silt formations above and below. Noble buttressed houses and remains of the river wall still line the banks of the land-locked harbors. Then the marvellous new railway bridge seems to cross the sky, its three cantilever spans high up in the air above the river, with native boats crawling like flies underneath. Beyond rise the tower and belfry of the Portuguese monastery of Bandel, the oldest house of Christian worship in Bengal, built originally in 1599. The Virgin in a bright blue robe, with the Infant in her arms, and a garland of fresh rosemaries round her neck, stands out aloft under a canopy. Two lamps ever lit by her side served as beacons during centuries to the European ships which can never again ascend the river. They now guide the native boatmen for miles down the decaying channels.

From this point upwards, the Hugli river is a mere record of ruin. An expanse of shallows spreads out among silt formations, stake-nets, and mud. Oval-bottomed country boats, with high painted sterns, bulging bellies, and enormous brown square sails, make their way up and down with the tide. But the distant high banks, crowned by venerable trees, and now separated from the water by emerald-green flats, prove that a great and powerful river once flowed past them. For some miles the channel forms the dwindled remains of an ancient lake. Old names, such as the Sea of Delight, now solid land, bear witness to a time when it received the inflow of rivers long dead or in decay. From this mighty mass of waters one arm reached the sea south-eastward, by the present Hugli trough; another, and once larger, branch, known as the Saraswati, or Goddess of Flowing Speech, broke off to the south-west. At their point of bifurcation stands Tribeni, a very ancient place of pilgrimage. But the larger western branch, or Goddess of Flowing Speech, is now a silent and dead river, running for miles as a green broad hollow through the country, with a tidal ditch which you can jump across in the dry weather.

Yet on this dead western branch flourished the royal port of Bengal from a prehistoric age till the time of the Portuguese. Its name, Satgaon, refers its origin to the Seven Sages of Hindu mythology, and the map of 1540 A.D. marks its river as a large channel. Purchas in the beginning of the next century describes it as "a reasonable fair citie for a citie of the Moores, abounding with all things." Foreign trade sharpened the wits of the townsmen, and a Bengali proverb still makes "a man of Satgaon" synonymous with a shrewd fellow. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries its river silted up, and the royal port of Bengal was transferred to Hugli town. I walked a few miles along the broad depression where once the river had flowed, and searched for the ancient city. I found only a region of mounds covered with countless fragments of fine bricks, buried under thickets of thorn and stunted palms. I asked a poor nomadic family of sugar-makers, who were boiling down the date juice into syrup in earthen pots under a tree, "Where was the fort?" They pointed to the jungle around. I asked, "Where was the harbor?" For a time they could not comprehend what I wanted. At length the father took me to a dank hollow, and said that some years ago the floods, in the rainy season, had there washed out the timbers of a sea-going ship from deep under the ground.

What caused this ruin? I have said that although the Hugli now receives no important affluent on its western bank, yet at one time a great tributary flowed into it from that side. This was the Damodar, which brings down the drainage of the western plains and highlands of Lower Bengal. It originally entered the Hugli a few miles above the Saraswati branch on which lay the royal port. But between 1500 and 1800 A.D. its floods gradually worked a more direct passage for themselves to the south. Instead of entering the Hugli about thirty-five miles above Calcutta, it now enters it nearly thirty-five miles below Calcutta. The Hugli trough, therefore, no longer receives its old copious water-supply throughout the intermediate seventy miles. Its bed accordingly silted up, and certain old branches or off-takes from it, like the one on which lay the royal Moham-medan port of Bengal, have died away. This great fluvial revolution, after preparing itself during three centuries, ended in fifty years of terrible catastrophes. The ancient mouth of the Damodar into the Hugli above Calcutta had almost completely closed up while the inundations had not yet opened to a sufficient width the new channel to the south. In 1770, for example, the Damodar floods, struggling to find a passage, destroyed the chief town of that part of Bengal. During many years our officers anxiously considered whether it was possible to reopen by artificial means its old exit into the Hugli. "Picture to yourself," writes a Calcutta journal of its flood in 1823, "a flat country completely under water, running with a force apparently irresistible, and carrying with it dead bodies, roofs of houses, palanquins, and wreck of every description."

Proceeding upwards from the old mouth of the Damodar, the Hugli abandons itself to every wild form of fluvial caprice. At places a deep cut; at others a shallow expanse of water, in the middle of which the fishermen wade with their hand-nets; or a mean new channel, with old lakes and swamps which mark its former bed, but which are now separated from it by high sandy ridges. Nadiya, the old Hindu capital, stands at the junction of its two upper head-waters, about sixty-five miles above Calcutta. We reach the ancient city through a river chaos, emerging at length upon a well-marked channel below the junction. It was from Nadiya that the last Hindu King of Bengal, on the approach of the Mohammedan invader in 1203, fled from his palace in the middle of dinner, as the story runs, with his sandals snatched up in his hand. It was at Nadiya that the deity was incarnated in the fifteenth century A.D. in the great Hindu reformer, the Luther of Bengal. At Nadiya the Sanskrit colleges, since the dawn of history, have taught their abstruse philosophy to colonies of students, who calmly pursued the life of a learner from boyhood to white-haired old age.

I landed with feelings of reverence at this ancient Oxford of India. A fat benevolent abbot paused in fingering his beads to salute me from the verandah of a Hindu monastery. I asked him for the birthplace of the divine founder of his faith. The true site, he said, was now covered by the river. The Hugli had first cut the sacred city in two, then twisted right round the town, leaving anything that remained of the original capital on the opposite bank. Whatever the water had gone over, it had buried beneath its silt. I had with me the Sanskrit chronicle of the present line of Nadiya Rajas. It begins with the arrival of their ancestor, one of the first five eponymous Brahman immigrants into Bengal, according to its chronology, in the eleventh century A.D. It brings down their annals from father to son to the great Raja of the eighteenth century, Clive's friend, who received twelve cannons as a trophy from Plassey. So splendid were the charities of this Indian scholar-prince, that it became a proverb that any man of the priestly caste in Bengal who had not received a gift from him could be no true Brahman. The Rajas long ago ceased to reside in a city which had become a mere prey to the river. Nadiya is now a collection of peasants' huts, grain shops, mud colleges, and crumbling Hindu monasteries, cut up by gullies and hollows. A few native magnates still have houses in the holy city. The only objects that struck me in its narrow lanes were the bands of yellow-robed pilgrims on their way to bathe in the river; two stately sacred bulls who paced about in well-fed complacency; and the village idiot, swollen with monastic rice, listlessly flapping the flies with a palm-leaf as he lay in the sun.

Above Nadiya, where its two upper headwaters unite, the Hugli loses its distinctive name. We thread our way up its chief confluent, the Bhagirathi, amid spurs and training works and many engineering devices:

now following the channel across a wilderness of glistening sand, now sticking for an hour in the mud, although our barge and flat-bottomed steamer only draw twenty inches of water. In a region of wickerwork dams and interwoven stakes for keeping the river open, we reach the field of Plassey, on which in 1757 Clive won Bengal. After trudging about with the village watchman, trying to make out a plan of the battle, I rested at noon under a noble pipal-tree. Among its bare and multitudinous roots, heaps of tiny earthenware horses, with toy flags of talc and tinsel, are piled up in memory of the Mohammedan generals who fell in the fight. The venerable tree has become a place of pilgrimage for both Mussulmans and Hindus. The custodian is a Mohammedan, but two of the little shrines are tipped with red paint in honor of the Hindu goddess Kali. At the yearly festival of the fallen warriors, miraculous cures are wrought on pilgrims of both faiths.

I whiled away the midday heat with a copy of Clive's manuscript despatch to the Secret Committee. His account of the battle is very brief. Finding the enemy coming on in overwhelming force at day-break, he lay with his handful of troops securely "lodged in a large grove, surrounded with good mud banks." His only hope was in a night attack. But at noon, when his assailants had drawn back into their camp, doubtless for their mid-day meal, Clive made a rush on one or two of their advanced positions, from which their French gunners had somewhat annoyed him. Encouraged by his momentary success, and amid a confusion caused by the fall of several of the Nawab's chief officers, he again sprang forward on an angle of the enemy's entrenchments. A panic suddenly swept across the unwieldy encampment, probably surprised over its cooking-pots, and the battle was a six miles' pursuit of the wildly flying masses.

A semicircle of peasants gathered round me, ready with conflicting answers to any questions that occurred as I read. Fifty years after the battle of Plassey the river had completely eaten away the field on which it was fought. "Every trace is obliterated," wrote a traveller in 1801, "and a few miserable huts overhanging the water are the only remains of the celebrated Plassey." In a later caprice the river deserted the bank, which it had thus cut away, and made a plunge to the opposite or western side. The still water which it left on the eastern bank soon covered with deep silt the site of the battlefield that it had once engulfed. Acres of new alluvial formations, meadows, slopes, and green flats gently declining to the river, take the place of Clive's mango grove and the Nawab's encampment. The wandering priest, who served the shrines under the tree, presented me with an old-fashioned leaden bullet which he said a late flood had laid bare.

Some distance above Plassey lies Murshidabad, once the Mohammedan metropolis of Lower Bengal, now the last city on the river of ruined capitals. Here, too, the decay of the channel would have sufficed to destroy its

old trade. But a swifter agent of change wrought the ruin of Murshidabad. The cannon of Plassey sounded its doom. The present Nawab, a courteous, sad-eyed representative of the Mohammedan Viceroys from whom we took over Bengal, kindly lent me one of his empty palaces. The two Englishmen whom His Highness most earnestly inquired after were the Prince of Wales and Mr. Roberts, Jun. Indeed he was good enough to show me some pretty fancy strokes which he had learned from the champion billiard-player. Next evening I looked down from the tower of the great mosque on a green stretch of woodland, which Clive described as a city as large and populous as London. The palaces of the nobles had given place to brick houses; the brick houses to mud cottages; the mud cottages to mat huts; the mat huts to straw hovels. A poor and struggling population was invisible somewhere around me, but in dwellings so mean as to be buried under the palms and brushwood. A wreck of a city with bazaars and streets was there. Yet, looking down from the tower, scarce a building, save the Nawab's palace, rose above the surface of the jungle.

Of all the cities and capitals that man has built upon the Hugli, only one can now be reached by sea-going ships. The sole survival is Calcutta. The long story of ruin compels us to ask whether the same fate hangs over the capital of British India. Above Calcutta, the headwaters of the Hugli still silt up, and are essentially decaying rivers. Below Calcutta, the present channel of the Damodar enters the Hugli at so acute an angle that it has thrown up the James and Mary Sands, the most dangerous river-shoal known to navigation. The combined discharges of the Damodar and Rupnarayan rivers join the Hugli, close to each from the same bank. Their intrusive mass of water arrests the flow of the Hugli current, and so causes it to deposit its silt, thus forming the James and Mary. In 1854 a committee of experts reported by a majority that, while modern ships required a greater depth of water, the Hugli channels had deteriorated, and that their deterioration would under existing conditions go on. The capital of British India was brought face to face with the question whether it would succumb, as every previous capital on the river had succumbed, to the forces of nature, or whether it would fight them. In 1793 a similar question had arisen in regard to a project for reopening the old mouth of the Damodar above Calcutta. In the last century the Government decided, and with its then meagre resources of engineering wisely decided, not to fight nature. In the present century the Government has decided, and with the enlarged resources of modern engineering has wisely decided, to take up the gage of battle.

It is one of the most marvellous struggles between science and nature which the world has ever seen. In this article I have had to exhibit man as beaten at every point; on another opportunity I may perhaps present the new aspects of the conflict. On the one side nature is the stronger;

on the other side science is more intelligent. It is a war between brute force and human strategy, carried on not by mere isolated fights, but by perennial campaigns spread over wide territories. Science finds that although she cannot control nature, yet that she can outwit and circumvent her. As regards the headwaters above Calcutta, it is not possible to coerce the spill-streams of the Ganges, but it is possible to coax and train them along the desired channels. As regards the Hugli below Calcutta, all that can be effected by vigilance in watching the shoals and by skill in evading them is accomplished. The deterioration of the channels seems for the time to be arrested. But Calcutta has deliberately faced the fact that the forces of tropical nature may any year overwhelm and wreck the delicate contrivances of man. She has, therefore, thrown out two advanced works in the form of railways towards the coast. One of these railways taps the Hugli where it expands into an estuary below the perilous James and Mary shoal. The other runs south-east to a new and deep river, the Matla. Calcutta now sits calmly, although with no false sense of security, in her state of siege; fighting for her ancient waterway to the last, but provided with alternate routes from the sea, even if the Hugli should perish. *Sedet æternumque sedebit.*—SIR W. W. HUNTER, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE MODEL.

I.

I ATTEMPTED in a former essay to show that figurative art implies a certain relation between realism and idealism, which varies according to the volition of the artist.* In other words, the artist cannot avoid modifying his imitation of the chosen object by the infusion of his own subjective quality; but he is at liberty to reduce this subjective element to a minimum, or, on the other hand, to regard it as his chief concern. Human art is unable to reproduce nature, except upon such terms as these. It cannot draw as accurately as the sun does by means of the photographic camera. It cannot render dialogue with the fidelity of a phonograph. At the same time it is obliged to import something which external nature does not possess, something which belongs exclusively to the spirit of man, into all its transcripts from the world around us.

To say that art is superior to nature, would be an impertinence. Yet art has a sphere separate from and beyond nature, which belongs to ideas, to emotions, to sentiments, to the region of the human spirit. This sphere

(*) See article on "Realism and Idealism," in the LIBRARY MAGAZINE, November, 1887.

is not alien to nature: indeed it is the highest thing known to us in the universe of being, the specific property of man, who is himself a part of nature.

II.

Those who have attentively studied a fine nude model, observing the gradations of color, the play of light and shadow upon the surface of the flesh, attending to the intricate details of muscular and bony structure thus revealed, marking the thrill of life in pulse and respiration and slight alterations of attitude, such students will perforce concede that no drawing, whether it be by the hand of Leonardo da Vinci or of Ingres, can bear comparison with the living miracle displayed before them. In so far as the drawing conscientiously portrays the model, it calls forth admiration by its exhibition of the draughtsman's skill; it instructs a learner by the revelation of his method. Yet it remains a poor and feeble shadow of the truth. Art, we say, is immeasurably below fact, so long as it attempts to rival the glow and richness of the living man by its mere shadow scheme of imitation.

In a second degree such drawings are inferior to really careful photographs from the nude. I have before me a reproduction of the celebrated study of two naked men, which Raphael sent as a specimen of his skill to Albert Dürer, and also a photograph from a model in almost exactly the same position as one of Raphael's figures. The model in my photograph is somewhat coarse and vulgar. Yet no one, on comparing these two forms (the crayon study and the photograph), can fail, I think, to acknowledge the superiority of the most literal transcript from nature. Cunning as was Raphael's craft, there is slovenly drawing in the hands and feet, exaggerated markings in the knee-joints, unmeaning salience of muscle on the back, and a too violent curve in the outline of the belly. The sun drew better than Raphael; and the photograph of this common model is more delightful to look at, because more adequate to the infinite subtlety of nature, than the masterpiece of the great draughtsman of Urbino. Every detail of the body here is right, and in right relation to the whole; every sinew explains itself without effort and without emphasis; and the ripple of light and shadow over the whole flesh-surface exhibits vital energy in a way which no work of art has ever done.

It will, however, be objected that to contrast a chalk drawing with a photograph from nature is not fair. The former must always, to some extent, resemble a diagram, while the latter represents at least the fullness and completeness of life. I therefore pass on to a third degree of comparison; and for this purpose I will select companion reproductions by photography of Flandrin's famous study in the Luxembourg and of a living model in the same attitude. (Flandrin's famous study in oil, it will be

remembered, represents a young man seated naked on a rock above the sea, with a craggy line of coast in the far distance. His legs are gathered up to the belly, and clasped with both hands above the ankles; his head is bent upon the knees, so that nothing of the facial expression is visible.) Any unfairness in this comparison will certainly be to the injury of the model; for Flandrin's picture has all the advantage of the most consummate brushwork, and of the most careful attention to light and shade upon flesh surfaces. It is in fact an elaborate oil-painting of high technical excellence and elevated style. My photograph from the model is a comparatively poor one; the subject has not been selected with care, and the print is flat. Yet I learn from it innumerable niceties which Flandrin has not worked out—something about the spring and strain of tendons in the wrist and forearm where the hand is clasped; something about the wrinkles in the belly caused by the forward bending of the back; something about the prolongation of the muscles of the pleura due to the stretching of the arm in that position. The model, moreover, is more interesting, more rich in suggestions of vital energy and movement. From the point of view of uncompromising realism, there can be no doubt which is the more satisfactory performance. The photograph of the model is second, the photograph of the picture is third, in its remove from nature, from reality, from truth. If the aim of art be to render a literal image of the object, then the art of the camera in this competition bears away the palm.

Nevertheless there is equally no doubt that Flandrin's study is a painted poem, while the photograph of the nude model is only what one may see any morning if one gets a well-made youth to strip and pose. What then gives Flandrin's picture its value as an artistic product, as a painted poem? It tells no story, has no obvious intention; the painter clearly meant it to be as perfect a transcript from the nude, as near to the *vraie vérité* of nature, as he could make it. The answer is that, although he may not have sought to idealize, although he did not seek to express a definite thought, his picture is penetrated with spiritual quality. In passing through the artist's mind, this form of a mere model has been transfigured. While it has lost something of the vivacity and salient truth of nature, it has acquired permanence, dignity, repose, elevation. It has become "a thing of beauty, a joy for ever," in a sense in which no living person, however far more attractive, more interesting, more multiformly charming, can be described by these terms.

III.

Art will never match the infinite variety and subtlety of nature; no drawing or painting will equal the primary beauties of the living model. We cannot paint a tree as lovely as the tree upon the field in sunlight is. We cannot carve a naked man as wonderful as the youth stripped there

upon the river's bank before his plunge into the water. Therefore the thorough-going Realist ought frankly to abandon figurative art, and to content his soul with the exhibition and contemplation of actual nature. This, however, is not the conclusion to which our argument leads; for after we have admitted the relative inferiority of art to nature, we know that art has qualities, all of them derived from the intellectual, selective, imaginative faculties of man, which more than justify its existence.

The brain, by interposing its activity in however slight a degree between the object and the representation is bound to interpret, and in so far to idealize. The primary reality of the model, the secondary reality of the photographic portrait, are exchanged for reality as the artist's mind and heart have conceived it. Thus what a man sees and feels in the world around him, what he selects from it, and how he presents it, constitute the *differentia* of art. He may falsify or faithfully report, elevate or degrade, eliminate the purest form from nature, or produce a grotesque satire of her most beautiful creations. This free and volitional intervention of the artist's mind between the object and the figured representation makes him an interpreter; it invests all works of art with some mood, some tone, some suggestion of human thought and emotion. The imported element of subjectivity will be definite or vague, according to the intensity of the artist's character, and according to the amount of purpose or conviction which he felt while working; it will be genial or repellent, tender or austere, humane or barbarous, depraving or ennobling, chaste or licentious, sensual or spiritual, according to the bias of his temperament.

Now it is just this intervention of a thinking, feeling subjectivity which makes Flandrin's study of the young man alone upon the rock a painted poem. We may not, while looking at this picture, be quite sure what the meaning of the poem is; different minds, as in the case of musical melody, will be affected by it in divers ways. To me, for instance, the picture suggests resignation, the mystery of fate, the calm of acquiescence; the ocean which surrounds that solitary form, and the distant coast-line, add undoubtedly to the imaginative impression. These accessories are absent in the photograph of the model, which only suggests the interior of a studio. Yet we might transfer the model to a real rock, with the same scene of sea and coast painted behind him for a background; or better, we might place him in position on some spur of Capri's promontories with the Sorrentine headland for background; but in neither case should we obtain the result achieved by Flandrin. A photograph from the model in these circumstances would not influence our mind in the same manner. The beauty of the study might be even greater; the truth to fact, to nature's infinite variety of structure in the living body, would be undoubtedly more striking; the emotion stirred in us might be more pungent, and our interest more vivid; yet something, that indeed which makes the poem, would

have disappeared. Instead of being toned to the artist's mood by sympathy with the ideas—vague but deep as melody—which the intervention of his mind imports into the subject, we should dwell upon the vigor of adolescent manhood, we should be curious perhaps to see the youth spring up, we should wonder how his lifted eyes might gaze on us, and what his silent lips might utter.

IV.

Through the art of the sculptor and the painter the human form acquires a language, inexhaustible in symbolism; every limb, every feature, every attitude, being a word full of significance to those who comprehend. Through him a well-shaped hand, or throat, or head, a neck superbly poised on an athletic chest, the sway of the trunk above the hips, the starting of the muscles on the flank, the tendons of the ankle strained for speed, the outline of the shoulder when the arm is raised, the backward bending of the loins, the contours of a body careless in repose or girt for action, are all pregnant with spiritual meaning. It is not necessary that the artist should seek to express ideas while studying and reproducing them. It is enough that he has felt them, thought them out, passed them through the alembic of his mind. Paint or carve the body of a man and, as you do this nobly, you will give the measure of both highest thought and most impassioned deed; as you do this ignobly you will suggest evil lusts, animal grossness, or contemptible deformities. The artist, owing to the conditions under which he works, cannot fail to be an interpreter; unable to reproduce the object as it is he must reproduce what his own self brings to it.

Style is thus an all-important factor in what I have called interpretation, and upon which the ideal element of art depends. Style has been defined as equivalent to the specific qualities of the individual—*Le style c'est l'homme*. Style has also been described as a re-casting or remoulding of the stuff of thought. In the figurative arts style passes form through the crucible of a mind which perceives its qualities in some specific way; style infuses the man, the spiritual nature of the artist, into his reproduction of the object. Style is what a sentient being, when he tries to imitate, cannot help adding to the thing he renders; it is what obliges the artistic transcript to affect our minds quite otherwise than the thing in nature does.

These considerations might be pursued into the subtlest and remotest regions. Art being essentially "form-giving," and the form being determined by the artist's specific power of selection, and preference for some one aspect or another of the material supplied by nature, it follows that no two men can treat the same subject in the same way. Each individual, to put this point somewhat differently, has his own style; and the exercise of style renders his work not only a copy of the thing perceived, but also

an expression of quality in the perceiving person. To eliminate the ideal element from art, the element of style, the element of interpretation is therefore utterly impossible. What we call the successive manners of the same master are mainly the result of changes in his way of thinking and feeling, which have necessitated corresponding changes in his interpretation of nature. Compare Raphael's treatment of the female nude in his small panel of the Three Graces (once in Lord Dudley's, now in the Duc d'Aumale's possession) with his treatment of the female nude in the Farnesina frescoes, and you will perceive how the man's emotional and intellectual attitude had altered between the period of his first and that of his third manner.—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE INUNDATION IN CHINA.

EVEN in Asia, where everything is immoderate, where a forest covers kingdoms, a river deposits a country in a decade, and man grows feeble from an abiding sense that Nature is too strong for him, there has been no calamity in our time at once so terrible and so dramatic as the bursting of the Yellow River on September 27, 1887. It exceeds in its extent if not in the separateness of its horror, the submerging of the island of Deccan Shahbazpore in 1876, when a storm-wave in two hours swept off three hundred thousand human beings.

The Hoang-Ho, or "Yellow River," larger and swifter than the Ganges, and containing more water perhaps than five Danubes, bears to the immense province called Honan, which is ten thousand square miles larger than England and Wales, much the relation borne by the Po towards the Lombard Plain—at once a blessing and scourge. Its waters originally created the lowlands of the province by depositing silt through ages, and they are now their torment. The alluvial land, once above the water, is rich with a richness of which Englishmen have no experience, being covered with a thick pad of yellow mould a hundred feet or more deep, on which everything will grow, from the teak-tree to the pineapple, yielding, when planted with rice, one hundred and sixty fold, and in places producing, almost without manure and with light ploughing, two full crops a year. No people living by agriculture can resist the temptation of such a soil, and for ages the Chinese—of all races in the world the most instinctively agricultural—have swarmed to these lowlands, to find that, in spite of all their profits, they must embank the river or perish.

The surplus water of autumn, probably, like that of the Ganges, nine times the regular outflow, rushing down in huge masses from the hills at a speed of twelve miles an hour, pours its overspill over whole countries,

drowning everything not ten feet above the river-level, and when it retires, leaves, besides a deposit fatal to one year's crop, an unendurable variety of fever. Down go whole populations at once, not dead, but paralyzed for work and with their constitutions ruined.

The Chinese, who in their courage for labor are a grand people, fought the river, embanked it, and for two thousand years at least reaped enormous harvests from the protected soil. Every two centuries or so, however, the river, rising in its strength like a malignant genius, swept every barrier away, cut for itself a new bed—nine such beds are known—and ruined a province; but the people swarm in again, the new work is easier at first, and the land is again recovered from the vast lagoons. The last outburst occurred twenty-five years ago; but the Chinese still persevered, immense dykes were completed, and the province once more became a garden.

There is, however, a difficulty in embanking any river carrying huge deposits. The water not only deposits silt where it debouches, but all along its course; and if it is shut in by embankments, the bed of the river incessantly rises higher, until at last it is far above the plain. The *bed* of the Po, for example, is in places forty feet above the rice-lands, and some of the dykes of the Mississippi are like artificial hills. The Yellow River, from the enormous rapidity of its volume when swollen by melted snow, is the worst of offenders in this respect; its new bed, even in twenty-five years, has risen far above the plain, and as the dykes grow from hillocks into hills, from mere walls into ranges of earthworks like fortress-sides, hundreds of miles long, the effort overtaxes the skill of the engineers, and the perseverance even of Chinese laborers. The ablest engineers in India were beaten by the Damoodah, though it is, compared with the Hoang-Ho, like a trumpery European stream, and though the labor available could hardly be exhausted.

The truth of the matter is that, in all such cases, the upper sections of the dykes cost too much for complete repair, and tend to be inadequate; and when the Yellow River, gorged with water from the mountains till it forms in reality a gigantic reservoir, averaging a mile broad, from three to five hundred miles long, and seventy feet deep, all suspended in air by artificial supports, comes rushing down in autumn, the slightest weakness in those supports is fatal.

On September 27th the river was at its fullest, its speed was at its highest, there was almost certainly a driving wind from the West, a bit of dyke gave way, the rent spread for 1,200 yards, and—our readers remember, for Charles Reade described it, the rush into Sheffield of the Holmfirth reservoir. Multiply that, if you can, by two thousand, add exhaustless renewal of the water from behind—five Danubies pouring from a height for two months on end—and instead of a long valley with high sides which can be

reached, think of a vast, open plain, flat as Salisbury Plain, but studded with three thousand villages, all swarming as English villages never swarm: and you may gain a conception of a scene hardly rivalled since the Deluge. The torrent, it is known, in its first and grandest rush, though throwing out rivers every moment at every incline of the land, had for its centre a stream thirty miles wide and ten feet deep, traveling probably at twenty miles an hour,—a force as irresistible as that of lava. No tree could last ten minutes, no house five, the very soil would be carried away as by a supernatural ploughshare; and as for man—an ant in a broken stop-cock in a London street would be more powerful than he. Swim? As well wrestle with the Holyhead express. Fly? It takes hours in such a plain to reach a hillock three feet high, the water the while pouring on faster than a hunter's gallop. There is no more escape from such a flood than there is escape from the will of God, and those Chinese who refused even to struggle were the happiest of all, because the quickest dead. Over a territory of ten thousand square-miles, or two Yorkshires at least (for the missionaries report a wider area), over thousands of villages—three thousand certainly, even if the capital is not gone, as is believed—the soft water passed, silently strangling every living thing, the cows and the sheep as well as their owners; and for ourselves, who have seen the scene only on a petty scale, we doubt whether the "best informed European in Peking" is not right when he calculates the destruction of life at seven millions, and whether the *Times'* reporter is not too fearful of being taken for a romancer when he reduces it to one or two millions. These great villages are crammed with population, and alive with children; the whole water of the Hoang-Ho has been pouring on them for two months, none reaching the sea; and even by the highest estimate the dead are fewer than those who died of starvation a few years ago in the famine of the two Shans. In Asia, kingdoms and capitals have perished of pestilence, as Cambodia probably, and Gour certainly did; and there is no reason, the physical conditions being favorable, why equal multitudes should not perish in a flood.

What is the remedy? What is the remedy for an earthquake? There is no remedy. In that division of Honan, a generation has been swept away by a fiat stronger than man's, which has concentrated into two months the natural and inevitable slaughter of fifty years. The Chinese Government, which can be stirred by some things, and which, when stirred, has an elephantine energy, has given £500,000 from the central treasury to repair the dykes, and, as we read the orders, the whole revenue of Honan till the work is completed; has stopped 32,000,000 lbs. of rice on its way to the capital and given it to the survivors, and has ordered all who are ruined, but not dead, to work at once on the dykes under military discipline. The laborers will not be paid, but they will be fed; the Chinese engineers

understand hydraulics fairly well; the channel being new, the embankments need not be cyclopean at first—though, be it remembered, the river of itself rises certainly twenty feet in autumn;—and at the cost of about as many lives as were sacrificed on the Suez Canal, and which will fall victims to the malaria developed as the waters retire, the Yellow River will for another generation be chained up once more. The old attraction will then prove irresistible; all husbandmen without land for three hundred miles on each side of the river will silently steal in to settle on the alluvium, fruit-trees will be planted, rice will be sown, and in five years life in Honan will be proceeding exactly as before, as it does on the slopes of Vesuvius after an eruption.

For the past, however, there is no remedy, and for the future little hope. Nothing, if the river is simply dyked, can prevent its destroying the dykes when they reach a certain height; for the work, increasing every year, must at some point overpower the resources of any State. If the Chinese Government could cut a broad and deep canal for three hundred miles to the ocean, or build, amid the hills from which the water flows, a reservoir vast as an inland sea, or construct a second line of dykes on each side five hundred yards from the water, the overspill of the Yellow River might be drained away in sufficient time to arrest grand catastrophes; but that Government is at once too fatalistic and too weak for such gigantic efforts, and will be content if it can only secure safety for its own generation, leaving the next to suffer or escape, as may please the unknown powers. It is useless for Europeans to advise, or even to mourn, for they can do nothing, except, indeed, reflect that for the safety of their own civilizations, perhaps for part of the greatness of their town minds, they are indebted to the pettiness of scale on which their temperate dwelling-place has been constructed. We owe everything to the comparative insignificance of the works of Nature in Europe. One can dyke the Thames, but not the Yellow River; tunnel the Alps, but not the Himalayas.—*Spectator*.

THE PROGRESS OF CREMATION.

IN January, 1874, fourteen years ago, I wrote an article, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "Cremation: the Treatment of the Body after Death," advocating as forcibly as I could its employment instead of the method by burial in the soil. The reason assigned for taking this step was my belief—supported by a striking array of facts—that cremation is now a necessary sanitary precaution against the propagation of disease among a population rapidly increasing, and becoming large in relation to the area it occupies.

The degree of attention which this proposal aroused was remarkable, not only here but abroad, the paper being translated into several European languages. In the course of the first six months of that year I received eight hundred letters on the subject, from persons mostly unknown to me, requiring objections to be answered, explanations to be given, supposed consequences to be provided for; some, indeed, accompanied with much bitter criticism on the "pagan," "anti-Christian," if not altogether irreligious tendency of the plan. I was encouraged, however, to find that about a fourth of the number were more or less friendly to the proposal. But I confess I had been scarcely prepared to expect that people in general would be so much startled by it, as if it were a novelty hitherto unheard of. Long familiar with it in thought myself, cherishing a natural preference, on sanitary grounds, for its obviously great superiority to burial, and after thoughtful comparison on those also commonly regarded as "sentimental," the opposition manifested appeared to me curiously out of proportion with the importance of the interests or sentiments I had perhaps underestimated. Even the few who approved yielded for the most part a weak assent to the confident assertion of a host of opponents, that whatever might be the fate of the theory, any realization of it could never at all events occur in our time. To use a phrase invented since that date, the proposal was not to be regarded as coming within the range of a practical policy. At some future day, when the world's population had largely increased, we might possibly be driven to submit to such a process, but, thank heaven! the good old-fashioned resting-place in the churchyard or cemetery would amply suffice to meet all needful demands for several future generations still.

To some of the more formidable objections, especially those which had been urged by men of experience, weight, and position, entitled to be listened to with respect and attention, I endeavored to reply in a subsequent article which appeared two months later in the same journal. Since that date, although maintaining an undiminished interest in the subject, I have taken no public part in any of the numerous platform discussions and published controversies which have frequently appeared both in this country and abroad. But I think the time has come to present, as far as it is possible to do so within the narrow limits of an article, a sketch of what has been accomplished here, after a patient and quiet service of twice seven years, by a few earnest friends and co-operators, in regard of the practice of cremation, and also to what extent it has been employed in other countries.

This will occupy the first portion of the paper. But it is more important still to meet one or two objections to cremation commonly urged, as well as to formulate conditions by which the practice should be regulated in future. An endeavor to do so will occupy the concluding portion.

I. The brief historical outline which I design to make relating to the last fourteen years will be incomplete without an allusion to what the modern reaction in favor of cremation had achieved before 1874. The proposal to adopt it in recent times originally proceeded mainly from Italy. Papers and monographs appeared commending the method as early as 1866, but practical experimenters—Gorini and Polli—published separately the results of their experiments in 1872; and among others, Professor Brunetti, of Padua, in 1873 detailed his experience, exhibiting the results of it in the form of ashes, etc., with a model of his furnace, at the Great Exhibition at Vienna of that year.

I first became practically interested in the subject on seeing his collection there; and having long been inclined to the theory, satisfied myself for the first time that if not by this apparatus, yet by some other, complete and inoffensive combustion of the body might almost certainly be effected without difficulty. Brunetti's first cremation took place in 1869, his second and third in 1870, and were effected in an open furnace out of doors.

In no other European country had any act of human cremation taken place, as far as I can learn, prior to 1874; and very little notice or information respecting it appeared in any literary form. My friend Dr. de Pietra Santa, of Paris, reported the Italian cases in a little brochure on the subject in 1873, according his hearty support to the practice. But in the autumn of 1874 there appears to have been a solitary example at Breslau; while another occurred almost immediately afterwards at Dresden, where an English lady was cremated in a Siemens apparatus by the agency of gas. No repetition of the process has taken place there since.

In 1874 a society was formed in London, taking for its title "The Cremation Society of England," for the express purpose of disseminating information on the subject, and adopting the best method of performing the process as soon as this could be determined, provided that the act was not contrary to law. In this Society I have had the honor of holding the office of president from the commencement to the present date, endeavoring thus to serve a most able and efficient council, most of whom have been fellow-workers during the same period. I am thus well acquainted with its labors and their results, and with each step in its history. The membership of the Society was constituted by subscription to the following declaration, carefully drawn so as to insure approval of a principle, rather than adhesion to any specific practice:—

"We disapprove the present custom of burying the dead, and desire to substitute some mode which shall rapidly resolve the body into its component elements by a process which cannot offend the living, and shall render the remains absolutely innocuous. Until some better method is devised, we desire to adopt that usually known as cremation."

The council of the Society commenced operations by submitting a case to legal authorities of high standing, and received two opinions, maintain

ing that cremation of a human body was not an illegal act, provided no nuisance of any kind was occasioned thereby. Thus advised, an arrangement was soon after concluded with the directors of one of the great cemeteries north of London to erect on their property a building in which cremation should be effectively performed. This site, so appropriate for its purpose, and so well placed in relation to neighboring property, would have been at once occupied, had not the then Bishop of Rochester, within whose jurisdiction the cemetery lay, exercised his authority by absolutely prohibiting the proposed addition. It was necessary, therefore, to find an independent site, and we naturally sought it at Woking, since railway facilities for the removal of the dead from the metropolitan district already existed in connection with the well-known cemetery there. Accordingly in the year 1878 an acre of freehold land in a secluded situation was purchased, with the view of placing thereupon a furnace and apparatus of the most approved kind for effecting the purpose. After much consideration it was decided to adopt the apparatus designed by Professor Gorini, of Lodi, Italy; and that gentleman accepted an invitation to visit this country for the express purpose of superintending the erection of it, and the plan was successfully carried out in 1879 by Mr. Eassie, the well-known sanitary engineer.

When the apparatus was finished, it was tested by Gorini himself, who reduced to ashes the body of a horse, in presence of several members of the council, with a rapidity and completeness which more than fulfilled their expectations. This experiment foreshadowed the result which numerous actual cremations have since realized, namely, that by this process complete combustion of an adult human body is effected in about an hour, and is so perfectly accomplished that no smoke or effluvia escapes from the chimney; every portion of organic matter being reduced to a pure white, dry ash, which is absolutely free from disagreeable character of any kind. Indeed, regarded as an organic chemical product, it must be considered as attractive in appearance rather than the contrary. But circumstances at this time, occasioned by official opposition in powerful quarters, and not of sufficient interest to be described here, occasioned much trouble and disappointment, and demanded, on the score of prudence, a patient and quiescent policy on the part of the council, delaying the use of the building for a few years.

Nevertheless there was no reason why public attention to the proposed method should not be invited by other means. My friend Sir Spencer Wells, one of the most active members of the Council, brought the subject prominently before the medical profession at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Cambridge in August, 1880, and, after a forcible statement of facts and arguments, proposed to forward an address to the Secretary of State, asking permission to use the crematory under strict regulations. This was largely signed and duly transmitted, achieving,

however, no direct result. But in various quarters, and at different times during this period, advocacy by means of essays, articles in journals, lectures, etc., had arisen spontaneously, no organization having been set on foot for the purpose; several members of the Council, however, taking an active part in some of these proceedings. And I should like to add that the share which Mr. Eassie, our Honorary Secretary, has taken in this work, his ceaseless attention to the arranging of practical details at Woking, and the multifarious correspondence, etc., he has conducted during fourteen years, demand an expression here of grateful acknowledgment from his colleagues.

Meantime the progress of cremation abroad may be again referred to. The first cremation of a human body effected in a closed receptacle, with the object of carrying off or destroying offensive product—with the exception of the Dresden example referred to—took place at Milan, in January, 1876, and was followed by another in April, the agent adopted being gas. The next occurring there, in March, 1877, was accomplished in like manner, but by employing ordinary fuel. It was in Milan also, in September following, that the first cremation was performed by the improved furnace of Gorini, already mentioned. In the preceding year, 1876, the Cremation Society of Milan had been established, under the presidency of Dr. Pini, and it soon became popular and influential. During that year a handsome building was erected with the view of using gas as the agent; but it was subsequently enlarged, namely in 1880, to make room for two Gorini furnaces. These were soon in operation, and since that date many bodies have been burned every year, the number up to the 31st of December, 1886, being 463.

Similar buildings on a smaller scale have been constructed, and largely employed elsewhere: for example, at Lodi, Cremona, Brescia, Padua, Varese, and more lately at Rome, in the Campo Varano cemetery. This was first used in April, 1883, since which date 123 cremations have been performed there up to the 31st of December, 1886. The number of all cremations occurring in other towns, excluding Milan and Rome, up to the same date is 202—making 787 for Italy alone.

In Germany the only place at which the practice has been regularly followed is Gotha. A building was constructed there, under permission of the Government, the first cremation taking place in January, 1879. It has been largely employed since—the number of cremations amounting to 473 up to the 31st of October, 1887. Cremation Societies—some of them with numerous members and displaying much activity—have been recently established in other countries. In Denmark (where the first cremation in a Gorini apparatus took place in September, 1886), in Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden and Norway, and in various parts of the United States, where also cremation has been employed a few times,

In Australia, the Hon. J. M. Creed, a well-known physician in Sydney, has warmly advocated the practice, which has numerous supporters there. He moved the second reading of a bill to establish and regulate cremation in the House of Assembly, June, 1886, in an able speech pointing out the dangerous proximity of neighboring cemeteries to their rapidly developing city, referring to a well thus poisoned which had caused an outbreak of typhoid, and citing similar facts arising under like conditions in the suburbs of New York and other American cities. The act was approved by the Legislative Council, but failed to pass the House of Assembly.

In Paris, projects for performing cremation have for some time been discussed, and a crematory of considerable size has at length been constructed under the direction of the Municipal Council. It is situated at Père la Chaise, and although unfinished, was successfully employed on the 22nd of October last for the bodies of two men who died by small-pox. The entrance of the building leads into a spacious hall, sufficing for the purposes of a chapel. In the side wall opposite the entrance are three openings, each conducting to an apparatus constructed on the Gorini principle.

We may now return to the history of our own Society, at a time when active operations could be once more resumed. Owing to the serious difficulty which had been placed in their way already referred to, the council was not free until 1884 to employ the apparatus at Woking, and place it at the service of the public for practical use. But in February of that year Mr. Justice Stephen delivered his well-known judgment, declaring that cremation is a legal procedure, provided it be effected without nuisance to others. The Council of the English Society at once decided on offering facilities for performing it, after carefully considering the best means of taking precautions to prevent the destruction of a body which might have met death by unfair means. They issued a paper stating—

“That they are aware the chief practical objection which can be urged against the employment of cremation consists in the opportunity which it offers, apart from such precautions, for removing the traces of poison or other injury which are retained by an undestroyed body.”

Hence they required certain conditions to be complied with before granting the use of the crematorium at Woking. They are as follows:—

1. An application in writing must be made by the friends or executors of the deceased—unless it has been made by the deceased person himself during life—stating that it was the wish of the deceased to be cremated after death.

2. A certificate must be sent by a qualified medical man who, having attended the deceased until the time of death, can state without hesitation that the cause of death was natural, and what that cause was. Another qualified medical man—if possible a resident in the immediate neighbour-

hood of the deceased—is also required to certify, after examining the facts within his reach, that to the best of his belief the death was due to natural causes.

To each of these gentlemen is forwarded, before certifying, a letter of “instructions” marked “private,” signed by the President of the Society, calling special attention to the important nature of the service required.

3. If no medical man attended during the illness, an autopsy must be made by a medical officer appointed by the Society, or the cremation cannot take place; unless a coroner’s inquest has been held and has determined the cause of death to be natural. These conditions being fulfilled, the Council of the Society still reserve the right in all cases of refusing permission for the performance of cremation if they think it desirable to do so.

Only two months later, on the 30th of April, 1884, Dr. Cameron, the member for Glasgow, and one of the Council of our Society, brought a bill into the House of Commons “to provide for the regulation of cremation and other modes of disposal of the dead.” He proposed to make burial illegal without medical certificate, excepting for the present certain thinly populated and remote districts. No crematory to be used until approved and licensed by the Secretary of State; no body to be burned except at a licensed place, in accordance with regulations to be made by the Secretary of State. Two medical certificates to be necessary in the case of cremation, and if the cause of death cannot be certified, an inquest by the coroner shall be held. Dr. Cameron supported the proposals by an amount of evidence of various kinds which amply warranted the course he had taken. Dr. Farquharson, M.P. for Aberdeen, another member of the Council, seconded the motion, which was opposed by the Home Secretary, to whom Sir Lyon Playfair made an able reply, demonstrating, by a comparison of the chemical effects of combustion with those of slow decomposition in earth, the superiority of the former. The Bill was opposed by the Government, and the leader of the Opposition took the same course; nevertheless, no less than 79 members voted in favor of the Bill on the second reading, to 149 against—a result far more favorable than we had ventured to hope for.

Public attention was thus called to the subject; and the Woking Crematory was used for the first time on the 20th of March, 1885, two other cremations following in the course of the year. During 1886 ten bodies were burned—five male and five female—one of them that of a Brahmin. During 1887, up to the 30th of November, ten more bodies have been burned, one only being that of a female.

The complete incineration is accomplished without escape of smoke or other offensive product, and with extreme ease and rapidity. The ashes, which weigh about three pounds, are placed at the disposal of the friends,

and are removed. Or, if desired, they may be restored at once to the soil, being now perfectly innocuous, if that mode of dealing with them is preferred. One friend of the deceased is always invited to be present, and in almost every instance has expressed satisfaction with the way in which the proceeding has been carried out.

About a year ago the Council made public the following resolution, in the form of a "minute of council," which after due consideration had been passed:—

"In the event of any person desiring, during life, to be cremated at death, the Society is prepared to accept a donation from him or her of ten guineas, undertaking, in consideration thereof, to perform the cremation, provided all the conditions set forth in the forms issued by the Society are complied with."

A considerable number of persons have adopted this course in order to express emphatically their wishes in relation to this matter, and to insure as far as possible the accomplishment of them. The society undertake to do their utmost to facilitate the subscriber's object; and probably no better mode of effecting the purpose can be selected than that of placing a written declaration of the testator's wish, together with the society's signed undertaking, in the hands of the friends who are to act as executors.

The Council desire now to render the Crematory as complete as possible. Although perfectly satisfied with the process and all that appertains thereto, they are anxious to provide a chapel, suitable for the performance of a religious service on the spot, when this is requested, besides another room or two adjacent. This extension will require additional funds. There is also a small debt still remaining on the freehold. Hitherto the funeral service has generally been performed, for example in twenty of the twenty-five cases, and this has taken place before the body was sent to Woking, except in three, in which it was read after the arrival there. The ashes were usually removed by the friends. I have recently received an offer of a hundred pounds if twenty-four other persons will give the same for the purpose named. At all events an expenditure of about £3,000 would render the establishment complete; no appeal of any kind has been made, and the bare mention of the fact ought to insure a sufficient subscription.

II. Arriving now at the second part of my subject, I venture to think that few persons can doubt that cremation, as a mode of safely decomposing the body after death, is at all events the most rapid and efficient agent known. Instead of the old process of putrefaction, occupying a term of several years, and inevitably disseminating innumerable germs of fatal disease, which propagate it wherever they find an appropriate nidus—a process moreover evolving physical changes of a nature too repulsive for the mind to dwell upon—the effect of combustion is to resolve the mass rapidly into harmless dust. It destroys all corrupting matters, rendering inert all that is infectious, and restores valuable elements in the form of

gases to the atmosphere, which they at once enter into new combinations with healthy living organisms in obedience to the order of nature.

To this process of combustion I know now but one objection. One only indeed, is ever seriously urged against it; and the gravity of that I do not dispute. So complete is the destruction of all noxious matter accomplished by cremation of the body, that if any extraneous poison happens to be present in its tissues before death, administered by accident or design, all traces of it are necessarily destroyed also. Hence in those exceedingly rare cases where the evidence of a poisoner's guilt depends on the production by chemical skill of the very agent employed, from the organs of the body exhumed for the purpose some time after death, justice would be defeated and the criminal would escape if in that particular instance cremation had been employed. I do not desire to underrate the force of the argument which lies against the procedure on that ground; I intend to deal with it seriously.

I might first, however, rejoin with great force that many bodies committed to the grave every week in the metropolitan area alone are charged with poisons not less dangerous to the living population than those which may have been used to cause death by design. I state as a fact of the highest importance that by burial in earth we effectively provide—whatever sanitary precautions are taken by ventilation and drainage, whatever disinfection is applied after contagious disease has occurred—that the pestilential germs which have destroyed the body in question are thus so treasured and protected as to propagate and multiply, ready to reappear and work like ruin hereafter for others.

Since last I wrote, the argument for cremation on this ground has been immeasurably strengthened. It was then notorious that the watercourses and wells in the proximity of graveyards and cemeteries had often been the demonstrated sources of disease to a neighboring population. But the later discoveries of science point more strongly to other dangers, arising still more directly from the buried dead. Every year records new facts identifying the cause of certain of the most familiar types of contagious disease with the presence of minute organisms, bacteria, the absorption of which into the blood, or even in some cases into the alimentary canal, suffices to reproduce the dangerous malady.

One of the most deadly scourges to our race, viz. tubercular disease, is now known to be thus propagated. Then besides anthrax or splenic fever spores from which are notoriously brought to the surface from buried animals below, and become fatal to the herds feeding there, it is now almost certain that malarious diseases, notably Roman fever, and even tetanus, are due to bacteria which flourish in the soil itself. The poisons of scarlet fever, enteric fever (typhoid), small-pox, diphtheria, malignant cholera, are undoubtedly transmissible through earth from the buried body by more

than one mode. And thus by the act of interment we literally sow broadcast through the land innumerable seeds of pestilence; germs which long retain their vitality, many of them destined at some future time to fructify in premature death and ruined health for thousands. It is vain to dream of wiping out the reproach of our civilization which the presence and power of these diseases in our midst assuredly constitute by any precaution or treatment, while effective machinery for their reproduction is in constant daily action. Probably not the least important among the several modes by which buried infection may reappear is the ceaseless activity of the earthworm, bringing to the surface—which indeed in a measure it slowly creates—poisonous matters engendered in human remains, although covered by a considerable depth of permeable soil. The proportion of deaths due to the diseases referred to is exceedingly large. And let it never be forgotten that they form no necessary part of any heritage appertaining to the human family. All are preventible, all certainly destined to disappear at some future day, when man has thoroughly made up his mind to deal with them seriously.

Thus, in the year 1884 the total number of deaths from all causes in England and Wales, was 530,828; of these the zymotic diseases* were 84,196, or about 16 per cent. In the year 1885 the total number was 522,750; of these the zymotic diseases were 68,972, or about 13·3 per cent. In both years these diseases were below the average of preceding years. And one of the first steps, an absolutely essential step for the attainment of the inestimable result I have proposed, is the cremation of each body the life of which has been destroyed by one of these contagious maladies. I know no other means by which it can be insured.

The next important fact for our consideration is, that at present no adequate means are employed to insure the discovery of poison as a cause of death before burial takes place. That "the prevention of an evil is better than its cure" is an old adage, full of truth in its application to most human affairs. It ought to be accepted as a principle that, for the purpose of insuring the safety of the public, it is infinitely preferable to provide a system adapted to detect an act of poisoning before burial, rather than to rely upon the slender chance that may arise hereafter. Once the victim has been consigned to the grave, small hope remains that discovery will take place. It is often stated that burial insures the conservation of evidence that poison has been given; but without large qualification the statement is far from true. Very soon after burial all traces of most poisons—certainly those which are the most potent, such as morphia, aconite, atropine, strychnine, prussic acid, etc.,—are rapidly decomposed; or they may become associated with new septic poisons developed in the body itself, which com-

* Zymotic diseases are held to include small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, typhus, enteric fever, simple fever, diarrhoea and dysentery, and cholera.

plicate the steps of subsequent inquiry, and invalidate undeniable evidence which was present for some days after death, and might have been obtained while the body was above ground. There remain, then, only the metallic poisons which can be reckoned on as open to detection through exhumation—practically three in number—arsenic, antimony, and mercury. These will continue for a long period in a condition which permits them to be obtained by analysis from the tissues of the person poisoned.

It is not too much to say that the chances in favor of discovering poison will be at least twenty to one if adequate inquiry be made while the body is above ground, as compared with the result of analysis made of those which have once been buried. Yet what is our position in relation to this inquiry? Does the fact just named practically rule our action in this matter? By no means. Thousands of bodies are buried yearly without medical certificate of any kind. Of course there are numerous deaths from disease in which no medical advice has been demanded, because the warning symptoms of danger have been absent or insufficient. And there are perhaps occasionally some in which the absence of the medical man has been insured in furtherance of a sinister design. The proportion of inquests to deaths is by no means inconsiderable, but it is certainly less than it ought to be. Of the 522,750 deaths of 1885, no less than 27,798, or 5.3 per cent., were certified after inquest; but no less than 18,146, or 3.5 per cent., were buried without medical certificate or any inquiry whatever! Now compared with these enormous possibilities for undiscovered crime, how excessively small is the remedy—imperfect as it is—which exhumation for medico-legal purpose offers. Comparing the number of exhumations with the number of inquests, it is probably about 1 of the former to 3,000 of the latter.

Whether cremation be adopted, or the practice of burial be continued, in either case it is equally desirable to make a far more searching inquiry than we do at present in all cases of death. And this inquiry should be conducted by a qualified officer appointed for the purpose. I called special attention to this fact in my paper fourteen years ago, showing that the practice in this country was then, as it still is, greatly behind that of France, Germany, and other European nations. In every case of death without exception in those countries the uncovered dead body is examined by a medical officer set apart for that duty (the *médecin vérificateur*), who makes a written report detailing certain facts relating to the death obtained by inquiry, besides those which result from the examination of the body, in accordance with a schedule supplied. This officer, having of course had no professional relations with the deceased, records the name and address of the doctor who has attended, as well as those of the chemist who supplied the medicines, together with the names of nurses if any were employed. He describes the hygienic condition of the house, states what surviving

relatives there, etc. No burial can take place under any pretext whatever until this inquiry has been made and permission has been granted. In short, it is the object of the examination to leave no means untried of detecting the cause of death before the body disappears from view.

It is needless to say how greatly superior this system is to our own; and it is impossible not to add that all who are really earnest in a desire to detect the secret poisoner are bound to advocate the establishment of that or some similar method of supervision here. Otherwise it is scarcely fair, and it is certainly inconsistent, to defend the practice of earth-burial, with its manifold dangers to the living, for the sole purpose of insuring the right of occasionally exhuming a body, in order to repair the lack of adequate observation at a more fitting time.

The next step in the argument will take its starting-point from the undeniable fact that a large majority of deaths taking place in our community are obviously and unquestionably natural. It is very desirable to ascertain as nearly as possible what is the proportion of these, or inversely, what is the percentage of those about which some doubt as to the cause may be entertained. I have carefully studied this question, and it is important to consider it before we come to close quarters with the objection started at the outset. I suppose no one will imagine that there is the slightest ground for doubt about the nature of the fatal attack, in other words the cause of death, in, say, three-fourths of the cases which occur. In fact, the proportion of obviously natural causes is very much larger than that. Old age and natural decay; all zymotic or contagious diseases, most of which have been enumerated; the acute and chronic diseases of the lung and other local organs, cancer, diabetes, rheumatic affections, childbirth, besides the 5 per cent. of unknown cases determined by the coroner, leave a narrow margin for doubtful examples. In acute dysentery and diarrhoea, and in some affections of the brain, circumspection is necessary in relation to the possibility of poisoning; and in infantile disorders, especially among the illegitimate, observation should be alert. Regarding all sources of uncertainty I think 1 per cent. a full estimate. In other words, the present system, demanding as it does exercise of the coroner's function in 5.3 per cent. of deaths, another 1 per cent. might be found necessary after the searching inquiry of the *médecin vérificateur*. This is a considerable addition, because it must be recollected that the coroner's quest is chiefly needed to investigate mechanical accidents causing death, and personal violence, of which evidence is easily available. It is not altogether a secret that some medical men of large experience hold the opinion that the administration of poison causing death is not so uncommon as the infrequent discovery of the act might be held to indicate. Conviction in a court of justice following the crime is very rare. The present system of burial after certificate—and not ~~few~~ as we have seen, have no certificate—throws very little light on the

class of doubtful cases. And yet we have been gravely forbidden to practice cremation, which would deprive thousands of bodies now buried of those elements which are dangerous to the living, lest perchance in a solitary case of criminal poisoning, which we have neglected through carelessness or indifference to investigate at a fitting time, the chance should be lost, if some years afterwards suspicions arise, of acquiring the often questionable evidence which exhumation might afford!

Well, unreasonable as such a course of action must appear, when seriously considered, I will grant its advocates, if there still be any, for argument's sake, that it is not wholly unjustifiable; and nevertheless I shall assert the safety and the superiority of cremation.

The advocates of cremation, have been widely misunderstood in respect of their aims, and no amount of re-statement appears to correct an impression made on the public at the outset, to the effect that we proposed, or at all events have desired, to make cremation compulsory. Let it be understood then, once for all, that we have never suggested that any man should be submitted to the process against his own will or that of his nearest friends. As to enforcing it in all cases by legal enactment, as has been imagined by some, I doubt whether the most uneasy sleepers among us have ever dreamed of such a scheme of legislative tyranny. So far, indeed, have we been from holding such views, that I believe it has never been proposed to make the system under any circumstances universally applicable. All we have ever asked is that cremation should be optional; that it should be recognized as legal (it is not illegal), and be performed only under certain conditions; that adequate precautions should be taken against its abuse so that the destruction of evidence against criminal poisoning should be rendered almost if not quite impossible, through the exercise of ordinary care.

I earnestly ask the great public to consider the significant fact that it is *we*, the advocates of cremation, who have sought to perform it under the above-mentioned specific conditions; that *we* have brought Bills into the Parliaments of this country and of New South Wales to obtain these objects; and that our critics and opponents have done nothing to diminish or prevent the dangers they allege to attend on cremation, and which do largely appertain to burial, while they have actually voted in majorities to prevent us from doing so. Had the practice of cremation in our own country not been conducted thus far by cautious hands, the abuse in question might have arisen. But that they have not occurred is due to us, not to our opponents.

The proposals here conceived to be necessary to insure the safety of the public, regarding equally dangers innumerable arising from the buried dead and the occasional risk of destroying evidence against crime, are as follows:—

First. I desire to act on the principle that we shall reject all doubtful

cases as unsuited for cremation. It will soon be seen that the limit of this class may be provided for without difficulty by way of exclusion, and that it may be rendered by proper management exceedingly small.

Secondly. My first definite proposal will be as follows; and here for the present the appeal is made not for legal provision, but to the common sense of my fellow-citizens, who cannot be less desirous than myself to guard the health of their families from disease and death, seeing that this is our common interest.

Consent to cremate the body of every member of the family who has died of small-pox, scarlet fever, or diphtheria, to begin with. General acquiescence in this reasonable proposal alone would tax somewhat severely at first the resources of cremation. Yet here is a large and most important group of cases which, in common justice to the living, ought to be destroyed with as much rapidity as possible, and about which no manner of doubt as to the cause of death can possibly be entertained. Honest, thoughtful consideration as to the mode of treating that which remains in most instances after the destructive action of such diseases on the body must diminish the desire to preserve it, and reconcile survivors to its purification and reduction to harmless ashes, when these are followed to the last resting-place. Of which more hereafter. But I interpolate a suggestion here; and it is one which must ere long be considered with a view to legislative enactment. It ought to be made imperative that in every one of these cases, when not cremated, the coffin should be filled, after the body is placed therein, with quicklime, not longer than twenty-four hours after death. Less perfect than cremation, this process at least ought to be enjoined under penalty. It will rank as a national folly, if not a crime, to omit this or an equivalent safeguard after due warning given of the importance of protecting the living; since there can be no difficulty in resorting to this mode of lessening, if not of extinguishing, the risk from infection.

Thirdly. In all other cases, such as those of old age, consumption, and various other modes of death, which have gradually arrived at their termination under medical supervision without manifesting a symptom to denote the action of any violent agent, an application to be cremated should be granted on the conditions prescribed by the Cremation Society of England (already detailed). When a responsible officer, *medecin verificateur*, is appointed, the decision will of course form part of his ordinary business. I may add that up to this time I have charged myself with the duty, on behalf of the English Society as its President, of carefully examining the certificates sent in and other sources of information, and no cremation has taken place until I have been satisfied with the evidence adduced.

Fourthly. In every case in which evidence is wanting, one of two courses are open to the applicant. If there really is any doubt as to the cause of death, it is a case in which, according to the present state of our law, the

Coroner ought to interfere. If he thinks that it is not necessary to do so, the responsible officer may say, as I should feel called on to say now, if circumstances suggested the want of more distinct evidence, "I advise an autopsy to be made, and will send a proper person to conduct one." In that case the doubt will almost certainly be solved; but if not, the stomach and a portion of some internal organ will be transferred to a small case, sealed and preserved. And doubt after autopsy could be entertained only in an extremely small proportion of cases. If the friends object, let the body be buried by all means; we have avoided the doubtful case.

Moreover, we have done so without raising an imputation. If any arise, it is solely due to the action of those who have declined a private autopsy requested by the officer responsible for cremation, who merely desired to avoid the faintest chance of applying the process to a body when the cause of death is not quite apparent. It is difficult to imagine an objection to such a proceeding; but if there is, as I said before, the cemetery is always open.

What has become of the medico-legal difficulty? I contend that it has absolutely vanished. And I add that if my suggestions are adopted, secret poisoning, which it must be confessed, owing to our carelessness in the matter of the certificate, is much more easily practicable in this country than in France or Germany, would, thanks to the supporters of cremation, be more readily detected, and therefore would be more unlikely to occur than in any other country in the world.

Two other results of another kind, naturally follow the adoption of cremation.

First. Thousands of acres, yearly increased in number, might be restored to better uses than that of storing decaying bodies. Action to this end will be inevitable some day, and is simply a question of time and population. The late Bishop of Manchester drew attention to this obvious fact some years ago. If the directors of cemeteries are wise in time, they will, after passing of an Act, petition for leave to erect crematories, utilizing the chapels as before, and reserving small spaces for the conservation or burial of ashes. Nine-tenths of the area will be available, with due care, for ornamental gardens for the use of towns where such exist; or, after the lapse of suitable periods of time, to other purposes.

Secondly. I propose to restore the purified remains of the Christian worshipper to the consecrated precincts of his church, whence the "corruptible body" has been for ever banished by urgent sanitary necessity.

In ancient crypts, or in cloisters newly erected for the purpose on the long disused burying-ground, the ashes might be deposited, each in its cell, in countless numbers after religious service performed. Or, being absolutely harmless, they may be consigned to the soil. Cremation gives truth and reality to the grand and solemn words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and

that impressive service, with slight change, will be read with a fulness of meaning never conveyed before. The last rite has purified the body; its elements of physical evil have been annihilated by fire. Already its dispersed constituents, having escaped the long imprisonment of the tomb, pursue their eternal circuit, in harmony with nature's uniform and perfect course.

I venture to offer the following suggestions by way of indicating the chief provisions to be settled by any Bill introduced into Parliament to regulate the registration of death and the disposal of the dead:—

1. No body to be buried, burned, or otherwise disposed of without a medical certificate of death signed, after personal knowledge and observation, or sufficient inquiry, by a qualified medical man.—2. A qualified medical man should be appointed in every parish or group of neighboring parishes, whose duty it will be to examine in all cases of death and report the cause in writing, together with such other details as may be deemed necessary.—3. If the circumstances of death obviously demanded a coroner's inquest, the case goes into his court and the cause is determined, with or without autopsy. If there appears to be no ground for holding an inquest, and autopsy be necessary to the furnishing of a certificate, the appointed officer will make it and state the result in his report.—4. No person or company to construct or use an apparatus for burning human bodies without a license from the Home Secretary or other officer as determined.—5. No crematory can be so employed unless the site, construction, and system of management are approved after survey by an officer appointed by Government for the purpose.—6. The burning of a human body, otherwise than in an officially recognized crematory, shall be illegal and punishable by penalty.—7. No human body shall be burned unless the official examiner who signs the certificate of death shall, in consequence of application made, add the words "Cremation permitted." And this he is bound to do if after inquest or autopsy, or in any circumstances admitting in his mind no doubt as to the cause of death, this is returned by him as natural.—SIR HENRY THOMPSON, M. D., in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE LONDON UNEMPLOYED AND THE "DONNA." *

The happiest tidings that could be given to the kind and persevering supporters of the "Donna" would be that she amongst "the unemployed"—that, for her, work no longer existed. Alas! this is so far from being the case, that the number of unemployed men and their deep poverty is

*The "Donna" is an association formed in London some four years ago, the object being to furnish meals, at a mere nominal cost, to the unemployed laborers in the dock-yards. Appended to this paper are a series of statistical papers showing the operations of the

quite as great, if not more so, than last year. It is not only during the winter that they throng around the truck which saves many a man from actual starvation. Wishing to give an account at first-hand of the work of the "Donna" to the readers of *Longman's Magazine*, I went to see the truck on the 13th of last May, during its hour or so of daily ministering to the desperate need of unemployed men. About twenty minutes in the Underground Railway from Edgware Road brought us to the Mansion House Station, and from thence we walked to London Bridge. The Sister who accompanied me had never been to this station of her community's work, and was quite at a loss how to find the "Donna," as there was no token of her existence on or near the Bridge. However, we asked a man who was lounging about if he could direct us. He told us to go down some steps on the left-hand side as we looked towards the river, and, turning to the right, to go under an archway. Having done so, we could see nothing of the "Donna," or of the Sister in charge, but came upon an immense crowd of men, packed close together, and pressing so eagerly through a gate into a small railed-off enclosure that we knew the food truck must be there. I could not have made my way through them alone; but when the men saw my companion's dress they made a lane for us to pass, and inside the railings we found the little booth with the Sister in charge, the "Donna," in her bright blue, close at hand, bearing piles of smoking food. There was just place inside the booth for two or three, and no room for idlers. I was put in charge of two huge cans containing soups of different kinds, and was instantly hard at work serving it out. This was, of course long after the worst distress of the winter was over, but yet in a little more than an hour we served nine hundred and sixty men. They each paid a halfpenny for a large bowl of excellent soup with pieces of meat and ~~meat~~ in it. Those who were fortunate enough to possess a second halfpenny bought a large piece of substantial currant pudding, which the Sister shook out of long tin cylinders, cutting off exactly the same portion for each customer with the precision gained by constant practice.

For the benefit of new friends it is best to say, at the risk of wearying old ones, that the dinners served daily by the Sisters, inside three or four Docks, to the *employed* at a penny each are not given at a loss. The charity

"Donna" for the year from Nov. 1, 1886, to Nov. 1887. The whole number of "men served" was 143,269; of course many of these were served over and over again, and the number given is that of meals. The entire receipts (including £451 left over from the previous year) were £1,038, of which £278 were from subscriptions. At the close of November, 1887, there were £289 to be carried to the next year; so that, the 143,000 meals, such as are described above, cost £340 more than they were sold for:—as nearly as possible one half-penny each. There is in New York a similar institution—the St. Andrews—supported by a benevolent lady, at any one of whose stands, a cup of coffee, or a bowl of soup, or a plate of beans (accompanied in each case by a slice of bread) is furnished for *one cent*. We have tried all these articles, and have found them as good as are on our own table.—*Ed. Lib. Mag.*

is immense of bringing daily, in all weathers, hot and wholesome food to the poor men who are not allowed to leave the Docks during working hours, but the penny charge for each dinner covers the actual cost of the food. It is wholly different at the trucks outside the Docks for men vainly seeking employment; the halfpenny which they pay does not cover more than half the expense; the other half is supplied at the "Donna" truck by the readers of this magazine. I heard the Sister who was serving with me say to two or three men who tendered a halfpenny, "You pay a penny;" and she told me afterwards that these men were in work, and that she could always tell in a moment by their hands, whether they were really unemployed or not. The charity, in actual food, is therefore confined to those who are out of work, and this month the Sister in charge writes to me: "We are daily implored to give food to men who have had none for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and the crush at the 'Donna' is greater than we have ever known it."

"Sister, please, I have no money to-day," one poor fellow said. "I know you don't *give* the food quite, because there'd be such a lot of us want it if you did; but will you take my matches, and let me have a little for them? I wouldn't ask you, Sister, but I am so hungry. I've done no work this day; for a week ago I was mending the hinge of my door, and somehow run my tool through my hand." An old man brought two "brothers," as he called them, to the "Donna," and treated them to food. A short time after he came in with some more men, asked them what they would have, and paid for them. "I like to do it for the sake of Christianity," he said. "I did a little job last week, and these poor fellows have done nothing." He did not look particularly well off, but a third time returned with some of these poor "brothers" to feed.

Last October an elderly man, looking very white and thin, had for three days stood patiently outside the gate, watching the others eating their hot stew. The first day one of the men lent him a penny, the second day his friend could not spare even a halfpenny, and on the third day, October 18, as the poor fellow was coming into the yard, in hopes of finding some friend, he suddenly dropped down, as it seemed, in a faint; but it was soon evident that he was dying, actually dying of starvation. They brought a doctor, and when the man was asked what ailed him, he just said, "I've tasted nothing for three days, and I felt so bad I thought to borrow a penny and get a drop of soup;" and then he died as he lay there. The police brought a stretcher, and carried away the body. The next day the men told the Sister that it had been examined, and that the verdict at the inquest was, "Death from starvation."

One very respectable-looking man was about to be charged "full-price," as being thought to be in work. "Me in work, Sister!" he exclaimed. "Well, yes, you are right; I work under a man named 'Walker,' for I

spend my time walking away my bit of shoe-leather, trying to get a job." Another thin, starved-looking cripple asked very shyly for a halfpenny-worth of stew. The sister first noticed his manner, and then recognized an old customer at the restaurant. A year ago he had been in constant work, and came regularly two or three times a day to S. Katharine's Restaurant for his meals; now he was amongst the starving unemployed.

A poorly-dressed man one day handed a penny to two others, bidding them to get themselves soup and pudding. One of these came to the stall and asked for two slices of pudding. "Why didn't you get some soup instead of two of pudding?" his benefactor asked him. "Oh," said he, "there's a chum of mine here (handing one slice to another man) who can do with a slice of this." This last man was seen a few minutes after, dividing the one slice with a neighbor worse off than himself.

Another day, a tall respectable-looking man stood for some time in front of the truck, but with his back to the Sister. He seemed to be looking intently in front of him, and she wondered whether he could be watching the Dock gate, round which the unemployed were gathered waiting for a call. At last he heaved a deep sigh, and was turning away when the Sister caught sight of his face, and struck by his look of utter hopelessness. His coat was tidy, but his cheeks were hollow and he looked starved. The Sister spoke to him, and asked him if he would like a basin of stew. "I should, Sister, but I could not have asked you for it." While he was eating, the Sister drew him into conversation, and asked him whether he was looking for work in the Docks. "Yes, Sister, and I have looked for it for the last thirteen months, but I stand no chance among those who are used to dock work. It goes bad with you when you have been used to but one kind of work all your life; I've worked for the last thirteen years at Cuthbert's, the brass foundry, but he retired last year and discharged us all. One of my mates had worked thirty years for him. I have tried to get taken on at every brass foundry I know of, but they all say they've enough hands, and never change if they can help it; and when they do part with an old hand, he is sure to have a son to slip into his place—at least, I know it was so at Cuthbert's. You see, Sister, though I got good money I never could save, for during the thirteen years I was there I had a birth and a death nearly every year, and I have only two children alive now, one a lad of sixteen, out of work, and a little girl."

Any one wishful to see poverty in its last estate, should come and stand by the food-stall of the unemployed, and see with their own eyes the crowding round the truck, the wild pushing and reaching out of lean hands to grasp the food. "Now, men, keep quiet; don't push—you will all be served in turn." "Ah, Sister," comes the answer, "you don't know how bad it makes us feel to see the pudding all going before our eyes, and we that keen for food!" Yet the throng has a sense of humor. The starving one

at the back chaff the lucky ones in front. "I say, you chaps with the basins, you'll make the master's fortune when you get back to work on the dinner you're eating." One poor fellow literally covered his body with newspaper, to make up for the absence of all under-garments; his coat was riddled with holes, and far too small for him. A note was handed up to the serving Sister one day: "Miss, might I ask you to please relieve my hunger. I have not the means to buy from you as on former occasions."

Punctually at noon two wretched-looking cats appear on the scene, and hang about till some one takes pity on them. Most of the men leave a scraping in their basins for these poor beasts, besides breaking off a bit of pudding for anxiously watching children. One day, when the truck-man was as usual collecting two basins of scrapings, one for the black cat and one for the white, he saw a lean, starved human creature peering at him through the railings. The black cat was hungry, and kept her head well in the basin; the white cat presently felt satisfied, shook its whiskers, and retired. Then the watcher sprang toward the basin, and ravenously devoured the rest of the food.

Six food trucks have maintained their place all through the blazing summer-tide, for men must eat in summer as well as winter, and warm weather does not bring riches to a dock laborer. In view of cold weather already setting in, a seventh truck has just been established, and very thankful are its famished mid-day visitors for the wholesome food it furnishes at a low price.

Over and over again is the same tale told of, No food to-day, no food since yesterday, and the emaciated, dejected looks of the speaker tell too clearly the truth of the tale. Moreover, there is a very perceptible difference, during the last two months, in the appearance of the men who come every Thursday to our Mission Service; in many instances, their clothes look as if they could scarcely hold together. We are most grateful for men's clothes of all kinds; we are always being asked, by those who have sixpence to spare, if we cannot give them a good strong shirt at that price, and old shirts are sold for one penny or twopence.

From London Bridge Station we went to S. Katharine's Restaurant for Working-men, 42a Dock Street, to get luncheon ourselves. I found the work there had greatly increased since my last visit; besides the "Donna" truck, five or six others are daily sent out, some to stations within the Docks with food for the Employed, others to various hiring-grounds with halfpenny dinners for the Unemployed. "I wish that all who give trucks would support them as *Longman's Magazine* supports its truck," the Superior said to me; "we are hard put to keep them all going when the men pay only half the cost of the food."

The trade of the Restaurant seemed most flourishing, and no wonder, for everything supplied was excellent; capital soups at a penny and twopence

a bowl; Irish stew at threepence a plate, beefsteak pudding fourpence, a large plate of vegetables for a penny, roast beef hot from the joint at threepence a plate, tapioca, jam, and rhubarb puddings a penny, and lemonade and all kinds of summer drinks a halfpenny for a large glass.

One of the most favorite dishes is porridge with sugar and a large cup of milk; this, which costs twopence, I had for my luncheon, and can therefore vouch for its excellence.

The sister said that half a ton of potatoes lasts about a fortnight at the Restaurant. Fifty gallons of pea-soup are made daily in winter, and from thirty to forty of beef-soup.

In last January's number of this magazine I mentioned that the Sisters had been forced to help their poor customers of the "Donna" to find food-pence by giving employment to their wives, and had opened work-rooms where poor women are kept constantly employed at needlework. To one of these, S. John's Mission House, Cannon Street Road, I went from the Restaurant. The house taken for the purpose was a very poor one, but the workroom was cosy and pleasant, and here about thirty women were busily at work, whilst a lady read to them from some entertaining book. They are paid daily for their work, whether it is sold or not. But the Sisters generally find sale for it, amongst those less poor, who are glad to get ready-made clothes. Every scrap of material sent to this workroom is utilized, even a few inches of print stuff or calico. Many a little frock is made with the sleeves of one material, the body of another, and the skirt of a third; but so arranged that the effect is rather pleasing than otherwise. The Sister spoke with the greatest gratitude of help given to these, the wives of the unemployed, by the readers of *Longman's Magazine*. The workroom is usually closed during the summer months, but this year the distress in the middle of August was so terrible that the Sisters felt themselves obliged to re-open the workroom at once, as the best means of giving relief.

One of the Sisters writes to me:—"We feel more and more the need of our workroom, as all look to us to help them, and this gives real help, as well as a warm comfortable room in which to spend the day whilst earning for their families. Each woman earns ninepence a day, and, small as that sum is, we are besieged with entreaties to be 'taken on,' which shows that the one thing wanted is *work*. We should much like to double the numbers of those employed; the work we will gladly provide, if only our kind friends of last year will once more let their ninepences pour into the letter-box of 42a Dock Street, E. (directed to the Sister in charge). Every penny goes to the wives of such men as crowd round the 'Donna,' at which it would be impossible to allow women to be served. I am sure no one would refuse who saw what we see every day of our lives—white, haggard dejected faces, ragged clothes, fireless grates, and perhaps worse than all, on such wet, cold nights as we have already had more than once lately, w

know that just outside our doors, when we are warmly sleeping in bed, more than forty were turned, homeless and shelterless, out of one house alone. Repeatedly are we *implored* to give a night's lodging. 'I have tramped round the streets for four, or six, or eight nights,' many a man says to us, 'and I am that worn out and weary I don't know what to do with myself. I'm right tired of my life, Sister; I wish God would take me out of it.'

" 'Where do you generally sleep at nights?' is usually met with the answers, 'Anywhere,' 'Nowhere,' 'Under arches,' 'In empty railway trucks when we can,' 'By the Sugar Refinery.' 'Why this last?' we inquired. 'Well, lady, I'll tell you. They don't let out the fires there, so the air comes up warm and comforting, and there's a wall near where a lot of us stand, and button up our coats and tie a handkerchief round our necks, and then put our heads against the wall, and get to sleep as best we can.' 'Standing?' 'Yes, standing, lady. A man may scratch together in the day sufficient pence to buy food, if he has luck, but not to pay for a lodging.' 'We can do till twelve o'clock. The public-houses are open till then, and the Strangers' Rest; but at midnight, wet or fine, frost or snow, we've got all to turn out.' "

The Sisters determined to issue tickets providing a free night's lodging in certain houses known to them, but how to distribute these tickets to the homeless was a puzzle at first, since it was at the small hours of the morning that the men roamed the streets, weary and wretched. It occurred to them that the night police might help them, so to them they confided a certain number of free-lodging tickets, asking them to give them to any poor wretch whom they ordered to 'Move on' from doorway, railway waggon, or the Sugar Refinery wall. The Sisters are most anxious to continue to issue them during the winter months, knowing the boon they have been to many homeless ones.

A great deal of home visiting goes on from the Restaurant in Dock Street, and many distressing cases are thus discovered and relieved. Little sick children are sent to the sea to recruit, and a general feeling of confidence is awakened amongst those visited. Their first thought in an emergency is 'to send for the Sisters.'

The puzzled question of a coroner investigating a perplexing case lately reported in the papers caused much amusement: "You sent for the Sisters?" we inquired of a poor woman, who was giving evidence; "why didn't you send for the police?" "I don't know, sir," was the reply; "I suppose because I thought of the Sisters first." If the coroner had lived in an East-end parish, visited and cared for by Sisters, he would have known that in every emergency the cry is, "Run and tell Sister, and ask her to come." The police certainly come second in these districts.

It was said lately by one who spends his life working amongst the poor

in London, that he believed it was true, that a proportion of about two in every ten of the unemployed would not take work if they could get it, but that the cause of this was utter weakness and inanition from want of food. They must be fed *before* they can work. It is said that numbers will flock to Manchester to try and get work on the Great Manchester Ship Canal. In what state will they arrive there? Shall we not make an effort to feed them up *beforehand*, so that they may not arrive wholly unfit for work? When they are there, those who know what the working of the food-trucks has been to London Dock-laborers cannot but hope earnestly that something of the same kind may be established in Manchester. Many who will flock there will need to be fed *beforehand* if they are to be fit for real work. —*Longman's Magazine*.

CANADIAN "HABITANS" IN NEW ENGLAND.

What is American labor in New-England? One might imagine, from the fuss made over it about election time, that it was Irish. But is it American? Would Lake Erie be salt if a bushel of brine were thrown into it? There was a time when the workshops of New England were filled by Americans, but that was a good while ago. Then men were taken from the farms to fill the workshops. Good workmen these sturdy farmers and sons of farmers, these Americans, made. They had one peculiarity; they insisted upon being paid a fair price for their work. When the manufacturers began to evince a desire to squeeze their American workmen the latter did not go on strike. They simply looked for work elsewhere, and as they were bright, active, steady fellows, they got it. The attempt of the manufacturer failed to injure the American workman, because he was too brainy and too independent to permit such injustice. He either sought other fields than New England or entered some other vocation.

Europe filled his place in the New England manufactories. Irishmen, Englishmen, and Germans took the places of Americans, but the Irishman was in the ascendant. An Irishman doesn't lose much time in discovering his own value. He first finds out, after his seat becomes warm, the value at which his predecessor was held. In this case he found that values had decreased. He was disgusted. He may have considered himself worth more than his predecessor, but he certainly considered himself worth as much. He said as much. The manufacturer was equal to the occasion. The Irishman was told that if he didn't like his wages he could look for a job elsewhere. Sometimes he concluded to remain where he was and say no more about it until such a time as it would be difficult to fill his place. In many cases he didn't adopt such pacific measures; he was more trouble

some than his American predecessor. He expostulated; that is to say, he wouldn't work and he wouldn't permit his place to be filled. So was introduced that interesting but expensive phase of business, the strike.

The manufacturer looked about him. Not many miles from a portion of the American border dwelt a peaceful and frugal people—the Canadian French—"the Habitans." The Canadian habitan was densely ignorant, so ignorant that, in order to prevent the incursive and voracious potato bug from entering his fields, he planted crosses on the roadside that bordered his little farm. When he found that the potato bug had paid no attention to the crosses, but had crawled through the fence or climbed over it, or had simply "grewed" on the premises, the habitan concluded that in some way he had offended his patron saint and then thought no more about it. Of Paris Green as an exterminator of potato bugs the Canadian habitan had never heard. Poor was the habitan, so poor that the Dominion Government couldn't squeeze a shilling out of him in taxes and long since gave up the attempt.

The Canadian habitan kept a couple of sheep and grew a little flax. His family wove the material of which his and their clothes were made. He made his own foot-gear. He grew his own tobacco—villainous stuff. He had never heard of a tariff. When he heard of a country in which people could make a dollar, perhaps more than a dollar, a day, in return for the labor of the hands, he laughed in his simple way. It was, of course, impossible. But the thought that there might be such a country kept coming back and when a stranger, followed by other strangers, passed through the little villages, each of which gloried in a church with a tall tin-covered spire that glistened on sunshiny days like silver, and when these strangers told how fortunes awaited the adventurous people who would leave their dull, sleepy homes in the province of Quebec and settle in New England the habitan lost sleep. He would ask the Seigneur if such a country as New England really existed. The great man of the village said it did exist. Then the habitan allowed his thoughts to dwell on the parish priest. How would M'seur le Curé view his half-formed intention of going out into the world? Not pleasantly, he feared. The habitan was right. M'seur le Curé told him to stay where he was. What would become of the Mother Church if all her children deserted her! The habitan, thinking of a dollar a day, began to lose interest in the Mother Church. That institution, when he devoted some cold thought to it, hadn't done much for him; he had done everything for it.

He stamped his foot and tried to look fierce. He would try this new life. He might make a fortune; he could lose nothing; Jacques could take care of the farm. The whole village turned out to witness the departure. He would return; they all said so. The adventurous habitan felt like a malefactor and thought his fellows might be right. But without

knowing it he was charged with undeveloped resources. In New England his wits were polished. He was patient; he was quick to learn; he could work sixteen hours a day. It cost him almost nothing to live. He knew nothing of the prices of labor; he took what was offered. In comparison with his old life the new, from a money-making standpoint, was dazzling. He prospered, and when he had worked and saved for a year he paid a visit to the old home, the little Quebec village. The stay-at-homes hardly recognized him. He even frightened them. He dared to even argue with M'seur le Curé. While he remained at his old home he was the magnet; his old friends were the needles. He told them of the great United States—of New England. After he had taken himself off again his words were carried from village to village, slowly, maybe, for the Canadian habitant is not very partial to railroads or telegraphs, but in time they were carried all over the province.

What was the result? There are to-day a half million Canadian French in New England. Are they Americans? Not a single one, except in the sense that some of them have votes. In thought and purpose they are Americans not a whit more than the people of Thibet. In many places they have schools of their own in which the French language is taught. Among themselves they talk in French. Their children—and the children of a French-Canadian family generally number from one to two dozen—are taught the traditions of New France. The parents say to the children, "Never forget the New France," Canada. Well, Canada is a part of this New France. These quiet, plodding, hard-working, saving people believe that the time is coming when the New France, which is to be ruled and owned by the habitants, will consist not only of Quebec and Ontario and other parts of the Dominion of Canada, but of New England also. The New England French may not be talkative on this subject, but in their old homes across the border the habitants become thoroughly aroused when he pictures, or has pictured for him, the glories of the New France. In New England the habitant is reticent; in Quebec he is another creature when this topic is broached. If he becomes a citizen it is only, except in a few cases that he may reap whatever benefits may be attached to citizenship. The latter does not weaken his allegiance to New France; it is considered merely an aid to the prosecution of an impossible scheme.—T. B. F., in *The New York Times*.

CHARITY BAZAARS.

THERE are so many definitions of the beautiful and "excellent gift of charity" that it is hard to select the one that may most fully express my meaning of it in the present discussion, wherein I hope to point out some of the forms and methods by which it is exhibited at the present day.

There is no doubt that the application of the term has become greatly narrowed and perverted by using it for alms-giving alone. It would be, I venture to think, both interesting and instructive were we able to trace the history of the course and progress of what we will continue to call charity, through various ages to the present time. I fear, however, that it will be quite impossible to discover the period when the idea was first promulgated, that charity could ever be considered a term or a method synonymous with the purchase either of goods or amusements, or when the two proceedings became confounded, as at the present day. Equally instructive it would be to discover when the Eastern name for a shop, store, or market, for the sale of goods, came to be applied to the dissimilar affairs which have now adopted the name of their Eastern originals.

Charity has been defined as "fervent, unselfish love." We may, perhaps bear this in mind as a text in our investigations, for though I am not about to preach a sermon on religious duties, it must be remembered that the matter is one which claims a high and lofty position, as affecting our very noblest and purest principle, and that the question of motives underlying our actions, is at the very foundation of the inquiry. We cannot cast it aside as a matter of no moment, about which a few persons are making an unnecessary fuss. So wide and far-spreading is the system of exciting and promoting charity by modern, and even novel, schemes, that we are bound to ask the question, is it right or wrong? and if not absolutely wrong, and to be condemned from the highest point of view, is it, at least, harmless and desirable? I believe I am correct in saying that the system is essentially English, but there is no doubt that the examples and methods of "charitable England" are rapidly extending to other countries also, and thus the necessity becomes still greater of endeavoring to create and spread abroad a right judgment as to the principles on which they are carried out.

I can hardly refrain from referring to the instructions given in that Book on which all our practice is or should be founded, and from this point of view I will take that grand and remarkable chapter in the first book of the Chronicles, which describes the gathering together of the materials for the future Temple, for surely this can be no unfitting guide for our purpose, seeing how many similar demands are made at the present day. We there read that "the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord." And even after the erection of the building had been provided for, we may be sure that further liberality was required, and given in the same spirit, for the maintenance of the Holy House and its services. In future reigns, when repairs were found to be needed; we read that the High Priest provided a chest beside the Altar, into which was put the "money that cometh into any man's heart to bring into the House of the Lord." This instance well testifies to the spirit of the old times. It is supplemented by precepts of similar

import throughout all the books of the Bible, and even in the earlier ones of the Pentateuch. From all—prophets, priests, and teachers alike—from the beginning to the end, we learn that giving of our substance is to be done “devoutly,” “willingly,” “cheerfully,” “ungrudgingly,” “freely,” “secretly,” as far as may be, looking for nothing in return, and therefore certainly not for a full equivalent, either in the shape of goods or amusements.

Can we honestly say that any of these conditions are complied with in such methods as we are now considering? The system was probably unknown before the beginning of the century, but owing to the immense increase and multiplication of societies and objects requiring support during the last fifty years (not, I fear, in all respects a matter for rejoicing), the plans hitherto generally employed for procuring money were found to be insufficient—such as the annual guinea subscription, or the occasional “charity sermon” (now much less frequently resorted to, but surely preferable to many other schemes); and thus other and more exciting methods were devised.

Fifty years ago these schemes were probably adopted at the suggestion of some who could give time and labor, but not money, to charitable objects; thus dolls were dressed, clothes were made, or drawings painted, by ladies who had not the means of giving directly to an object they wished to help. But though my memory extends back for a considerable distance, I have no recollection until recently of any *public* exhibitions or sales of such articles; certainly there were none of the attendant circumstances of modern times; and the limited extent to which the system formerly prevailed renders any comparison impossible.

The same arguments are used in favor of the present state of things; but let us see how far we have departed from the older methods, even if it be granted that they were altogether harmless. There was then, certainly, the principle of barter, of obtaining something for your money, which of course did away with the highest motives to charity in the purchasers (if my definition of charity is correct); but the still more destructive and anomalous element of *amusement* had not then been introduced. It remained for a later period, which prides itself on the revival of active life and renewed religious vigor, to hold forth, in order to stimulate the flagging zeal and love of Christian people, such temptations as gambling (for which the milder term of raffling is substituted), dramatic performances, concerts, mediæval villages and fairs (on which enormous sums are spent), and other means even more childish or objectionable, the half of which we cannot enumerate or describe. Costly articles bought at shops, at home or abroad, are substituted for the work done by needy persons, and resold at fictitious prices, the supply in all instances being so far in excess of the demand, that the burden of unsold goods becomes ever greater, and they

are either passed on to other places, or fresh schemes have to be resorted to in order to dispose of them; while the public who can be found to attend these displays becomes naturally overburdened with the purchases they are called upon to make.

But it may perhaps be said, "We do not pretend this is charity in the highest sense; it is merely combining two actions for useful purposes, serving ourselves and helping a good work." This explanation may perhaps satisfy the somewhat troubled consciences of weaker brethren, but when "Charity Bazaars" for special purposes are openly proclaimed as such, their intention can hardly thus be evaded or denied, and we must face the fact that we are called upon to do a charitable work in patronizing them.

The chief argument adduced in favor of these plans has hitherto been their success, for we have rarely found any supporters to justify them on other grounds; on the contrary, many, though reluctantly taking part in them, do not hesitate to express their dislike, or even stronger disapproval, doubting the plea of expediency, and of the end justifying the means. "*Mais, que faire?*" Money must be obtained, and this is the easiest way," seems the only reply to the arguments of objectors. But even on this score we have a word to say, and the success, if hitherto great, is hardly likely to be maintained. I am assured that in one gigantic effort of the last season, the expense of the preparations amounted to no less a sum than £1000, out of the £1700 that was gained. And who can estimate the cost of precious time and labor expended during previous months of preparation for what ought never to have been required in support of a true and genuine object of Christian work, for which thousands profess zeal and enthusiasm? I am also credibly informed that the cost of the fancy dresses of the stall-holders is (at least in some instances) provided out of the receipts taken.

Though, as I have said, the principle is the chief point on which I desire to dwell, there are still other objections to which I would draw attention. The extravagances of a system ought not, perhaps, to be named as condemning it, but at least they serve to show its tendency, and the results to which they inevitably lead when the path is once entered upon. A few years ago we should have found at least certain objects excluded from the sphere of any such aid as we are contemplating. Amongst these would have been church-building or restoration, and we may surely add, all work for the help and rescue of the fallen, such as penitentiaries and refuges. It is not long ago that attention was drawn to an instance of this latter kind in which the anomaly was so striking that it could not fail to be perceived. The object and the purpose was well known and advertised, yet a public exhibition of fantastic costumes amid grotesque surroundings was not thought incongruous, in order to furnish the means for carrying on one of the most sacred, as well as sad, duties that Christian people can be called

to perform, a work that I do not hesitate to say, in the recent words of a good Bishop, "has to be done with as little public show as possible, by dogged perseverance in quiet, rather than by earnestness in public. There are occasions, no doubt, when it is necessary to compel men to listen to the awful story of the evil that lies hidden under the decent veil of society; but these occasions are rare, and, as a rule, the less that is publicly known of what we are doing in this conflict the better."

In endeavoring to justify the system (which I have rarely found attempted) it has been asked, what harm would there be, for one instance, if a tradesman determined to devote the results of one day's sale to charitable purposes, and why should we not therefore sell also? I should be glad indeed if many tradesmen were disposed to act thus, but I should hardly consider that his customers were "doing charity" by going to make purchasers on that particular day, even if he proclaimed his intention beforehand. And in the same way, if ladies or artists or needle-women can dispose of their work or their talents at fair and reasonable prices, and give the proceeds away, their action is commendable, but do not let us suppose that the purchasers of goods or tickets, who want, or suppose they want, the articles, can have any claim to a share in the good work. They have their reward in their money's worth, and that must suffice for them. "Sales of work" are justified by many who would condemn the other schemes to which I have alluded, and if the right principle be kept in view there is neither delusion nor falseness in the plan. But mark that even here deceit begins to be practiced and creep in. "A sale of work" recently advertised added to its announcement that there would also be a stall for Art Pottery, which can have none of the same claims to exemption, unless painted by the same hands that did the needlework.

And here I may be allowed to say a word on behalf of the tradesmen who are universally complaining of hard times and bad trade. Have they nothing to say about the system that can hardly fail to injure many of them by withdrawing custom from their shops? It is obviously impossible for purchasers to spend their money at both shop and bazaar, especially when "useful articles" are among those enumerated at the latter. Some articles may be procured originally from the shops, but if so, probably at a lower rate, unless a fictitious price is added on afterwards. The latest announcement was that of a sale of Christmas presents, suitable for all classes, at a private house. Can there be any doubt that this must be a serious injury to the shops which rely greatly on such sales?

A noble protest has been raised against receiving money thus acquired by one of our oldest and most respected Societies for the Furtherance of Christianity throughout the world, by the propagation of the principles of truth, honesty, and sincerity. I can but trust such an example may be largely and widely followed, and that powerful voices will be raised in sup-

port of what that Society has thus ventured to affirm. Fashion and custom are strongly against us. Royal and noble personages, in the kindness of their good nature, not pausing to reflect before they agree to perform an easy act in aid, as they are told, of some great and good work, do not hesitate to grant the favor requested, and so an added sanction is given to the system by their encouragement.

One of the saddest aspects of these exhibitions is perhaps when little children are brought on to the scene, frequently in varied and fantastic costumes, with the object of importuning their elders to purchase, or offering some special attraction of display or vanity. Surely the innocence and self-forgetfulness natural to children carefully trained and sheltered, should not be exposed to lose its early bloom thus prematurely by contact with such scenes as these! To bring children forward in any way as taking part in active philanthropy, is a question which, to many minds, is fraught with objections and dangers well worth consideration. But hardly less painful is it to see girls of older, but still of tender, years, walking about to importune strangers of the other sex to purchase some trifle or partake of some amusement.

It may be objected that these are but the views of a few individual minds, and are over-balanced by the majority who gave a different judgment. But I think not so unworthily of English feeling as to believe this. Anyhow, in reply, I venture to give the thoughts of a few writers on the subject which will surely not be lightly esteemed, and may, I trust, carry more weight than my poor words can hope to do.

An esteemed Bishop of a Colonial Church, finding that the English methods for collecting money were rapidly spreading, has recently spoken out strongly and plainly as to this matter, condemning the "unscriptural and utterly fallacious methods of raising money for Church purposes;" he then formally inhibits all churches and congregations within his diocese from using the following methods: (1.) Raffling, throwing of dice, games of chance, or gambling of any kind. (2.) All theatrical, dramatic, or impersonating exhibitions, whether public or private. He then proceeds to say that "the only true and scriptural method by which we can raise money for the cause of Christ" (and does not that include *all* charitable work?) "is the exercise of the Divine principle of *self-renunciation*. The spirit too often invoked is that of self-gratification or aggrandizement. Our offerings, to be acceptable to God, must represent, not the price which some have paid for amusement and others for gain; but the self-denial of our hearts for the love we bear to Christ." Let us hear again the words of John Ruskin, which may have weight with some who have long admired his talents and his noble generosity:

"Thus bazaars, concerts, private theatricals, even football matches, are made the means of wheedling money out of people who are too indifferent or too niggardly to give. We are

simple enough to believe that the motive qualifies the gift, and that money reluctantly extorted brings no blessing with it. Voting charities appeal to the commercial instinct and offer a *quid pro quo* in the shape of patronage. You give a guinea and get a guinea's worth. You are giver and taker at once, and are twice blessed." Hear, again, one of the most eloquent preachers of the present day, when he condemns "all kinds of methods to spice charity with fashion and idleness, and to galvanize one or two thousand pounds out of a spurious and spasmodic philanthropy."

I can hardly wonder at the effects and results of a system so demoralizing, because based on so unsound a foundation as I have endeavored to describe. The pure springs of charity, from which alone the true stream can flow, are apt to be forgotten and lost sight of in the vain and frantic efforts that are made to increase its bulk, but which are more likely to result in choking it. There are not wanting signs that a climax has been reached, and that the palled and satiated appetite for novelty cannot long continue to be fed with still newer and more exciting draughts, and then the system must collapse. I believe that a conviction of the unsoundness, the unworthiness, of the principle has reached many hearts, who would gladly speak out their dissatisfaction, but who are still following the leading multitude in ways they secretly condemn.

Let us have the faith and courage to believe that work which is worthy of support will receive it when sought in true and honest ways, and when the present mists of delusion have passed away. We hear occasionally some remarkable and cheering facts in support of this assertion—small parishes contributing sums large in proportion to their size and means, for missionary and other purposes. One such example is now before me, when a population of 500 helped in the restoration of their old parish church; "there was scarcely a poor person who was not eager to aid the work, and the small tradesmen collected from £6 to £8 each!" In another case a parish, in the East-end of London, containing about 6000 people, chiefly dock-laborers, contributed over £160 to the Bishop of Bedford's fund.

If we believe that the systems now adopted for procuring money by means of bazaars are undermining the spring and source of the Divine virtue, as we have it described by the highest authority, by confusing and warping all our ideas and motives concerning it, surely we shall do well to pause and consider our ways. Those who have looked with pride on our "charitable England," the centre of wealth, as of true, generous benevolence, may well reflect with sorrow, not unmixed with alarm, on these present aspects of alms-giving, for whatever may be the immediate results in a few instances, they must inevitably end in failure and disaster to the great cause of which I have been endeavouring to speak.—LOUISA TWINING, in *Murray's Magazine*.

MOUNTAIN FLOODS.

ALMOST every traveller who passes through the Southern Alps and Northern Italy must be struck by the extent and desolation of their river-beds. In summer a small stream trickles through a waste of sand, gravel, and pieces of rock, beneath which it occasionally disappears; in winter the condition of the brooks and rivers is nearly the same, though few pause to observe these things in winter, when the attractions of Florence, Rome, and Naples lie temptingly open before them. In spring and autumn the bed of the lower streams is filled with a liquid which seems to consist of stones and mud rather than water, which rises and falls with an apparent capriciousness, and if it happens to pass beyond its usual boundaries spreads desolation around. It is not the water, but what the water brings with it that does the lasting harm. Theorists have, from century to century, proposed remedies for the evil, but none of those which have hitherto been adopted have proved entirely successful. If money enough were forthcoming, practical men say, the streams might be regulated in an effectual manner; but how to find the necessary cash is a question that sometimes bids States as well as individuals pause.

It is only in countries where streams have their birth that one can form a clear conception of the rise, and progress of floods. The permanent injury they do, as has been said, lies less in the water than in what it contains. In the Dolomites, which owe their bold outlines to the ease with which the stone is disintegrated, every frost loosens large masses of rock that only wait for an impetus to be cast into the valleys. This is given by the rains of autumn and the thawing snows of spring, when the water at once undermines and presses upon them. They then fall, either in masses larger than most churches, or in fragments which are churned into roundness by the torrent below. They block the stream till it breaks a new course for itself, or increases in fury till it sweeps the whole obstruction before it. It is difficult to say which is the more dangerous of the alternatives. In the one case, a valley that has never before been overflowed may be turned into a desert, and houses that were supposed to be entirely secure may be inundated or swept away; in the other, a certain destruction is sent to those who dwell in the lower valleys.

When the brooks have passed the huge limestone gates, by which in the Dolomites they usually rush from the rocky wilderness in which they have their source to the central stream, the danger is not over. After rainy weather of any duration, the whole country is in the condition of a wet sponge. The greensward and the roots of the trees, with the vegetation that woods favor, retain a great deal of the water, and only part with it gradually, but any wanderer can at such times easily produce a rivulet by thrusting his stick into the ground and drawing a small runnel to a lower

level, and he will be surprised on the following day to see what nature had made out of his simple handiwork. Now, when a meadow lies on a bed of soft rock or gravel—and most that border the mountain streams do so—it becomes a source of danger as soon as the turf ceases to extend to the river's brink. Not only does the force and friction of the torrent wear away the lower part of the bed, but the water that soaks through from above disintegrates the upper. Any one who watches such an exposed brook-side when floods threaten will be surprised to see with what rapidity small fountains make their appearance in the centre of the gravel and how rapidly they grow, always pushing larger quantities of stone and earth before them. Nature, of course, is only doing here what the wanderer has done above with his walking-stick; it is providing channels by which the saturated grass is drained; but if this condition of things continues long, a great part of the bank is carried gradually away and the turf that rested upon it caves in and falls. This is always a loss to the proprietor of the meadow, but it is most dangerous for others when trees are standing upon it, the branches of which catch the passing stones and mud, and form a natural dam that diverts the course of the stream. The officials who are responsible for the safety of the roads would therefore willingly fell most of the alders and willows that fringe the brooks, but they have no legal power to do so. When it is necessary, they can prohibit a man from cutting down his own timber, but they cannot touch a stem that does not belong to the State. All they can do is to bring the danger the tree causes before the proprietor and the village authorities; but the former has frequently no objection to see his neighbors' fields under water, and the latter are unwilling to incur unpopularity by their interference. Lovers of the picturesque may be glad of this.

Every one who has watched children building their mimic dykes and harbors on the side of a rivulet must have noticed how a single stone cast into the water will occasionally alter the whole current. In a flood, nature, with the apparent thoughtlessness of a child, acts much as he does. A fragment of rock, or the root of a tree which is caught on the bed of the stream, changes its course. Instead of beating on the solid rock at the next turn, as it has done harmlessly for centuries, its chief force is now directed against the opposite bank, which crumbles away beneath it. These changes in the current of a stream are the dangers against which those who live in the lower valleys have chiefly to guard; but when they seem distant a mutual jealousy often prevents the necessary steps being taken, and when the flood has come it is too late to oppose its violence.

In the Alps floods are as usual and as incalculable as snowstorms in England. It is certain that they will come; but when, and what districts will be chiefly affected, are matters of doubt. The Austrian Government has, therefore, taken steps to minimize their influence, though its action has

hitherto been confessedly inadequate. We have no space to enter here either into the intricacies of the Austrian Constitution or the plans and achievements of engineers. A rough sketch must suffice. In each of the Alpine lands appertaining to the Imperial Crown, which we for convenience usually call provinces, a permanent Commission is appointed, which has the charge of all matters that concern the mountain torrents. To it all representations with respect to the conduct of an unruly brook must be addressed, and it inquires into them on the spot. It weighs the amount of the danger and the claims of various districts, and then draws up proposals which are submitted to the *Landtag* or provincial Parliament, and when they have been approved, these are in due course laid before the Parliament of the Empire. The funds required by the single provinces are supposed to be contributed by them, but in undertakings of great extent or difficulty Imperial grants are made, and in all cases the central Government supplies highly-trained and competent officials to direct the works, without requiring any remuneration for their services. To these large powers are granted in cases of emergency, and during disastrous floods soldiers are frequently employed for weeks together, not merely to rescue those whose lives are in danger, but as laborers in constructing the works necessary to regulate the course of the stream. In such cases, however, they receive extra pay.

Those streams are most dangerous which run down the steepest declines, because they are the most apt to wear away their banks, and it is easiest for them to bring down the fallen earth and stones of the uplands. The method at present chiefly adopted in regulating them is that of building a series of dams. These are little more than strong walls with apertures, through which the water can freely flow. They span the whole bed of the stream, and rise to a considerable height above it. By this contrivance the shingle is left behind while the brook flows on in its usual course. In the course of years the upper bed is filled, and the dam is then raised from time to time as long as the condition of the banks permits. A brook which has been regulated in this way will, after the lapse of a longer or shorter period, run from cascade to cascade over distances which have only a slight fall, and where it will lose the greater part of its force. But it takes longer than might at first sight be supposed to bring about such a change. The masses of stone are at first piled so roughly on each other by the floods that after the level of the dam has been reached the water for years finds an easy way between them, and spouts through its former outlets, far below the surface of its new bed, leaving its dangerous freight behind. A waterfall makes a great impression on a tourist; a stream flowing downwards at a steep gradient hardly any; yet the latter is far more dangerous than the former, and where a series of artificial cascades is constructed it prevents the brook not only from carrying the rubble further, but also from preying upon the banks. By this means time is

afforded for the vegetation to grow on the comparatively level portions of the course.

It must be confessed that a succession of such dams does not add to the charms of a mountain valley; indeed, when first built, they are a positive eyesore; but even the most romantic would have little reason to regret the suppression of floods, if it could be accomplished. Frequently as they have been employed in novels, there is probably no natural spectacle which combines so much loss and danger with so little sublimity. It is surprising to see what used to be fields turned into a pond, and some of the incidents may be startling or even dramatic; but there is little beauty in an expanse of muddy water which is evidently in its wrong place, and the incidents are more effective in print than in reality. At any rate, even from a scenical point of view the entertainment is too costly. To have to look for years on long stretches of gray and barren rubbish instead of upon trees and greensward is too high a price to pay for a few hours' excitement.—*Saturday Review*.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

[We here copy from the London *Quarterly Review* the opening and closing paragraphs of a long and exhaustive article entitled "Landed Income and Landed Estates," the greater portion of which is devoted to statistics substantiating the conclusions announced. From the omitted part we except a paragraph showing how the present state of things affects "those ministers of the Church who are unfortunate enough to derive the income of their benefices from glebe farms." After giving a number of special instances, the reviewer, quoting from the *Morning Post* says:—

"I have the names of twenty livings, mostly in Bedfordshire, Suffolk, and Huntingdon, with aggregate glebe at just under 7,000 acres, or on an average of 350 acres each. Ten years ago the rental was over £12,000, or about 35s. an acre, the average being £600 apiece. It is now £3,731, being less than 11s. an acre, or £186 for each benefice; and even this amount is subject to large deductions for charges of various kinds. If the reader will picture to himself his own position if his entire income, whatever it may be, were suddenly reduced to one-third of its amount, he will have some notion of the unfortunate position of many of the clergy in what used to be the finest wheat-growing districts in England."

Full statistics are given as to the ownership of the land in the United Kingdom, which we thus summarize: The entire number of persons who own more than ten acres is about 180,000; those who own less than ten acres, and are mainly only house-holders, holding less than one-hundredth part of the land. Descending to particulars, we are told that—excluding properties under one acre in extent—one-fourth of the whole territory is held by 12,000 persons, at an average of 16,200 acres; another fourth by 6,200 persons at an average of 3,150 acres; another fourth by 50,770 persons, at an average of 380 acres; while the remaining fourth is held by 261,830 persons, at an average for each person of 70 acres. From such facts, the writer draws the conclusion that "it is of importance to the country, and of pressing importance to landlords, if they wish to be secure from confiscation and pillage in the future, that the land-owning class should be increased. Nothing tends more to keep a country together and free it from revolutionary and socialistic brands than the fact of a large number of freeholders in the community. It is what has saved France again and again, and we believe it will save England if not neglected too long. Whatever may be

said about peasant proprietorship, the great fact remains that it is the one force which opposes most strongly the doctrine of plunder and confiscation; and it is for this reason, if for this reason alone, that we consider that it behoves every landlord to give every facility for the establishment of small freeholds. Already there are indications that something of the sort is going on. That the system will assume large proportions before long we feel confident; and unless the march of revolutionary power is too strong for us, it will be attended with success."—ED. LIB. MAG.]

THE astounding changes which have taken place in the last ten or twelve years in the condition and prospects of the agricultural interests of England, and consequently in the position of the owners and occupiers of land, have naturally called much attention to the present condition and future prospects of the landed interest. We live in a country having a limited area, densely populated, and abounding in great cities; yet we are unable to grow agricultural produce at a profit. Farms that formerly were eagerly sought for by numerous competitors, all substantial men with capital and credit, are now waiting in vain to be hired. Land, which was the favorite investment, and was in such demand that it not unfrequently fetched forty years' purchase on rents which were known to have been raised just before the sale, is at the present moment almost unsaleable. In Essex, but a few miles distant from the largest city in the world, there is a spot from which, it is said, there can be seen nineteen large farms, all vacant, without tenants, and for the most part uncultivated; this too in a county which only a few years back used to be one of our greatest food-producing districts. Fifty years ago we raised nearly all the corn required in the United Kingdom, supplies from foreign countries being only brought into requisition when the crops were damaged or deficient. Our population has now doubled, and we only supply a third of what they eat in the shape of bread. We are also dependent to a large extent on foreign countries for the supply of meat consumed at home; reckoning here, not only the actual meat imported, but also the meat-making substances, such as Indian corn, barley, oats, and linseed. It is estimated in this way that two-fifths of our animal food is produced directly or indirectly in other countries.

As oats, barley, hay, and green crops, which are principally used for the manufacture of meat, are during the present year [1887] lamentably deficient, and in some cases, especially as regards green crops, total failures, it is not too much to say, that we shall be a third short in our winter keep, and therefore those farmers who wish to fatten stock during the winter months must invest largely in foreign feeding stuffs. The poverty of the majority of our farmers makes it almost impossible that they will be able to afford to fatten much stock this winter by the purchase of foreign food, so that the advantage of any increase in price of cattle will only benefit the foreigner, and to some extent our colonists.

According to these figures the outlook is singularly gloomy, and probably the agricultural year of 1887-1888 will be one of the worst this country

has ever known. Of hay there is a deficiency of at least two million tons, and also a similar amount in straw; at the most favorable computation the deficiency in turnips is more than ten million tons, in oats four million quarters. It is stated that to replace these losses twelve million quarters of foreign barley would have to be forthcoming, or else 4,000,000 quarters of oats more than are usually imported. Although the crops of barley, oats, and maize, are unusually good in Russia and the Danubian Principalities, the demand for forward shipment, notwithstanding the low prices, is very small. Nothing is more indicative of the present dearth of capital amongst the British agriculturists than that, with the prospect of an almost certain profit by buying stock at the present ruinous prices and feeding it with Russian barley or oats or Danubian maize at figures below anything known for a century, the trade in these articles remains undemonstrative, and values are little more than maintained. The unremunerative prices of grain have been the cause of many acres of land once productive for tillage being laid down in grass; but as they are unsuited for grass and unproductive as pasture, they now, after great expense, only let for a few shillings, whereas a few years back they made pounds per acre.

At every turn the British agriculturist appears to be beaten out of the field.

The unremunerative price of corn, and the consequent laying down of arable in pasture, have very much contracted the labor market. This very fact ought to lend an additional stimulus to the movement, for increasing the number of land-owners, as many laborers who now find themselves destitute of employment would, if they had the opportunity of acquiring small freeholds, gladly avail themselves of any scheme that would enable them to do so. Meanwhile the agricultural interest, as it at present exists, has to face immense difficulties. What is in the future no one knows. How it will all end no one dares to guess. That it is a question of vital and national importance no one with commonsense will deny. There is a "Health of Nations" as well as a "wealth:" who shall say that the former is not as important as the latter? The decrease of the rural population, from whom we have always drawn fresh blood and vigorous constitutions to replace the wear and tear of the cities, cannot be viewed without alarm and apprehension.

Are our country districts to become depopulated, our villages and hamlets, on which we have so justly prided ourselves, deserted? Are our country towns to become decayed and neglected, and their tradesmen and professional men, who are dependent on the neighboring district, practically ruined? Are our laborers to leave their homes to swell the great mass of the unemployed in our great cities, and there lead a life compared with which the hardest moments of their present lives would be as paradise on earth? Is the farmer to gather up what he can out of the wrecks of what

used to be a moderate fortune, and leave the home in which he was born, and the country of which he used to be proud, for some distant land in which he can find interest for his money, remuneration for his labor, or at all events fair play? And lastly, will the landowner himself be obliged to leave the home of his fathers—a home which may have been endeared to him by a thousand memories, which has historical associations and incidents preserved through a long line of ancestors? Are all the noble mansions and their beautiful surroundings, of which we are as a nation so justly proud, to fall into disuse and become no more? Are our manly field-sports, which have done so much to give our people the fine constitutions and powers of endurance they possess, and make them manly, courageous, and self-reliant, to pass away? If England loses these things, she loses much that makes her England, and makes us ready to love her, cherish her, and protect her. It is the rural life of England, quite as much as her commerce and mighty cities, that have been at once the wonder and the envy of all nations. How often do we hear foreigners say to us, "We have much finer things than your towns, but we have nothing like your country life: it is as unique as it is delightful, and as delightful as it is unique."—*Quarterly Review*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

We have met to honor the greatest statesman the greatest statesman this country has produced. Only a few years ago there were two parties in the United States, neither of them with honor enough, or moral character enough, or a clear perception enough to denounce an institution that involve, the commission of crime.

A few men—a few good and splendid spirits—not only thought but knew that a wrong like that could not live for ever; a few men prophesied the dawn of another day. A few men said our flag some time shall cease to pollute the air in which it waves. Among these was the man whose name we honor to-night. He saw, with prophetic vision, that a house divided against itself could not stand. He was patriotic enough to defend the right, and no man yet has ever shown patriotism by defending the wrong. He only is a true patriot who endeavors to make his country nobler, grander, and nearer just. The man who defends the mistakes and crimes of his fellow-men is a political panderer and a wretched demagogue. I always thank the man who points out my faults, if he does it through tenderness and love; the man who flatters your crimes is your enemy.

* This is the address delivered before the Brooklyn Republican League by Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, February 12, 1868, that being the seventy-ninth anniversary of the birthday of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was one of the few who saw that slavery could not exist forever. He was born in a cabin, laid in the lap of the poor-born in a cabin, in the wilderness of Kentucky, yet he rose to such a supreme and splendid height that fame never reached higher than his brow when putting its laurels on the brow of a human being. He was a man who was true to himself, and for that reason true to others. He was a strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the perfect and grotesque, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Æsop and of Marcus Aurelius, of all that was noble and just, of mercy and honesty, merciful, wise, lovable, and divine—and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all and over all was an overwhelming sense of chivalry and loyalty, and above all the shadow of a perfect mind. Of nearly all the great characters of history we know nothing of their peculiarities. About the oaks of these great men, and about the roots of these oaks, we know nothing of the earth that clings to them. Washington himself is now a steel engraving: About the real man who lived, who loved, who schemed, and who succeeded we know nothing. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged smoothing out the lines in Lincoln's face so that he may be known, not as he really was, but according to their poor standard as he should have been.

Abraham Lincoln was not a type; he stands alone—no ancestors, no followers, and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, the advantage of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his life the perpetual star of hope. He knew and mingled with men of every kind and became familiar with the best books. In a new country you must possess at least three qualities—honesty, courage, and generosity. In cultivated society cultivation is often more important than soil, and while polished counterfeit sometimes passes more readily than the blurred genuine, it is necessary only to observe the uncertain laws of society to be honest enough to keep out of the penitentiary, and generous enough to subscribe in public when the subscription can be defined as a business investment. In a new country character is essential; in the old reputation is often sufficient. In the new they find what a man is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

Lincoln never finished his education, although he was always an inquirer and a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part colleges are where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakspeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney or a poor parson. Lincoln was a many-sided man, as reliable as the direction of gravity. His words were kind as mercy, and gave a perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to admit that he

did not know. Lincoln was natural in his life and thought, master of the story telling art, liberal in speech, using any word which wit would disinflect. He was a logician. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. He was sincerely natural. If you wish to be sublime you must keep close to the grass. Too much polish suggests insincerity. If you wish to know what is the difference between an orator and the elocutionist read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then read the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten; it will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. Lincoln was an immense personality, firm but not obstinate—obstinacy is egotism, firmness is heroism. He influenced others, and they submitted to him.

He was severe to himself and for that reason lenient to others, and appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. He did and said the noblest deeds and words with that nobleness that is the grace of modesty. Everything for principle, nothing for money, everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed, willing to go somewhere if in the right direction; willing to stop sometimes, but he would not go back, and he would not go away. He knew that fight was needed and full of chances, he knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that those who advocated the right must win some time. He was neither tyrant nor slave. Nothing discloses real character like the use of power, and it was the quality of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except upon the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase power, could not awe this divine, this living man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. He was the embodiment of self-denial and courage. He spoke not to upbraid but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction, and longed to see pearls of tears on the cheeks of the wives whose husbands he had saved from death. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the greatest civil war of our world.

LITHOGRAPHIC STONE QUARRIES.

LITHOGRAPHIC stone, which is so largely used in printing—and is indeed, for some branches of the art, indispensable—comes mainly from the little village of Solnhofen in Bavaria. It is a peculiar species of porous limestone, and is found in the quarries which abound in this neighborhood, the sources of supply being limited to an area of a few square miles. It is chiefly of a yellowish-white color, and is very absorbent of water, which is its great virtue; and, inasmuch as science has hitherto failed to find an

efficient substitute, it is fortunate that the quarries are almost inexhaustible. The stone which is found in the vicinity of this place goes all over the world; and even America, having no geological formation of the kind of her own, has to send here for it.

A visit to Solnhofen, which is on the main line between Nuremberg and Munich, and therefore not at all out of the track of the ordinary tourist, cannot fail to prove interesting. No sooner do we arrive at the railway-station than we perceive unmistakable evidence of the trade of the locality in the goods siding, which is filled with trucks and carts loaded with lithographic stones of various sizes.

Through the quiet German village a rough road, made entirely of refuse stone, leads us to the foot of a chain of hills; and an hour's walk—for vehicular traffic on such roads is nearly an impossibility—brings us to the outskirts of one of the big quarries. We first become aware that there is any life in this silent place by a repeated tapping, which echoes seemingly from out of the earth; then, as we climb nearer and round the projecting hillside, we see it covered with stone which has been shot down from the top, thus turning the thick undergrowth of bushes and saplings in this particular place into a precipitous and dangerous declivity whereon is no foothold, save the narrow path used by the workmen.

Climbing still higher, we eventually reach the quarry itself, where are some hundred men at work eating into the heart of the hill with pick and mattock. The method of quarrying is, we believe, peculiar to this stone. It lies in layers, varying from half an inch to several inches in thickness, and the whole art consists in getting out these pieces of stone of as large a size as possible, for the value of lithographic stones, like that of diamonds, varies in inverse proportion to their size. Thus a dealer will quote just twice the price per pound for stones twenty inches by thirty inches compared with what he asks for those fifteen inches by ten inches.

We will suppose that the quarryman has managed to unearth a slab of stone. It is now placed upon a truck, and run along a narrow tram-rail to the grinding-shed. This is a long whitewashed room, where are to be seen some dozen of men and women—for the women here work quite as hard as the sterner sex—busily engaged in grinding the surfaces of the slabs to one level. This is done by placing one stone above another, using sand and water, and twisting the top stone round with a circular motion. Thus two stones are prepared in the time it would otherwise take to finish one, on the principle of "diamond cut diamond"—"man kann den einen Diamant, nur mit dem andern schleifen." The men word all day with their long German pipes in their mouths, uttering hardly a syllable, but puffing away with unceasing regularity, and the visitor cannot fail to be struck with the difference which here exists between the German workman and his English *confrère*. Go where you will about these quarries, the men all

lift their hats and take their pipes from their mouths as they greet you with "Grüss Gott;" and, save at their meals, when it is reverently laid on one side, the pipe is scarcely ever absent. Their habits are extremely simple. They eat little but the coarsest black bread and cheese or sausage, washed down by the never-failing Bavarian beer.

In the course of a conversation which we had with one old quarryman, he told us that he earned, in fine weather and during summer, eighteen shillings a week, of which three shillings were spent in beer for his wife and family, for, as he remarked, "to us it is meat and drink." Such is the power of habit in regard to national diet. This beer is cheap, however, costing only three-half-pence per quart, and is very light. This same man told us he had worked in the quarries some thirty-six years, earning all the summer full wages, and in winter perhaps three shillings a week at the most; yet he was contented and happy, and had never known a day's idleness. He lived some five miles from his work, which distance he had to walk morning and evening; and as we accompanied him to his village he regaled us with many anecdotes to enliven the way, for he was a fellow of considerable humor, as well as intelligence.

Having traced the stone to the grinding-sheds, we will now proceed to follow their further history. As soon as they are ready here they are packed in rows, one against another, along the walls, awaiting the arrival of the buyers to come and pick them. This, we should imagine, is no easy matter, for, as there is no standard price for each size, each owner working his own quarry at a yearly rental, and making as much as he can out of it, it necessarily follows that a bid for a lot of stones becomes a mercenary haggle, compared to which horse-dealing is innocence itself.

On the occasion of our visit we ourselves were witnesses of a case in which a German merchant had bid what he considered a fair price for some choice stones, but his offer was refused. So, wishing the stone merchant good day, he strode away, apparently in high dudgeon, and was soon lost to sight in the thick wood. The stone merchant, evidently piqued at having lost a good order, watched his man disappear, and was on the point of running after him, when the latter was seen coming back. The stone merchant, not wishing to let it be seen that he was going to give way, turned to one of his workmen and pretended to have been giving him some instructions; but lookers-on see most of the game, and it was evident to us that the buyer saw the ruse, and, taking advantage of this, was able before long to strike a bargain at his own price.

We have already remarked upon the frugality of these quarrymen in the matter of living. There is only one inn to be found in the whole place, and thither at midday all the masters flock to talk over the day's doings. The scene is picturesque in the extreme. Seated in one common room are to be seen masters and men, busily engaged in eating and talking, while lying

about all over the place is a multitude of dogs of all sizes and breeds, from the bandy-legged dachshund to the truculent boarhound. Every man seems to own a dog, which follows him wherever he goes. So that, what with the barking of dogs, the clatter of plates, and the hoarse, guttural cries of the workmen in their peculiar *patois*—which is perfectly incomprehensible to an Englishman, no matter how well he may speak ordinary German—the scenes and the sounds to be heard in that *gasthaus* at noon every day are not likely to be speedily forgotten. Beer is the only drink, and is served in huge tankards, each containing nearly a quart. Bill of fare, there is none, but you can get Limburger or Dutch cheese, and as much bread to eat as you like. Such is the midday meal. At one o'clock the men return to their work, whilst the masters remain half an hour longer to gossip over their affairs and play at cards.

The stones having been picked, are packed in wooden cases and sent down in long two-horse wagons to the railway-station. All the way back one notices how largely this particular stone is used for almost every purpose to which stone can be applied. The roads are macadamised with it, the result being that in dry weather the dust on the highways is three or four inches thick, a fine floury dust, which, if it gets into your eyes, almost blinds you. The roads themselves are of a dazzling whiteness, which it is impossible to face on a blazing hot day, so that relief has to be sought by looking at the woods by the wayside. When, therefore, you get among the quarries themselves with no green to relieve the eye, the dust rising in clouds at every footstep, and the sun scorching down upon you, your lot is not an enviable one. The roofs are slated with thin layers of stone, the ground is also paved with it, the houses themselves are for the most part built of it, so that when once you reach the village you are reminded of the trade of the place at every turn.

Arrived at the station, the stones are loaded on the trucks and are then ready for exportation. Those forwarded to England arrive either *viâ* Antwerp or Rotterdam about a fortnight after leaving their native home. They are used by printers very largely in the manufacture of chromos, show cards, etc., and the colored posters one sees on the hoardings of London are almost entirely printed from lithographic stones, as also are the colored supplements presented at Christmas with most of the weekly illustrated newspapers. In fact, so indebted are we, in an unobtrusive way, to the valuable properties this stone possesses, that should the sources of supply ever cease, it is difficult to see where we should look for a substitute. It is true there are a few quarries of inferior stone in France, but their area is, we believe, extremely limited.—N. T. RIDDLE, in *Leisure Hour*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE NEW AFRICAN GOLD FIELD.—There seems no doubt that a gold-field of almost unexampled extent and richness has been discovered in South Africa. The *Pall Mall Gazette* contains a report of an interview with Mr. R. W. Murray, one of the proprietors of the *Cape Times*, and one of the best known and most energetic colonists in South Africa where he has been a resident for the last thirty-four years. We copy some of the most important of Mr. Murray's statements:—

"It is the most magnificent gold-field in the world—one, the wealth of which is simply incalculable. I have conglomerate here from the richest veins in the Randt, which yield ten ounces to the ton. That, however, is exceptional, there are other lodes which average from five to six ounces, but take the whole mass of the Randt reef it will average fully one ounce of pure gold to the ton of conglomerate. No one can say how much there is of the auriferous reef. The particular reef of which I am speaking is 65 miles long, and how deep no one knows. At present the miners have gone down 200 feet below the surface and have not touched bottom yet. And this is only one among many reefs which run parallel to each other. No one knows how much gold has been actually produced in the Transvaal in the last twelve months, but the Randt reef alone was yielding at the rate of £500,000 of gold per annum, and that is the product of only 500 stamps. They are putting up 500 more, which will increase the yield to £1,000,000 a year. This El Dorado is about 900 miles from the Cape, 600 miles of which are covered by railway; the other 300 miles from Kimberley lying across level country. Last January (1887), Johannesburg, which is built on the Randt, consisted of a few scattered shanties. When I left twelve months afterwards, Johannesburg was a town of 10,000 inhabitants, with churches, chapels, stone-built mansions, courts, cafés hotels, and, in short, all the appliances of civilization except newspapers and a railway. The conglomerate is easily worked, and crumbles readily under the stamper. On the Randt the stamps are worked by steam, although in some places where water-power is available, they are driven by turbines. There is any amount of coal for fuel in the Transvaal. I am myself the owner of a coal field which

contains some hundred million tons of coal. It is easily worked, costing only about 3s. per ton to bring it to the surface. It is about 65 miles from Johannesburg, and the cost of cartage is far greater than that of working. But even after paying all expenses I can deliver the coal at the mill for 30s. a ton; and you can do a great deal of quartz crushing with a ton of coal. The one essential is water for washing; and of that there is fortunately no lack. Hence in the Transvaal you have all the conditions of success: a practically illimitable auriferous reef, cheap coal, and any amount of water."

LARGER AND BRIGHTER SUNS THAN OURS.—In a paper in the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," Mr. Garrett P. Serviss says:—

"Sirius—the Dog-Star—stands in a class by itself as the brightest star in the sky. Its extraordinary size and brilliancy might naturally enough lead one to suppose that it is the nearest of the stars, and such it was once believed to be. Observations of stellar parallax, however, show that this was a mistake. The distance of Sirius is so great that no satisfactory determination of it has yet been made. We may safely say, though, that that distance is, at the least calculation, 50,000,000,000,000 miles. In other words, Sirius is about 537,000 times as far from the earth as the sun is. Then, since light diminishes as the square of the distance increases, the sun, if placed as far from us as Sirius is, would send us, in round numbers, 288,000,000,000 times less light than we now receive from it. But Sirius actually sends us only about 4,000,000,000 times less light than the sun does; consequently Sirius must shine $[4,000,000,000)288,000,000,000(72]$ seventy-two times as brilliantly as the sun. If we adopt Wollaston's estimate of the light of Sirius, as compared with that of the sun, viz., 1-20,000,000,000, we shall still find that the actual brilliancy of that grand star is more than fourteen times as great as that of our sun. But as observations on the companion of Sirius show that Sirius's mass is fully twenty times the sun's, and since the character of Sirius's spectrum indicates that its intrinsic brightness, surface for surface, is much superior to the sun's, it is probable that our estimate of the star's actual brilliancy, as compared with what the sun would possess at the same distance, viz.,

seventy-two times, is much nearer the truth. It is evident that life would be insupportable upon the earth if it were placed as near to Sirius as it is to the sun. If the earth were a planet belonging to the system of Sirius, in order to enjoy the same amount of heat and light it now receives, it would have to be removed to a distance of nearly 800,000,000 miles, or about $8\frac{1}{2}$ times its distance from the sun. Its time of revolution around Sirius would then be nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ years, or, in other words, the year would be lengthened $5\frac{1}{2}$ times. But, as I have said, the estimate of Sirius's distance used in these calculations is the smallest that can be accepted. Good authorities regard the distance as being not less than 100,000,000,000,000 miles; in which case the star's brilliancy must be as much as 228 times greater than that of the sun. And yet even Sirius is probably not the greatest sun belonging to the visible universe. There can be little doubt that Canopus, in the southern hemisphere, is a grander sun than Sirius. To our eyes, Canopus is only about half as bright as Sirius, and it ranks as the second star in the heavens in the order of brightness. But while Sirius's distance is measurable, that of Canopus is so unthinkably immense that astronomers can get no grip upon it. If it were only twice as remote as Sirius it would be equal to two of the latter, but the probability is, its distance is much greater than that. And possibly even Canopus is not the greatest gem in the coronet of creation."

NATURALIZING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.—This group in the South Pacific consist of seven or eight large volcanic islands, varying in length from 70 to 100 miles, and a large number of smaller islets, varying in length from 15 to 20 miles down to the tiny coral islet only half a mile across. The larger islands present several peaks rising to the height of 7,000 to 10,000 feet. The total area of the group is estimated at 10,000 square miles. Mr. H. B. Guppy, late Surgeon in the British Navy, has just published a work on the natural history of these islands. He says:—

"When geologizing in these islands one labors under the very serious disadvantage of being unable to get any view, or form any idea of the surroundings, on account of the dense forest-growth clothing both the slopes and summits of the hills, which is often im-

passable except by the rude native tracks that are completely hemmed in by trees on either side. Bush-walking, where there is no native track, is a very tedious process, and requires the constant use of the compass. In districts of coral limestone, such traverses are equally trying to the soles of one's boots and to the measure of one's temper. After being provokingly entangled in a thicket for some minutes, the persevering traveller walks briskly along through a comparatively clear space, when a creeper suddenly trips up his feet and over he goes to the ground. Picking himself up, he no sooner starts again when he finds his face in the middle of a strong web which some huge-bodied spider has been laboriously constructing. However, clearing away the web from his features, he struggles along until coming to the fallen trunk of some giant of the forest which obstructs his path, he with all confidence plants his foot firmly on it and sinks knee-deep into rotten wood. With resignation he lifts his foot out of the mess and proceeds on his way, when he feels an uncomfortable sensation inside his helmet, in which, on leisurely removing it from his head, he finds his old friend the spider, with a body as big as a filbert, quite at his ease. Shaking it out in a hurry, he hastens along with his composure of mind somewhat ruffled. Going down a steep slope, he clasps a stout-looking areca-palm to prevent himself falling, when down comes the rotten palm, and the long-suffering traveller finds himself once more on the ground. To these inconveniences must be added the peculiarly oppressive heat of a tropical forest, the continual perspiration in which the skin is bathed, and the frequent difficulty of getting water. There are, therefore, many drawbacks to the enjoyment of such excursions undertaken without an aim. But let there be some object to be gained, and it is astonishing how small a success amply repays the naturalist for all the toil. As an example of the tedious nature of bush-walking in these regions, I may state that, crossing the small island of Santa Anna from south to north—a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles—occupied on one occasion five hours. For nearly the whole distance my path lay either through a dense forest growth which had never been cleared since this little island first rose as a coral-atoll above the waves, or amongst tangled undergrowth which often succeeded effect

ually in barring the way. Rarely could I obtain a glimpse of my surroundings, and in consequence it was on my pocket-compass that I entirely depended. Coral-rock honey-combed into sharp tearing edges covered the slopes, my way lying between the large masses of this rock that lay about in strange confusion, the smaller blocks swaying about under my weight as if eager to rid themselves of their unusual burden. At one place the coral limestone over a space of about a hundred yards was perforated like a sieve by numerous holes two to three feet across and five to ten feet deep; but now and then a deep fissure appeared at the bottom of one of these cavities—leading Heaven knows where—in all probability the swallow-hole of some stream that once became engulfed in the solid rock. The spreading roots of trees, together with ferns and shrubs, often nearly concealed these mantraps from my view; and I found it necessary to clear the way for every step, a very tedious process at the close of a tiresome day's excursion."

JAPAN AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Rev. George William Knox, Professor in the University of Tokio, Japan, writes in the *Missionary Review* :—

"The early romance of missions gives way to the prosaic commonplace of well-known facts. Our missionaries go to no mysterious and distant world never to return. Every land has been explored; we know the geography of our globe. Every people has been studied; we know the history, the language, the population, the customs, the religion of all. No land is far away, no nation is alien—modern civilization binds all together. The world grows small as we can state its area accurately in square miles, but our work grows large as the consciousness of the mighty populations of heathen empires is thrust upon us. A new study of engrossing interest is begun—new questions of supreme importance press for solution. What is to be the future of the East? Are the great empires of Asia forever to repeat the history of the past? Shall the coming centuries bring no Kingdom of God for the great majority of the human race? Is Asia to continue oppressed, superstitious, ignorant, idolatrous, degraded, wretched? Is there national regeneration, is there new birth for a continent, is it possible for great empires to start upon a

new life of liberty, progress and truth after millenniums of slavery, stagnation and error? Japan, first of all Asiatic empires, seeks answer to these problems. Under most favoring conditions it tries the great experiment, turning from the East and striving for position among the progressive, enlightened, and Christian nations of the West. So far as man can judge, upon the issue of this experiment rests the future of Asia. Let Japan succeed, and China will follow in the same path; let Japan fail, and what hope remains for the greater empires which will face their greater problems under less favoring conditions?"

UNITY AMONG CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.—Rev. A. T. Pierson, in the *Missionary Review*, thus speaks of the National Conference at the Evangelical Alliance, held at Washington early in December, 1887 :—

"It may be doubted whether, during these eighteen centuries, any body of Evangelical Christians has met to consider questions of greater practical importance. Like the Council of Nice, more than fifteen centuries ago, it brought together the scarred and battle-worn veterans from many fields of social and religious conflict. All denominations were represented, and by their prominent representative men. Episcopal and Methodist and Moravian bishops, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Lutheran pastors, theological professors and college presidents, distinguished merchants and scientists, Christian students and aggressive workers, assembled to consider the perils, opportunities, and responsibilities confronting us in this great land. Never did the few remaining obstacles to even a visible and organic Unity seem so small. The singing of psalms or hymns, the use of liturgical or extemporaneous prayers, the baptism by sprinkling or immersion, the open or restricted Lord's Table, and the Episcopal ordination of the clergy—these are the five bars in the fence that now keeps Christians from being organically one. Are they not insignificant in comparison to the ties which bind us in a common faith? At the late Presbyterian Council at Belfast, a French delegate said, 'I find you here agitated over the question whether hymns may be sung at public worship; over in France people are inquiring whether *there be a God!*' Never have we been in any gathering representing

disciples of every name where the disposition was so unanimous to lift into prominence only the great fundamental, rudimental truths of our common faith."

ADULTERATIONS IN FOOD AND CONDIMENTS.—Dr. Alexander Wynter Blyth's work entitled *Foods their Composition and Analysis*, has long been held to be an authority upon the subject of which it treats. A new edition has just appeared, with an Introductory Essay on *The History of Adulterations*, an epitome of which is given in the *Westminster Review*:—

"The section on carbo-hydrates discusses a large number of food substances, among which sugar, honey, treacle, starch, flour, bread, and various grains are the more important. Some substances, like loaf sugar, appear to be always pure. Honey is frequently pure, but sometimes adulterated with starch and sugar. Jams are chiefly adulterated by the substitution of vegetable marrow and turnips for fruit, but under the microscope the substitution is easily detected. The microscope is indeed the main agent in the examination of the starches and other vegetable foods. The importance of milk and the products derived from it has led to a discussion of the subject at great length. Not only do the different cows give with age, milk of different composition, but the analysis of the milk which the cow yields first shows less fat, and sometimes less caseine, than the milk which is obtained last. One of the most curious instances in the adulteration of coffee is the granting of patents for compressing ground coffee and chicory into the form of coffee-berries. The author's definition of beer is that it is a fermented saccharine infusion, to which has been added a wholesome bitter, and we gather that the fine aroma and peculiar flavor of Bavarian beers are due to the resinous matters used to caulk the casks. Wine appears to be the happy hunting-ground for the adulterator, and the processes are elaborately detailed, by means of which we learn that the fluid placed before us as wine is the juice of the beet, or contains whortle-berries, logwood, elder, or any of the multitude of coloring matters which vegetable substances yield. The more important adulterations in vinegar are water and, occasionally, mineral acids. Mustard is often adulterated with wheat-flour, and

colored with tumeric. Pepper is adulterated with linseed-meal, the husks of mustard, and ground rice; but large consignments of pepper came into Great Britain in 1886 adulterated with ground olive-stone; sand is a common adulterant. Water-analysis receives some attention, though the author remarks that pure water is not found in Nature, or in the laboratory of the chemist. Some waters are readily condemned by the senses. Chemical examination is used to detect nitrites, nitrates, and metals. There is also the biological examination, which consists in the identification of bacteria and other organisms in the water."

THE DEAD MOON.—Prof. Samuel P. Langley, in his *New Astronomy*, thus moralizes:—

"The moon, then, is dead; and if it ever was the home of a race like ours, that race is dead too. I have said that our *New Astronomy* modifies our view of the moral universe as well as of the physical one; nor do we need a more pregnant instance than in this before us. In these days of decay of old creeds of the eternal, it has been sought to satisfy man's yearning toward it by founding a new religion whose god is Humanity, and whose hope lies in the future existence of our own race, in whose collective being the individual who must die may fancy his aims and purpose perpetuated in an endless progress. But alas for hopes looking to this alone! We are here brought to face the solemn thought that, like the individual, though at a little further date, Humanity itself may die."

WALTZING BY THE MILE.—Mr. Edward Scott, in his *Dancing and Dancers*, makes the following apparently exaggerated estimate of the distance actually waltzed over in an evening by a belle of the ball-room:—

"Do you, 'my fair and fragile reader,' think you would go six times round a moderate-sized ball-room, say, making a circuit of eighty yards, during a waltz? Yes; at least, even allowing for rest. That, then, is four hundred and eighty yards if you went in a line. But you are turning nearly all the time, say, on an average, once in each yard of onward progress, and the circumference of a circle is rather more than three times its diameter, which will bring each waltz to over three-quarters of a mile, or

at least, fourteen miles for the eighteen waltzes. I do not say that this computation is scientifically accurate."

PUNISHMENTS IN PERSIA.—Sir Henry Layard has just put forth a work in two volumes describing his "Early Adventures in Persia, etc." These occurred more than forty years ago, but they relate to the manners and customs of a country which is perhaps the least changeable of any in the world. He thus speaks of a personage who is described as "one of the best administrators of the Kingdom:—" "One of his modes of dealing with criminals was what he called 'planting vines.' A hole having been dug in the ground, men were thrust headlong into it and then covered with earth, their legs were allowed to protrude to represent what he facetiously called 'the vines.' A tower still existed near Shiraz which he had built of three hundred living men belonging to a tribe which had rebelled against the Shah. A couple of servants were accused of stealing a gun. "These unfortunate men," says Sir Henry, "were first subjected to a cruel bastinado on the soles of their feet until they fainted. When they had been revived by buckets of water poured upon them, they were burnt in the most sensitive parts of their bodies with hot irons. They still maintained their innocence, and only admitted they were guilty when unable to resist the excruciating agony of having packing-needles forced under their finger nails."

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.—The *Presbyterian Quarterly*, of Atlanta, Georgia, entertains a very high opinion of the Church South, and a very low one of the Church North. In the December number of the *LIBRARY MAGAZINE* we copied from the *Presbyterian Quarterly* the Rev. Dr. Vaughan's indictment of the Northern Church for unsoundness upon the slavery question. In the January number of the *Quarterly*, the Rev. Dr. Smoot thus compares the position of the two Churches upon certain other points. He says:—

"The Southern Presbyterian Church, as a church, demands a perfect and entire conformity to the word of God in all her practical work, no less than in the formulas of her faith. The model of the church is the work

of the Almighty. Her doctrine is revealed by Him, and the *order of procedure* is furnished by Him. To the church as a spiritual commonwealth He has committed the means of saving His people out of the world. He has made the church perfect in all her parts for the accomplishment of every end to which she is called. For this He has furnished a *form of church government*, beginning with the deacon and up through all the courts to the very highest, the *methods* for work, in which are the most perfect that can be instituted for effectually doing whatever is to be done. He has enjoined upon her to do steadily and unremittingly all that her ability enables her to do, and with that doing there is a promise of accruing ability to do more, until the world by her shall be brought to Him. This simple, beautiful, scriptural system, addressed directly to the faith of God's people, has been characterized by the representatives of the Northern Assembly as the '*Jus divinum* theory in its dotage.' The Northern Presbyterian Church, as a church, holds that the church of God, as organized, is not sufficient to do the work of the Master. She takes refuge behind many kinds of human contrivances, and fluctuates between the word of God and the ingenuity of man. It is this defect in her system which gave rise to all her voluntary societies. Declaring herself insufficient to do the work, she professes to be all-sufficient to commit it to human contrivances, by them to be done; and then, strange to say, gives herself to work which was never addressed to either her faith or practice. She thus takes a position which *revolutionizes* the whole theory of the church, as it is found in the Word. For that Word says the church must do the work of the Master, and *she* says the Master's work may be *committed* into the hands of Boards, and all that is required of her is to *see* that the work is done."

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR EUROPEAN RULERS.—In the first year of the present century, Europe was in a decidedly bellicose condition. France on the one side, and most of the rest of Europe on the other. Paul I., the half-mad Emperor of Russia, appeared to be desirous of keeping out of the fight. But all of a sudden it came into his crazy head to take a personal part in the contest. It would be a happy thing for their subjects if the present sovereigns of

Europe would actually do what Paul proposed to do in the following proclamation which he put forth in the *St. Petersburg Journal*:—

"The Emperor of Russia, finding the Powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous to put an end to a war which has desolated it for eleven years, intends to point out a spot, to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair, to FIGHT IN SINGLE COMBAT, bringing with them, as seconds and esquires, their most enlightened ministers and able generals, such as Thurgot, Pitt, Bernstoff, etc., and the Emperor himself purposes being attended by Generals Count Pahlen and Kutusoff."

"THE MARSEILLAISE."—Perhaps the most famous national war-song ever composed is Rouget de l'Isle's "Hymn of the Army of the Rhine," generally known as "The Marseillaise." Mr. R. Heath, in *Leisure Hour*, gives an account of the occasion of its composition. On the 20th of April, 1792, the National Assembly of France voted for war with the Emperor of Austria, in response to the humiliating "ultimatum" announced by the Emperor. Strassburg was the place most immediately threatened by the Austrian invasion. On the day after the vote in the National Assembly, M. Dietrich, the Mayor of Strassburg entertained some French officers at his house. Among these was Rouget de l'Isle, a young man of three-and-twenty, who had acquired some repute as a poet and musician. Some one expressed a wish that a poet might be inspired to compose a national song which should express the national feeling throughout France, and de l'Isle was urged to attempt this. In June the song was sung to the six hundred volunteers, who were setting out from Marseilles and it was soon sung all over France. A single incident will evince the effect of this song: A French general, on the eve of a battle, made the following requisition, "Send me a thousand men, and a copy of the Marseillaise." There have been several accounts of the circumstances under which the "Hymn of the Army of the Rhine" was composed. The following account is given by M. Delabarre, a friend of de l'Isle, who says that he derived the facts from the poet himself:—

"M. Dietrich appealed to him to compose both words and music of the song required;

all concurred in the request, and about an hour before midnight he returned home, and finding his violin on his bed, he took it up, and full of the idea of that which he was requested to do, he began playing upon the upper strings for a fugue for the air. Believing himself to have found it, he immediately composed the words, trusting entirely to memory, and not committing anything to paper, he went to bed. The next morning, rising at six, he fortunately recollected both music and words. He took it himself to M. Dietrich, to whom he submitted it, and who was not a little astonished at his very prompt inspiration. He was in his garden, and after a cursory perusal of the song, he said, 'Let us go into the drawing-room, that I may try your air on the piano.' He was struck with its beauty, aroused his wife, who was still in bed, and directed that each of the guests of the night before should be bidden to breakfast, as he had something of importance to communicate to them. All came, believing that he had already received news of blows struck in the war, from Generals Luckner and Lafayette. He would not satisfy their curiosity on the point until they had breakfasted. Then he sang the hymn heartily, and it produced immediate admiration."

AMERICANISMS AND ANGLICISMS.—In the *California Golden Era*, Mr. Evacustes A. Phipson makes sundry sensible suggestions, among which are these:

"To write 'mama' with three m's because that is the way a certain Latin word is written, is a vulgar pedantry, as if the childish word were any more than mere prattle. 'Wrath' is rightly spoken to rhyme with 'path,' and 'shop,' a place where work is done, should not be used for a mere 'store' where things are sold. 'Car' is an excellent word to use for railway or tramway vehicles, and to call them 'coaches,' as the Anglomaniacs do, is a great mistake, for even in England the word is seldom so used, but confined to its proper meaning, as 'stage-coach.' On the other hand, for Americans to call this latter stage 'is wrong, and also 'biscuit' for 'hot roll,' while the real biscuits are designated by the slang term, 'crackers.' 'Shunt' is a better word than 'switch' the latter signifying the mere act of moving the 'switch' or bar; and 'lift' than 'elevator,' since it is used to lift both up and

down. It is certainly absurd to use the Spanish word *burro*, when the English language possesses both 'donkey' and 'ass' to describe that animal; and the ambiguously spelt 'canyon' or *cañon*, when we have so many words, such as 'valley,' 'dale,' 'gorge,' 'vale,' 'gully,' 'gulch,' 'ravine,' which give the meaning: as also to say 'homely,' which really means 'homelike,' 'domesticated,' 'simple,' for 'ugly.' To call a young lady 'homely' should rather be a compliment than otherwise. And young women ought to be so denominated, and not 'girls,' and young men 'boys.' Two or three o'clock at night should not be called 'morning,' any more than nine or ten o'clock be spoken of as 'evening.' Morning begins with dawn. And why should it be 'tony' to call dinner 'lunch,' and supper 'dinner?' One of the worst effects of Anglomania is the calling of so many American places by English names. There are a hundred or more Richmonds, and scores of Yorks, Gloucesters, and Oxfords. It is true that even these are better than such names as Jonesville, Minneapolis, and the numerous Washingtons and Jeffersons; but how much better than all to use the old native names, such as Chicago, Ontario, Susquehanna, Iowa and Yosemite! Lastly, if, as appears likely, America adopts the metric system of weights and measures, let us at least correctly transliterate the Greek words composing their names. 'Kilogram' and 'hectogram' are gross barbarisms for *chiliogram* and *hecatogram*. And the motto of California should be not 'Eureka,' but *Heureca*, the former spelling being as bad as 'olokaust' for *holocaust*, or 'ekatomb' for *hecatomb*. Its first syllable has no connection with the *eu* of 'eulogy,' 'euphony,' and so forth."

WESTERN CHARACTERISTICS.—Two generations ago "the West" meant any portion of the United States lying westward of the valley of the Mohawk. Thirty years ago "the West" meant Ohio and what lay beyond it towards the setting sun. Now—at least in California—"the West" means the broad strip of territory washed by the Pacific, and more especially the "Golden State" of California. In this sense the term is used by Mr. Farr Wagner who has charge of the department entitled "The Editor's Office" in the San Diego *Golden Era*, who thus discourses "The Growth of Western Characteristics";—

"Life in the West is above the evenness of the more settled countries. Men are greater and less than they are in London or New York. They are more like the wild horse, that may be an Arabian steed or a common 'broncho.' There is, therefore, among the brilliant men a larger intelligence, a warmer nature, and a sufficiency of reserved force, that is not realized elsewhere. The tendency of the pine-trees of the Sierras, and the rich, red soil—naked, and warm of color—of Southern California, has been to formulate thinking. The cactus of this immediate section has influence on character; the tall trees of Mariposa and the Canyon of the Tuolumne are not without their effect. The thinking of the West is unusually vigorous, generally logical, and the results attained with remarkable quickness. Added refinement and culture place our logicians in high places. There is no question but that the natural attractions add a largeness to the entire range of human thought. In the Yosemite there is a record-book where people write their ideas of the place. It is a book filled with stupendous thoughts that widen from the blade of grass to the Almighty. The old pioneers, we presume, are the best illustrations of the growth of character. Those who have attained wealth stand out before the world for the way in which they distribute their fortunes. Where will you find the equal of the 49ers—the larger class of pioneers who feed upon the past, forgetful of that larger life in the future? Truly the West is great; great in its thinking, great in its acting, great in its possibilities. And the evolution of character is of interest to the student of history, and is not without value to those who indulge in the contemplation of current events. Western Characteristics! Whence? Where?"

HOMŒOPATHICOALLOPATHICOMACHIA.—About a year ago, as we are told by Dr. Kenneth Millican, in the *Nineteenth Century*, seven members of the medical staff of an old-established English charity resigned their posts on the express ground that "a vote of the governors of the charity, which enables professed homœopaths to hold office on the medical staff, has left us no alternative." The vacancies thus created were speedily filled up, the new-comers being drawn from both sections of the medical profession. Whereupon the medical press proceeded to take to task these allopathic Æsculapian "scabs;"

one of whom replied to the censors in this fashion, which seems to us an exceedingly clever bit of logical argumentation :—

“The presence of homœopathists on the staff is either prejudicial to the interests of the patients or it is not. If the former, then the action of medical men—not avowed homœopathists—in joining the staff deserves your approbation, since by diluting homœopathic influence, and diminishing homœopathic practice, they would tend, *ex hypothesi*, to augment the advantages and lessen the risks of the patients. If, on the other hand, homœopathists do *not* imperil the welfare of the patients, there is no justification for your condemnation of those who choose to serve in the same charity as they. You may hold that I have not stated the real point at issue, and maintain that it is professional honor which is at stake ; in which case it appears to me you would exalt the importance of boycotting certain members of the profession above the needs of those for whose benefit the charity exists. Doctors are made for man, not man for doctors. Supposing every member who is not a homœopathist, avowed or otherwise, had abstained from applying for a vacant post, one of two things must have happened—either the vacancies would have been filled by homœopathists, or not filled at all. I have dealt above with the question of a homœopathic staff as affecting the patients ; and as regards the other alternative, of the posts being left vacant, it comes to this : that the leading journal of a so-called noble profession—a profession which is supposed to embody some of the grandest instincts of humanity—by implication advocates that patients should be left destitute of advice until certain offending brothers, guilty of the unpardonable sin of differing from the majority respecting therapeutic doctrine, shall be excommunicated. The interests of the poor are to be sacrificed in order that professional prejudice may be satisfied.”

“LIKE CURES LIKE.”—This is not an accurate rendering of the famous maxim of Hahnemann, which, as commonly quoted, is *Similia similibus curantur*, the strict rendering of which is: “Likes are cured by likes,” but this is not exactly what Hahnemann wrote ; his words are : *Similia similibus curentur*, “Let likes be treated by likes ;” that is, “If a drug produces certain morbid symptoms when taken by a person in health, that drug is the proper one to be ad-

ministered in the case of a patient who manifests these same morbid symptoms.” The question as to the amount has properly no bearing upon the contention between Homœopaths and Allopaths. A practitioner of either school might quite consistently administer “infinitesimal” or “heroic” doses of any proper remedy. Indeed, in this respect we believe that the two schools are approximating towards each other. If we are rightly informed, few sensible Homœopaths rely upon the incalculably minute doses laid down by the early teachers of their school ; and few sensible Allopaths administer the enormous doses which were formerly the general rule. Which theory is the right one—or indeed whether either is the right or the wrong one in all cases—can be decided only empirically—using the word in its legitimate sense—that is, by actual trial.

THE LAST WITNESS FOR “THE BOOK OF MORMON.”—David Whitmer, the last survivor of the three, who, in 1880 testified to the genuineness of Joseph Smith’s “Book of Mormon,” died on January 24, at the age of eighty-three, at Richmond, Missouri, where he had resided for about half a century. During all this period he is said to have borne a most unexceptionable character. He left the Mormon Society in 1838, on account, as he said, of their having departed from the true doctrine revealed to Smith, especially by the inculcation of polygamy, which he repudiated. A few hours before his death he called his family and friends around him, and bore his dying testimony to his continued belief in the “Book of Mormon,” and also in the Bible. His testimony respecting the “Book of Mormon,” prefixed to the original edition, printed in 1830, is signed by himself, Oliver Cowdery, and Martin Smith, who are by the Morimons styled “The Three Witnesses.” They aver: “We declare with words of soberness that an angel of God came down from heaven and he brought and laid before our eyes that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon.” Not only is they affirmed, did they “behold and see” these miraculous plates, but they actually “hefted” them ; and thus had the evidence of two senses as to their material existence. It would be interesting to know what became of these plates, since—apart from their sacred value—they must have been worth much as mere bullion, as they formed a pile 8 inches long, 7 inches wide, and 6 inches thick, of the purest gold.”

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE year that has lately closed has terminated the first century since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. In the reckoning of history the period is not a long one. In the accelerated pace of modern times it has been long enough to form that instrument into a complete system of government, and to test pretty thoroughly its efficacy and value. In its origin it was a striking and in many respects an original experiment. In its republican form it was substantially without precedent. It was the product of conflicting opinion, proposed in doubt, ratified with hesitation. The States which adopted it were small and struggling, exhausted and impoverished by a long war, with no central government worth the name, no credit, no finance, no certain outlook for the future. The hundred years of its history have seen the civilization, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of the continent on the margin of which its administration began; the increase of its subjects from three millions to nearly sixty millions; the rise and maturity under its protection of a great and powerful nation, whose growth has been phenomenal, and whose future lies beyond the field of prediction. As its institutions have gradually taken shape, and as one after another of the dangers that menaced them has been overcome, it is natural that they should have attracted in an increasing degree the attention of mankind, and especially of the English-speaking race. The American nation is the first-born child of Great Britain, the first and greatest fruit of the characteristic power of the Anglo-Saxons for colonization, and for going by the sea. The connection between the two countries grows constantly larger and more intimate. It is clearer day by day that the future of America for better or worse, is to be the inheritance, not of a nation only, but of the race to which the nation belongs.

But it is probable that very few even among the best instructed Englishmen have a clear or accurate conception of the Government of the United States, as it actually exists. Some features of it are conspicuous, and some qualities obvious. He who runs may read them. The real working of its institutions, the exact relations of its system of dual sovereignty, apparently complicated, in reality simple, are less easily apparent. Nor has a stranger the means of readily acquainting himself with the subject. The text of the Constitution, considering its scope, is singularly brief. Its language is terse and comprehensive. It enunciates general principles in the fewest words, and deals with details as little as possible. Its perusal is easy—even attractive—for its simplicity and dignity of expression, but leaves it obvious to the reader that its practical efficiency must depend altogether upon the construction that is given to its phraseology, and the manner in which its provisions are carried into effect by legislation. An acquaintance with these results, as they have from time to time taken place, must be sought through

many judicial decisions, Congressional debates, and legislative enactments; or at least, by study of the elaborate treatises in which they have been brought together by commentators, and which are written for the lawyer rather than for the general reader. A concise and accurate outline of the Constitution of the United States, and of the system of Federal government of which it is the foundation and the supreme law, may answer many inquiries, and may perhaps be found useful to those interested in political science, as well as to those who care to know more about that country. Government is only one factor in the life of a nation, but it is the most important. An acquaintance with it is a large advance toward a knowledge of its people.

It is necessary to a correct understanding of the Constitution of the United States, that some attention should be given to the national conditions which preceded its origin. At the close of the American Revolution, in 1783, the thirteen British colonies which under a loose and hasty association for that purpose had brought the war to a successful result, had become independent States, and had adopted separate Constitutions of their own. Contiguous to each other, though extended along a very wide reach of coast from New Hampshire to Georgia, and inhabited by the same race, there was but little connection between them, except the bond of a common sympathy in a common cause. The attempt at a Union, formed during the progress of the war, under what were called the Articles of Confederation, was rather an association than a government. Its obligation was well described as "a rope of sand." The central organization had no control over the States which formed it, no power to raise revenue, nor to assert any permanent authority. Trial had shown it to be destitute of the elements of self-preservation or of permanence, and had made it clear on all hands that it must be abandoned. It is unnecessary to recur to it further, since nothing came of it at last but the experience that pointed the way to a better system.

But that a union of some sort must be formed, and a government based upon it, was an obvious necessity. Neither of the States was strong enough to maintain its independence. Conflicting interests were likely to involve them in perpetual controversy among themselves. The vast territory behind them, when it should become occupied, was likely to develop into a multitude of small and independent republics, or perhaps provinces under foreign governments, and unavoidably to give rise to constant disputes between the States in regard to the possession of lands, in which some of them claimed rights indicated by vague and indeterminate boundaries, and others, without special title, would nevertheless have strong claims to share. There was no substantial hesitation therefore, among the people of the States or their leaders, touching the necessity of an alliance, and of a national government: but the gravest difference of opinion naturally arose as to the terms upon which they should be constructed. Jealous of their dearly purchased inde

pendence, the States were reluctant to part with a sovereignty which it was much easier to discard than to recall.

It was under these circumstances, and in this condition of public sentiment, that a Convention was finally summoned by Congress to meet at Philadelphia, in February, 1787, to revise the Articles of Confederation, and to report to Congress and the several States, such amendments as should be adequate to the exigencies of government, and the preservation of the Union. To the meeting of this body came as delegates the most distinguished men in all the States except one, which was not represented. It was presided over by Washington, himself the most ardent advocate of union, and was an assembly of uncommon dignity and ability. Its discussions were protracted and earnest. A wide diversity of opinion appeared, principally between those disposed to conservative views, and those inclined toward democracy. There were also to be reconciled what were thought to be the conflicting interests of the different States. The Convention finally abandoned altogether the Articles of Confederation, as hopeless of amendment, and instead of them, on the 17th of September, 1787, adopted by a considerable majority the original Constitution substantially as it now stands, and submitted it to the people of the several States for ratification, under a proviso that the assent of nine States should be sufficient to render it binding between the ratifying States. Each State called a Convention of its own to consider the proposal, in which prolonged discussions took place. There was more or less opposition in many quarters, and upon many grounds. But it was finally ratified and formally adopted by the thirteen States, at different times. Meanwhile after eleven States had assented to it, and on the 30th of April, 1789, the Government it established was organized. The two remaining States ratified the Constitution and came into the Union—one in November, 1789, the other in May, 1790.

The State of Vermont, in which settlements had been begun before the revolution commenced, upon land titles acquired under the New Hampshire grants from the Crown, had fought through the war on the American side, without becoming a member of the Union formed by the Articles of Confederation. At the close of the war, land titles were attempted to be asserted against those of the settlers, under the grant to the Duke of York, by which a large part of New York was held. The boundaries of both grants were so loosely defined, that each covered a part of what was embraced in the other. The Vermonters resisted these claims, set at defiance the legal process from the New York courts, and in defence of their lands maintained the independence of their State, under a Constitution of their own, until 1791, when their titles having been conceded, they applied for admission, and were received into the Union.

All the territory now under the jurisdiction of the United States Government, and not embraced within these fourteen States, including that afterwards

derived from France, from Spain, and from Mexico, became subject to the exclusive control of the Federal Government. As the various parts of it were occupied or acquired, territorial governments were from time to time organized by Congress and administered under the national authority, until such time as these Territories, or successive portions of them, were admitted by Congress into the Union as States, on the same footing, under the Constitution, with the original States. Texas alone was admitted as a State when it was first annexed to the United States, never having been made a Territory. There are now thirty-eight States in the Union, and seven organized Territories, which will in time, as their population becomes sufficient, be admitted as States. Each State has a Constitution, and a complete system of government of its own.

From this meagre outline of a most interesting chapter in history, it will be perceived that the States which originally adopted the Constitution were independent and separate, and entered the Union voluntarily, on a footing of entire equality. There was no subordinate and no superior, nor any conquest or compulsion of one by the others. And the cardinal idea upon which the Constitution is founded, is that every State which becomes subject to it is independent of the other States, and retains its full sovereignty, except so far as by the express terms of the Constitution, or by necessary implication, certain powers are relinquished by the States, or conferred upon the Federal Government. In determining therefore, in which jurisdiction any governmental power resides, the inquiry is whether it has been parted with by the States, under the provisions of the Constitution and if so, whether it has been granted to the National Government. There are certain powers that are prohibited to the States, but which that Government has not acquired.

The most serious question under the Constitution that has ever arisen, was that which involved the nature of the compact upon which it was founded—whether the Union thus formed could be dissolved by some of the States that were parties to it, and they allowed to withdraw without the consent of the others. No discussion of a constitutional question in America, was ever so prolonged, so excited, and so bitter as this. It culminated finally in the civil war of 1861, and then received its final settlement. It was contended on the part of the Southern States, in which slavery existed when the Constitution was adopted, that the Union was virtually a partnership of States, voluntarily entered into, and depending for its existence upon the continued consent of the parties; that those who made the compact could dissolve it; and that no power was conferred upon the Federal Government by the Constitution, to compel States to remain under its authority, or to continue an alliance from which they found it their interest to withdraw. This view was urged with great earnestness by Southern statesmen, under the leadership of Mr. Calhoun. In the earlier stages of the discussion it was plausible, and not without force, and Southern sentiment was generally, though not univer-

sally, in its favor. But in the great debate on the subject in the United States Senate, in 1830, the answer to this construction of the Constitution was brought forward by Mr. Webster with extraordinary and convincing power. No speech in America was ever so widely read, so striking in its immediate effect, so lasting in its ultimate results. From that time there has been no difference in opinion among the Northern people, as to the question involved. It was shown that the compact of the Constitution was of a far higher and more enduring character than a mere dissoluble partnership, existing upon sufferance; that it was a National Government, permanent and perpetual in its nature, not contracted for by the States, but ordained by the people; that while the assent to it in the first instance was voluntary, and was expressed through the medium of the State Governments, it was an assent that once given and acted upon, could not be recalled; from which no power of recession was reserved, or could exist, consistently with the object of the contract, or the nature of the Government; and that the States, though retaining their independence and sovereignty in many particulars, had parted with their right to a political existence separate from the Government they had created.

When this question finally came to the arbitrament of arms, there was no hesitation in the minds of the Northern people touching the merits of the quarrel, or the indispensable necessity of maintaining it. Nor did the theory of the right of secession command universal acceptance in the Southern States. Four of them declined to join the Confederacy, and remained on the Union side through the war. Since the war, this question is at an end. It is not likely ever to recur. With the disappearance of slavery, no reason for asserting a right of secession remains. No respectable vote could be obtained in any Southern State to-day, in favor of a dissolution of the Union.

The Constitution of the United States reproduces under a different form of government, and under different conditions, all the principles of English liberty, and the safeguards of English law. These are the foundations upon which it rests, and the model upon which it is constructed. It affords the highest proof that those principles are neither local nor national in their character, nor dependent upon the form of government under which they exist, so long as it is in its nature a free government. Sovereignty is distributed, as in England, among three principal and independent departments—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial.

1. The President is the head of the Government, the chief executive officer, and the commander-in-chief of the army and the navy. He is required to be of American birth, to be not less than thirty-five years of age, and a resident of the United States for fourteen years when elected. He holds office for four years, and is constitutionally eligible to repeated re-elections. No President however, has been re-elected more than once; and political tradition, as well as general sentiment, is opposed to a second re-election.

Both the President and Vice-President are elected by a College of Electors, chosen in each State in numbers corresponding to the number of Senators and Representatives in Congress to which the State is entitled, and in such manner as the State may by law provide. In South Carolina they have always been chosen by the legislature, and no popular election for Presidential Electors has ever been held there. In the other States they are elected by the people. The electors so chosen are required to meet in February following the election, in their respective States, and to cast their votes for President and Vice-President. The votes are transmitted to the seat of government, and are opened and counted by the president of the Senate, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives. The persons having the greatest number of votes are declared elected, provided they receive a majority of all the electoral votes, and they hold office from the 4th day of March next ensuing. If no person has a majority of votes for the office of President, the House of Representatives then elects the President from the persons—not exceeding three—who received the highest number. But in this election each State has but one vote, which is cast by the majority of its representatives. If no person has received a majority of electoral votes for the office of Vice-President, the Senate elects that officer from the two persons having the highest number. If the House fails to elect a President before the 4th of March next following, the Vice-President becomes the President.

It was intended by the Constitution that the President and the Vice-President should be chosen by the Electoral College, acting independently and in the exercise of their own judgment; but recent elections have proceeded upon the nomination in the different States, as Electors, of persons pledged to the support of particular candidates for President and Vice-President, who have been proposed in party conventions. The election becomes therefore, to all intents and purposes, an election of these officers by the people, the Electors chosen being a mere medium for registering the popular vote, without any discretion of their own. The Constitution contemplated the election of no Federal officer whatever by popular vote, except members of the House of Representatives in Congress, and in States where it should be so provided, members of the Electoral College. That office, originally a very important one, has become insignificant, and only formal in its duties.

The President appoints his own Cabinet, subject to confirmation by the Senate, which in the case of a Cabinet officer has never been refused. They hold office during his pleasure, and irrespective of the majority in either House, or any vote it may adopt, and cannot be members of either House. The Cabinet consists of a Secretary of State (Foreign Affairs), of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy, and of the Interior, an Attorney-General and a Postmaster-General. Each conducts, subject to the general direction

of the President, his respective department, that of the Attorney-General being the Department of Justice.

The principal powers of the President, apart from his general conduct and supervision of the administration of the Government, are four—the veto, the appointment to public office, the making of treaties with foreign nations, and the pardoning power for offences against the Federal laws. And he is required, at the opening of each session of Congress, to transmit to that body a message informing them of the condition of public affairs, and recommending any subjects to their attention which seem to him to require it.

The exercise of the veto power is altogether in the President's discretion. All Acts that pass Congress are sent to him for signature, and if he approves, are signed accordingly. He may however, within ten days (Sundays excepted) after the reception of any such Act, return it without approval to the House in which it originated, with his objections in writing, which are required to be entered on the journal of the House. If he retains the Act beyond the ten days without signing or returning it disapproved, it becomes a law without his signature. If returned disapproved, it may be again passed and become a law without his approval, if a majority of two-thirds of both Houses can be obtained in its favor. The vote for that purpose must be taken by yea and nay, and the names of the voters for and against, recorded in the journal.

Treaties with foreign nations, when completed and signed, are transmitted by the President to the Senate with his recommendation, and must be ratified by a vote of two-thirds of that body in order to take effect. There is no restriction upon the power of the President in making treaties, except the implied one that nothing can be done under it which changes the Constitution, or robs a department of the Government or any of the States of its constitutional authority. Legislation by Congress however, may often be necessary to carry the provisions of a treaty into effect.

The power of appointment to office, and of removal therefrom, is the heaviest tax which is imposed by the Constitution upon the attention of the President. All diplomatic, judicial, executive, and administrative officers of the United States Government, including those of the army and navy, are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, except a class of minor civil officers, who are authorized by law to be appointed by the heads of departments, or by other executive or judicial authority, and do not require confirmation. Vacancies in Presidential appointments occurring in the recess of the Senate, may be filled by commissions expiring at the end of its next session. Officers of the army and navy are usually appointed from the graduates of the military and naval academies respectively, promotion in both services being exclusively by seniority, except that general officers and officers in certain branches of the staff are appointed by the President by selection.

The Vice-President holds office for four years, and is President of the Senate, and except in case of the death or disability of the President, or of the failure to elect a President, has no other duty to perform. On the death or disability of the President, or if no President be elected, the Vice-President become the President. What constitutes "disability" within the meaning of the Constitution, or how it shall be declared to exist, there has arisen no occasion to decide. It may be assumed to be a permanent disability, or what is regarded as such, and would probably be treated as within the determination of Congress. It seems clear that if such a disability be once declared, and the Vice-President thereupon becomes President, a recovery by the President from the disability would not restore him to office.

2. The legislative power of the United States Government is vested in Congress, which is composed of two Houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives. No Act can become a law until it has passed both. The Senate consists of two members for each State in the Union, irrespective of its size or population. They are elected by the legislatures of the respective States, hold office for six years, and are eligible for re-election indefinitely. To be eligible as senator a person must be thirty years of age, a citizen of the United States for nine years, and an inhabitant of the State from which he is elected. The Senate has also very important powers aside from the general duties of legislation. Beside the ratification of treaties, and the confirmation of appointments to office already mentioned, all impeachments of officers of the United States Government who are subject to that process must be tried before it (specially sworn for that purpose), a vote of two-thirds being necessary for a conviction. In case of the impeachment of the President, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States presides at the trial.

The House of Representatives has no other duty than that of general legislation, in which the concurrence of the Senate is requisite, except in the election of President, before referred to, and except that all bills for raising revenue must originate in the House of Representatives, though subject to amendment by the Senate. They have also the sole power to present articles of impeachment. To be eligible as a member of the House of Representatives a person must be twenty-five years of age, seven years a citizen of the United States, and an inhabitant of the State from which he is chosen. The representatives are apportioned to the several States upon the basis of population, except that each State is entitled to at least one member. They are chosen for two years. A new census is taken once in ten years, and a reapportionment of the representation is made accordingly.

Members of both Houses are paid a compensation for their services, of \$5,000 per annum and a travelling allowance, and are precluded from holding any office under the United States Government while members. No can any Senator or Representative be appointed, during the period for which

he is elected, to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which is created or its emoluments increased during such time. They are privileged from arrest, except for treason, felony, or breach of the peace; and for speech or debate in either House cannot be questioned in any other place.

The legislative powers that may be exercised by Congress are those only that are specially conferred upon it by the terms or necessary implication of the Constitution. All others are reserved to the States, unless expressly prohibited to them in the Constitution. Those assigned to Congress comprehend generally all powers necessary for the Federal Legislature to possess, to enable the National Government to be maintained and carried on, and the duties and functions appropriate to it to be discharged. The line is so drawn as to give to the central authority all that is requisite, and nothing more. Whatever is within its sphere, the States are prohibited from interfering with. What is left to the States, the Federal Government is excluded from. The dual government thus created can therefore never be a conflicting one. And the Federal courts, and in the last resort the Supreme Court of the United States, as will be pointed out hereafter, afford a tribunal in which any disputed question of jurisdiction finds its immediate solution.

Speaking comprehensively, the powers of legislation conferred upon Congress may be thus summarized: To collect revenue upon a uniform system for the general welfare and common defence; to borrow money; to regulate foreign and interstate commerce; to coin money and establish weights and measures; to maintain the post office; to establish naturalization laws and a uniform system of bankruptcy; to constitute Federal judicial tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court; to grant patents and copyrights; to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures; to maintain an army and a navy; to provide for calling into service the militia of the States, when necessary to execute the laws of the United States, to suppress insurrection, or to repel invasion, and to regulate, officer, and govern the militia when in such service; to punish piracy, felony on the high seas, offences against the law of nations, and against the statutes of the United States; to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over territory acquired for the seat of Government, or for fortifications, navy yards, or necessary public buildings of the Federal Government; to organize and govern Territories and to admit them into the Union as States; and to make all laws necessary and proper to carry into execution these and other powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States. Congress has also authority, as will be more fully stated hereafter, to propose amendments to the Constitution.

The powers of Congress being confined to those which are thus specially conferred, it has no general legislative capacity outside of them, except so far as may be necessary to enforce the Federal authority. What any branch of the Government is empowered by the Constitution to do, Congress may

adopt the requisite legislation to enable it to carry out. The authority of Congress under this head has been liberally construed, and it is held to be its own judge as to the means proper to be employed for that purpose.

But the Constitution also contains certain special restrictions upon the power of Congress, in respect to matters that might otherwise be within its scope. It is provided that the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless in cases of rebellion or invasion; that no bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall be passed; that no capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census provided to be taken; that no tax or duty be laid on exports from any State; that no preference shall be given by commercial or revenue regulations to the ports of one State over those of another, nor vessels bound to or from one State be required to enter, clear, or pay duties in another; that no title of nobility shall be granted; that no laws shall be made respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of the press; that the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances, to keep and bear arms, to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be infringed; that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

Of these restrictions, the most important of all is that in respect to the deprivation of life, liberty, or property. By one of the amendments of the Constitution, noticed hereafter, this provision is extended in the same words to governmental action by the States. It applies, as many of the other restrictions above recited do, to all the departments both of State and Federal Governments, as well as to the legislative. It is contained in the few words above quoted, and there is no other allusion to the subject in the Constitution. Much discussion and many judicial decisions have taken place in regard to their true meaning and application. What is to be understood by the word "property" as here employed, what is a "deprivation" of it, and especially what is "due process of law," are questions that have been much and very carefully considered. The language has been held to be as comprehensive as it is concise. A broad and liberal and at the same time a just and consistent construction has been given to it, in favor and protection of the rights of the subject, and of a just limitation upon the powers of Government. It would be beyond the limits of this sketch, to indicate even the outline of the interesting process through which this significant clause of the Constitution has acquired a settled and well understood meaning, not likely ever again to be challenged. It is enough to say that it results in this: no person in the United States can be deprived by any act or authority of government, either of life, of liberty or of any lawful possession which the law recognizes as the subject of pri

vate property, unless upon the judgment or decree of a court having competent jurisdiction of the subject matter, and of the parties affected, and acting in the regular course of judicial procedure. In other words, no property can be by governmental action taken from any person in possession of it, until it has been adjudged by the proper tribunal that it does not lawfully belong to him, and does belong to the party to whom it is adjudged.

To this proposition there are but two exceptions—(1) where property is sold for the payment of a tax legally assessed; (2) where real estate is taken for public use, in the exercise by the Government of the power of eminent domain. In the latter case, the use for which it is taken must be a public use in the true sense of the word—that is, an actual use by the general public. It cannot be taken from one man and given to another, upon the ground that the public is to be incidentally or indirectly benefited. And the use by the public must also be a necessary use, though this term receives a liberal and reasonable construction. The necessity must either be declared by the legislature that authorizes the taking, or it must be determined by a judicial or other tribunal authorized to decide the question. And in all cases where property is taken for public use, it must be paid for before it can be occupied. If the parties cannot agree upon the amount, it must be judicially ascertained.

The protection thus afforded to private property is not theoretical merely, but actual. It will be enforced by the courts of justice in all cases, at the instance of any party aggrieved. Any Act of Congress, or proceeding of the Government, which is found to be in conflict with these or any provisions of the Constitution, will be held void by the courts, so far as it so conflicts. A remedy is given for every invasion of private rights that may take place under the authority of such an Act or proceeding. And on a question whether it contravenes the Constitution, an appeal lies to the Supreme Court of the United States, which in these cases is the ultimate tribunal.

The Constitution also contains important restrictions upon the legislative power of the States. So far as powers have been conferred upon the Federal Government, they are, as a general rule, regarded as relinquished, and can no more be exercised by the States. In some minor matters it has been held that a State may legislate upon a subject which is within the control of the national authority, so long as that control is not actually assumed, and subject to the power of Congress, by taking action, to supersede the State legislation. This is a questionable construction, and not likely to be extended.

But aside from the implied abrogation of the right to exercise powers that have been conferred upon the National Government, it is expressly provided that no State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit;

make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility; that no State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; lay any duty of tonnage; keep troops or ships of war in time of peace; enter into any agreement or compact with another State or foreign power; or engage in war unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay: that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws; nor deny or abridge to citizens of the United States the right to vote, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; nor assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of rebellion or insurrection against the United States, or any claims for the loss or emancipation of any slave.

It will be perceived that these restrictions upon the power of the State governments are principally of three classes: those which exclude the States from interference with subjects which are placed, and must necessarily be placed, within the control of the Federal authority; those which provide for the privileges of the citizens of one State in other States; and those which have reference to the protection of personal rights. Of the latter class, the clause in respect to the deprivation of life, liberty, and property, only extends to the action of the State governments the same safeguards raised by the Constitution against injustice by the Federal Government, and already referred to. The provision which prohibits a State from passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts is one which applies to the State legislatures only, and has proved of very great importance both to the maintenance of the Union, and to the preservation of personal rights. It has been the subject of much judicial discussion, and many decisions, from which it has derived a settled meaning. It would be interesting to review its history, but only the result of it can here be stated. No contract, whether executed or executory, express or implied, derived from State charter or from private agreement, can be affected by any subsequent legislation, either in any material feature of its obligation, or by depriving its parties of a remedy for its violation.

3. The judicial power of the United States Government is vested by the Constitution in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as Congress may from time to time establish. The number of the judges of the Supreme Court is also fixed by Congress. It consists at this time of a Chief Justice and eight associate justices. They are appointed by the President, confirmed by the Senate, hold office during good behavior, and

receive a compensation which cannot be diminished during their term of office. On attaining the age of seventy years, a justice of this court is entitled (if he has served ten years) to retire upon the same compensation during his life, which he has received while on the bench. The court sits at Washington, from October till May, with short intermediate recesses.

For the organization of the inferior Federal Courts, the United States are divided into circuits, in number equal to the number of the justices of the Supreme Court. To each of these circuits a justice of that court is assigned, and has usually a residence within it. In each circuit a circuit judge is appointed. The several circuits are again divided into districts, in proportion to the amount of judicial business. Each State constitutes at least one district, and in the larger States there are several. In each district there is appointed a district judge. The circuit and district judges are appointed in the same manner, and are subject to the same provisions as to tenure of office and retirement, as apply to the justices of the Supreme Court. The Courts held by these judges are Circuit Courts and District Courts, sitting for the districts in which they are held. The Circuit Courts may be held by a justice of the Supreme Court, by the circuit judge of the circuit, or by a district judge within his own district, or in any other district of the same circuit to which he may be temporarily assigned, or by any of these judges sitting together. The District Court can only be held by the district judge in his own district.

The jurisdiction of the Federal Courts is extended by the Constitution to all cases in law and equity under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, or treaties made under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States, between a State and citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State or citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens, or subjects.

The result is that the Federal Courts have a general jurisdiction in two classes of cases, the first depending on the subject matter of the controversy, the second upon the character or residence of parties. Under the first class are comprehended all cases where the cause of action arises under the Constitution or laws of the United States, such as actions for infringements of patents or copyrights, all cases in admiralty, all cases in which the United States is a party, and all controversies between States. Under the second class are embraced all cases in law and equity in which an ambassador, minister, consul, or alien is a party; where the parties are citizens of different States, or of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, or where a State brings action against a foreign State, or against the citizens of another State or of a foreign State. Certain public officers of the

United States are also authorised to cause to be removed into the Federal Courts, actions brought against them for acts done in their official capacity.

In cases within the first class, the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts is exclusive; in those of the second, it is concurrent with the jurisdiction of the State Courts. In the latter class of cases, the action may be brought in the Federal Courts in the first instance by the party entitled to sue there, or having been brought in the State courts, it may be seasonably removed by such a party into the Federal Courts.

In the exercise of the jurisdiction belonging to the Federal Courts, the District Courts have original jurisdiction in admiralty, in bankruptcy proceedings under the United States laws, and in various revenue and other cases over which jurisdiction is specially conferred upon them by Act of Congress; and an appeal lies from the district court to the circuit court sitting in the same district.

The Circuit Courts, besides this appellate jurisdiction from the District Courts, have original and general jurisdiction in all cases in law and equity coming within either of the two classes above described. They have also jurisdiction in all criminal cases where the offence is crime on the high seas or against foreign nations, or is made criminal by statutes of the United States having reference to subjects within the control of the National Government. From the Circuit Courts an appeal or writ of error lies to the Supreme Court of the United States, in all civil cases in which the amount in controversy is \$5,000 exclusive of costs, and in all cases where a question material to the decision arises under the Constitution, laws, or treaties of the United States. There is no appeal to the Supreme Court in criminal cases, though a *habeas corpus* may be applied for in that court where a person has been convicted and sentenced for crime in a Circuit or State Court, and is in confinement, if it is claimed that on his trial or sentence any provision of the Constitution, laws, or treaties of the United States have been violated. The courts will not, however, consider any other question upon such an application, nor take cognizance of any other error.

The Supreme Court has original jurisdiction in cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and in those wherein a State is a party. It also hears applications for *mandamus* and *habeas corpus* in certain cases. In all other cases its jurisdiction is appellate, and is subject to the regulation of Congress. It has been uniformly held by the Supreme Court that the jurisdiction authorized by the Constitution is permissive only, and requires to be made effectual by appropriate legislation. Congress has however, from the beginning, provided for the exercise by the Federal Courts of all the jurisdiction contemplated by the Constitution, and there has never been any disposition to attempt to abridge it.

The Supreme Court, aside from the limited original jurisdiction before mentioned, and the large appellate jurisdiction from the various circuit

courts, has another important power upon appeal or writ of error, in certain cases in the State courts. Whenever in an action in a State Court a right is claimed on either side arising under the Constitution or laws of the United States, or any treaty with a foreign government, and the right so claimed is denied upon appeal to the highest court in the State, the cause, so far as that question is concerned, may be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States for revision. No other point will, however, be considered in that court in such case. And if the question does not distinctly arise, or is not necessary to be decided in reaching a proper judgment, the appeal will not be entertained. It will thus be seen that no person claiming the protection of any provision of the Constitution of the United States, or any of its laws or treaties, in any tribunal in the country, whether State or Federal, can be deprived of it short of a decision of the Supreme Court, if he chooses to invoke its judgment upon the question; while if a State court allows him the right he contends for, no appeal to the Supreme Court to reverse such a decision lies against him.

In the Territories organized under Acts of Congress but not yet admitted as States, the judicial power is exercised by Federal courts, the judges of which are appointed by the President for a fixed term, and confirmed by the Senate. From the judgment of these courts an appeal or writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States lies in most cases. In some of the Territories, inferior local courts are also authorized by the Acts of Organization. In the District of Columbia, in which the Federal seat of government is located, and over which permanent and complete jurisdiction has been ceded to the United States by the States from which that district was taken, there is a system of Federal courts having general civil and criminal jurisdiction, regulated by Acts of Congress. From their decision in most cases, except criminal cases, an appeal to the Supreme Court is allowed.

Applicable to all Federal courts in the United States, however constituted and wherever sitting, are certain general provisions in the Constitution, designed for the protection of accused persons against injustice, and for the ensuring of fair trials in all cases.

It is declared that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or infamous crime but on the indictment of a grand jury, except in military or naval service; nor for the same offence be twice put in jeopardy, nor be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself; that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the district (previously ascertained by law) wherein the crime shall have been committed, to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, to be confronted with the witnesses against him, to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and the assistance of counsel; that excessive bail shall not be required, excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

The Constitution also provides that in suits at common law, where the value in controversy exceeds twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and that no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined than according to the rules of the common law. This provision has reference only to proceedings in the Federal courts; but a similar clause exists in all the State Constitutions, applicable to all State courts.

Upon the subject of the judicial powers of the Federal Government it only remains to add, that in every State in the Union there is a complete system of courts for the administration of civil and criminal justice, including courts of highest appeal. These courts are independent of the courts of other States, and equally independent of the Federal courts, except in the particulars already mentioned—the right of certain parties to remove causes from the State to the Federal courts, and the right of appeal from the State courts to the United States Supreme Court when a right claimed under the Constitution or laws of the United States has been denied. And the jurisdiction of the State courts is universal, except in the limited class of cases already referred to, over which that of the Federal courts is exclusive.

In all courts in the United States, whether Federal or State (except the State courts of Louisiana), the common law of England is administered, so far as it is applicable to existing institutions, and consistent with the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, and modified by the provisions of the Acts of Congress and of the State legislatures, within the sphere of their respective authority. In Louisiana alone the civil law prevails, a tradition of its Spanish and French history. The common law as it existed at the time the Constitution was formed, was adopted by the States, or has been assumed by their courts and legislatures. The Federal courts however, have no common law criminal jurisdiction, and in civil cases administer the law prevailing in the States to which transactions before them are subject.

4. In respect to citizenship, there are no citizens of the United States except the citizens of the States and Territories. The right to vote is regulated altogether by the State laws, except that, as has been seen, it cannot be denied on account of race, color, or previous servitude, and except also that the naturalization of foreigners is regulated by the Federal law, so that it is uniform throughout. A vote is generally given to every man of good character, twenty-one years of age, of American birth or duly naturalized, who has resided in the State for the period required by its laws. In some States he must be a tax-payer, and in some States he must be able to read and write, in order to have a vote.

The Constitution provides that citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the several States; that full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State; and that Congress may prescribe the

manner in which they shall be proved. The result of these provisions, as they have been given effect, is that the citizen of any State or Territory has all the privileges in the other States or Territories that he would have as a citizen there, except the right to vote and to hold office; and he can acquire full citizenship in any State or Territory, by simply taking up his residence within it, and remaining the length of time required by its law; though he cannot be a citizen of more than one State or Territory at the same time.

In every State also, the legislative Acts, the judicial proceedings, and the records of other States are recognized, when proved in the manner required by the Act of Congress, and their correctness and validity are presumed. While neither the statutes nor the judgments of a State have any effect except upon those subject to its jurisdiction, as between or against those who are so affected, they will be enforced by the tribunals of any other State. Execution cannot be issued in one State upon a judgment rendered in another, nor can a judicial order extend beyond the limits of the jurisdiction in which it is made; but a judgment legally rendered can be enforced by action upon it in any other State where the defendant or his property may be found; and in such action the correctness of the judgment will not be allowed to be controverted, except on the single question whether the court in which it was recovered had jurisdiction of the subject-matter and of the parties.

The Constitution also requires that any person charged with crime in one State, and escaping into another, shall be delivered up by the government of the latter upon demand of the executive of the State in which the offence was committed, to be returned there for trial.

5. The Constitution makes provision for its own amendment. Two-thirds of both Houses of Congress may propose amendments, or on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the States, may call a convention for that purpose. Any amendment proposed by Congress, or by a convention so called, is submitted to the States for ratification. If ratified by votes of the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, or by conventions assembled in three-fourths of the States (according as Congress may direct), it becomes a part of the Constitution of the United States. But no amendment can be proposed which deprives a State, without its consent, of its equal representation in the Senate.

It will be observed that an amendment of the Constitution cannot be easily or hastily obtained. Two-thirds of both Houses of Congress and three-fourths of the States must concur in demanding it, and perhaps also an intermediate convention called by two-thirds of Congress.

While fifteen amendments of the Constitution have taken place within the first century of its history, these can only be justly reckoned as four. The first ten were adopted at one time, and soon after the ratification of the

Constitution itself, and really constitute but one. They embrace what is known as the Bill of Rights, the various provisions of which have been noticed in the foregoing pages, in their proper connection. They declare in substance, that certain enumerated liberties of the people and certain ancient muniments of liberty shall not be taken away; that the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people; and that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, or prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. The provisions touching personal rights were omitted from the original Constitution, because they were not thought necessary to be inserted, though strongly urged. It was deemed that they were sufficiently implied and understood in any system of free government, to be recognized by all courts sitting under it. And that a re-enactment of them might appear to imply that they were derived from the Constitution, or from the authority of the Government, instead of being natural rights antecedent to it, and safeguards that had become an indefeasible part of the inherited common law. While this was undoubtedly true in theory, experience has shown the wisdom of the amendments, by which the protection of these cardinal rights was expressly provided for, and placed beyond cavil. The other clauses of these amendments, concerning rights not especially referred to, and powers not delegated to the Federal Government nor prohibited to the States, while quite unobjectionable, do not seem to be necessary. They only mar the symmetry of a document which contains no other superfluous words. It needs no assertion to show that the Constitution confers no powers not expressed or by necessity implied, and that neither States nor people had parted, in adopting it, with any rights which are not therein surrendered.

The eleventh amendment simply provides that a State shall not be sued in the Federal courts by the citizen of another State, or of a foreign country. It was adopted in 1794 and is in conformity with the general principles of sovereignty. The twelfth amendment changes the method of electing President and Vice-President, mainly in one particular, unnecessary to be here referred to.

The last three amendments, very important in their nature, were proposed at the same time, at the close of the civil war in 1865, and were declared adopted by the requisite number of States—the thirteenth in 1865 the fourteenth in 1868, and the fifteenth in 1870. They embody certain important results of the war. They prohibit slavery or involuntary servitude except for crime, in the United States; provide that all persons born or naturalized in the United States shall be citizens; and contain other provisions for the protection of personal, civil, and political rights, and having reference to debts incurred in the prosecution of the war, which have been already mentioned.

The outline thus attempted to be given of the Constitution of the United States, has occupied so much space, as to exclude some observations upon its character, its history, and its leading features, that may perhaps form the subject of another paper.—E. J. PHELPS, U. S. Minister to Great Britain, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE MAMMOTH AND THE FLOOD.*

OF this goodly volume,*crammed to repletion with facts, quotations, and references gathered from a wide field of reading and observation, the author says, and with ample justification, that its title reads like a challenge and is meant to be a challenge. "Here is my glove," he exclaims like a knight of the age of chivalry, as he throws down his *gage de combat* before the public, "I am ready to fight for it." We will say at once, that to take up the defiance, and enter the lists as an antagonist *à outrance* is not our intention. Our chief endeavor will be limited to making clear to the general reader, what the challenge is about, and by what an array of facts and inferences it is sustained; it being understood that the author in the present volume, comprehensive as it is, does not profess to have exhausted his subject, and explicitly reserves a large amount of corroborative evidence and collateral discussion for a subsequent work.

To plunge, then, into the midst of the matter, the object against which the attack is directed is the theory of Uniformity, as now generally held, and treated as an incontrovertible axiom, by the modern British school of geologists; the devoted adherents of that theory are the persons challenged to stand forth in its defence. No one who has any acquaintance with the fascinating science by which the hieroglyphics incised in Nature's stone-book are deciphered, needs to be reminded that the theory owed its existence to that very distinguished and admirable man of science, Sir Charles Lyell and was the out-growth of a healthy reaction from the extravagances of the earlier view, which, in order to account for the shaping of the earth's surface, and the changes to which its strata bear witness, called in the aid of many vast and sudden catastrophes, whether natural or supernatural, enormously surpassing in their intensity and devastating power any movements or convulsions of nature which have occurred in historical times. In opposition to that earlier view Lyell enunciated the dogma, that "the forces now operating upon the earth are the same in kind and degree as those which, in the remotest times, produced geological changes;" meaning to

* *The Mammoth and the Flood*; an attempt to confront the Theory of Uniformity with the facts of recent Geology. By Henry H. Howorth, M. P., F. S. A., M. R. A. S. London, 187,

assert generally, that the revolutions through which the surface of the globe has successively passed—whether by the elevation or submersion of continents, the formation of mountains and valleys, the hollowing out of water-courses and lake-beds, or the emergence and disappearance of races and tribes in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms—were brought about gradually and slowly, during incalculable lapses of time, by such natural processes as those which we see going on around us in the present age. In accordance with the usual course of controversies between theories new and old, the disciples of the rising school outwent their more cautious master, and strained the doctrine of Uniformity somewhat beyond the limits within which he appears himself to have confined it. It is by oscillations of this kind, rather than by an undeviating progress, that the sciences are wont to make their way. From one extreme the pendulum has a tendency to swing into the opposite; but as it has been well remarked, by means of these alternate antagonisms advance is gradually achieved. At present the geological field at home is strongly held by the Uniformitarians, who have pretty well silenced the Convulsionists, as those of the older school have been nick-named; but there are again signs of a change in the air, and we shall not be surprised to see, ere long, an appreciable modification of the theory of Uniformity, or rather of its practical applications, in the scientific creed of the future.

Of such a change the work before us is, perhaps, the most impressive sign that has yet been manifested in this country, but it is by no means the first. About ten years ago, a protest to the same effect was anonymously made in a small and unpretending, but important publication, under the title of *Scepticism in Geology*. It differed in the mode of handling the subject from Mr. Howorth's volume, in that it dealt with a much wider range of phenomena. Its contention was, that the processes of change which we are able to watch going forward on the earth's surface—such as the movement of the soil by earthquakes, the emission of lava and ashes by volcanoes, the denudation of the surface by atmospheric influences, the grinding of rocks by ice, the erosion of water courses by running streams, and so on—that these familiar processes, even when every possible allowance of time has been granted them, cannot rationally be credited with having upheaved or carved out the great mountain ranges, washed continents down into the oceans, or raised them out of the deep, scooped out the long valleys and profound rock-girdled lakes, determined the flow of torrents and rivers (hewed out into their existing forms the towering precipices and tremendous clefts and fissures which face or divide the gigantic masses of rock. In contrast with the method of that prior protest against the extreme form of the doctrine of Uniformity, Mr. Howorth limits himself to the examination of a single geological phenomenon, one that is not mentioned in the earlier work, and accumulates for its elucidation an extraordinary amount of

material of a very interesting character. What he concentrates his attention upon is the Mammoth; and after discussing from every point of view the appearances presented by the remains of that gigantic denizen of prehistoric times, he draws the inference, that they could not have been produced by any imaginable cause except some sudden, far-reaching catastrophe, of a kind which the Uniformitarian theory, as applied by its thoroughgoing advocates, refuses to admit within the category of probable causes. The main line of the induction by which this conclusion is reached, we shall now ask the reader to follow.

What was the Mammoth? When did the plains tremble beneath the tread of its mighty herds? Where do its remains abound? in what state or position do they present themselves? to what cause or manner of extinction do they seem to point? Such are the questions which have to be answered, before the argument can be brought to its final point, and Mr. Howorth's volume supplies ample, and often very curious, details for the purpose. We quote the opening sentences of his first chapter, as putting the subject clearly, and in an interesting manner, before us. He writes:—

“There is perhaps no inquiry in the whole range of Natural History more fascinating and romantic than that which deals with the Mammoth and its surroundings. Even children and unsophisticated people have their imagination stirred when they read how in the dreary and inhospitable wastes of Northern Siberia, where neither tree nor shrub will grow, where the land for hundreds of miles is covered with damp moss barely sprinkled for two months with a few gay flowers, and during the rest of the year is locked in ice and snow, and where only the hardiest of polar animals, the white fox and the polar hare, the raven and the snowy owl, can live, there are found below the ground huge hoards of bones of elephants and other great beasts whose appetites needed corresponding supplies of food. But our interest rises to the highest pitch when we are told that this vast cemetery not only teems with fresh bones and beautiful tusks of ivory, but with the carcasses and mummies of these great animals so well preserved in the perpetually frozen soil, that the bears and wolves can feed upon them. Such stories almost invite credulity, and when credulity is dissipated, they as naturally arouse the elementary philosophical instincts of our nature: and whether we be trained in the ways of science or no, we are constrained to ask, How and why are these things so? The discussion, if not the solution, of this problem is the object of the following pages.”

To begin from the beginning—the Mammoth is an elephant of an extinct species, known in palæontology as *Elephas primigenius*, heavier-boned than its modern congeners, and with tusks of much greater length and curvature, which lived in the last of the so-called geological eras, when the surface of our globe was settling down, so to speak, into its present condition. The primary or palæozoic ages, with their long successions of rudimentary marine life, and the secondary or mesozoic, with their throngs of uncouth reptilian monsters, had long vanished in the gulf of the dateless Past; the tertiary or kainozoic period, gradually introducing the Mammalian tribes, which culminated in a crowd of huge elephantoid and ursine pachyderms, ad ran through its early, middle, and later stages, the Eocene, Miocene,

and Pleiocene; when latest born among its kindred, and nearest in type to the corresponding forms of the modern world, the Mammoth appeared on the scene. How it acquired its familiar name, which was first heard in Europe about two centuries ago, is a curious story, leading us back unexpectedly to the Hebrew Scriptures. The "Behemoth" of the Book of Job, pronounced by the Arabs Mehemot, supplied an epithet which was familiarly used to designate anything monstrous; and when mediæval traders of that race, penetrating into Tartary, came across the huge bones, teeth, and tusks of the fossil Elephantoid, it was no wonder that they applied the name to these strange objects, and to the beast of which they were the relics. From them the native Russians caught it, and adopting it into their language modified the pronunciation to its present sound.

Long, however, before this, and even before the Christian era, occasional "finds" of the larger bones of the Mammoth, and other kindred Proboscidi-ans, in various parts of Europe had excited the wonder of the common people and the curiosity of the enquiring, and given birth to many a strange legend. As our author remarks:

"It was natural that unsophisticated men should not only treat these immense bones as proofs of the former existence of giants, but should also found upon them mythological tales. The enormous bones found in caves and buried under great rocks gave rise most probably to the stories of the Gigantes and the Titans who fought with the Gods, and whom the Gods overwhelmed and buried under great rocks."

Nothing, of course, would be lost in telling the story of these strange discoveries. The portions of the skeleton most enduring and most easily recognized, the huge skull, teeth, vertebræ, and leg-bones, became larger still in flying rumor, and the imaginary giants constructed out of them might be anything from a dozen to a hundred feet in stature. To fasten on these the names of many a mythical hero or famous warrior was easy, and doubtless a pleasant thrill of awe and mystery was engendered by the feeling of being thus brought into communion with the mighty dead. Among persons of less reverent temper, familiarity, it seems, went on to breed contempt, or at least to give predominance to a more utilitarian sentiment. We hear of a giant's leg being turned to account for the purpose of bridging over a deep ravine in Arabia, where it was kept in working order by being rubbed with oil purchased out of the tolls charged for the privilege of crossing upon it. Even the Nile itself was rumored to have been for time spanned by the body of the giant Auj, who fell by the hand of Mose. And to come down to modern times, not a hundred years ago the thigh bone of a fossil Proboscidian did duty in St. Vincent for the relic of some gigantic saint—St. Christopher we may suppose—where it was solemnly carried in an intercessory procession to procure rain during a season of drought.

The giant-theory, after long tenure of the public mind, was at last routed

by the recognition of the not very recondite fact that the forms of the disinterred relics were bestial rather than human. But gigantic beasts proved a severer trial to faith than gigantic men, and ingenuity stepped in with less incredible explanations. The handiest solution was to the effect, that Nature produced these things in sport, fashioning them at random out of her raw material by way of working off her superabundant energy. How prone the minds of men were to accept this curious idea may be inferred from the case of the celebrated Italian surgeon and savant in the sixteenth century, Gabriel Falloppio, of whose researches in anatomy and botany the scientific nomenclature of those sciences has preserved an enduring memorial. Assiduous and intelligent as was his study of the physical world, he yet found no difficulty in holding that the fragments of pottery accumulated in that great rubbish-heap in Rome, the Monte Testaccio, were works of nature, not of human art. On this crude notion philosophy did not disdain to bestow its constructive skill, and dressed it up in what, to the eyes of ignorance, seemed a more than plausible shape. The process of fermentation was invoked to supply the generative power; this was supposed to stir into action a certain seminal virtue pervading the universe, which, when it failed to meet with a congenial matrix wherein to originate living creatures, stopped half-way, and produced mere bones and shells and abortive organisms. A further refinement was attained when the hypothesis was started, that the fossils were really in their origin animal relics, left behind by beasts of an ordinary size, and owed their gigantic dimensions to a posthumous growth, due to the fostering action of the soil in which they had lain. To the present generation such theories will certainly seem deserving of no milder treatment than to be summarily dismissed with a contemptuous smile; yet some of us, whose youth was cast in the days when Buckland and Sedgwick were strenuously fighting on behalf of the infant science of geology, and "*Moses versus Lyell*" became a theological war-cry, can remember that even respectable divines avowed their readiness to fall back on the *lusus-naturæ* theory, as a preferable alternative to the admission of any pre-Adamite eras in the story of the earth.

Starting now from the assured relation between the fossil relics and the once living animal, we have to take account of the consequences which follow from it. And first, as to the *habitat* of our great Elephantoid. If from Europe the northwestern corner, including North Britain and Wales, be cut off, and also a central and southern portion of which the Alpine chains are the focus, it may be broadly said that throughout all the rest of the Continent the remains of the Mammoth are more or less plentiful. In some parts the frequency of them is astonishing. Beneath the shallow sea, for instance, between Norfolk and the opposite coast, they are so abundant that, in sailor's talk, the locality goes by the name of the burial-ground. In Lower Suabia, we are told, scarcely a railway cutting, a cellar, or a well can be dug, without some bone or tooth being unearthed. Belgium is

particularly rich in this fossil wealth, and almost equally so are the broad plains of Russia from the White Sea to the Black. Passing eastwards from northern Europe, we meet the remains of the Mammoth profusely scattered over the whole vast range of Asiatic Siberia. From this region its tusks have long been, and still continue to be, exported in large quantities as fossil ivory; and of some spots which happen to have been better explored than others, we are told that the soil seems to be almost entirely composed of the bones of the great Mammal. What is still more curious is the fact already noticed, that from time to time, as the frozen cliffs, which in many places hem in the rivers, are undermined and break away, there starts out from its icy grave the gigantic beast itself, still clothed in its hairy hide as it roamed the wilds untold milleniums ago, and with its flesh so well preserved in Nature's own refrigerator as to furnish a succulent banquet to the prowling carnivora of this degenerate age.

Now just as the presence of the Mammoth's remains throughout the greater part of Europe constrains us to believe that in the pleistocene era those temperate regions were the home of this great Proboscidian; so the equal abundance of its remains all along the northern side of Asiatic Siberia compels us to accept the conclusion that in the same era its herds not only visited, but permanently inhabited, the vast steppes of that now perpetually frozen region. It is indubitable that broadly, speaking, where the bones and carcasses lie, there the animals died. No theory of subsequent water-carriage can adequately account for the presence of the relics where they are found. Their site, their condition, their enormous quantity, alike repudiate such a solution of the problem. The bones and tusks bear no marks of detrition, such as would necessarily have been produced, had they been swept and rolled along by rivers or floods from more southern lands. They abound in localities to which no streams could have floated them, and are even more plentiful in the elevated clays than along the coast or in the plains bordering on the rivers. Besides, in not a few cases, both the skeletons and carcasses have been found standing upright in their clayey or gravelly sepulchres, showing that the animals had either sunk in the soft sediment, or been engulfed as they stood by the turbid waters, and been frozen in before they could fall over. Some of the remains even exhibit marks of death by suffocation; and what is perhaps still more remarkable, the upright carcasses have been observed to face in a particular direction, as if the animals were overtaken while fleeing from the pursuing flood. Nor can it be maintained that the real home of the great herds was far to the south, and that it was during short annual excursions northward to summer feeding grounds that they met their fate, and were entombed in the soil. For what imaginable purpose should they have migrated to such a region, or how could they have lived when they arrived there with the young? The Mammoth is a tree-feeder, and could not at any season of the year have found nourishment in that terrible Arctic climate. The cas

against the hazzarded explanation of the Uniformitarians, that these huge pachyderms merely passed their summers in the extreme north, cannot be more forcibly stated than in Mr. Howorth's words:—

“If the Mammoth migrated in large herds with his young ones for a summer jaunt to the Arctic sea, it is hardly credible that he should take with him, stored up in his paunch, a sufficient store of food to last him while there. We know the kind of food he and the Rhinoceros fed upon, and we have the actual *débris* of their food forthcoming from the recesses of their teeth, and this food is not now found along the Arctic sea, or in Chukchiland or in New Siberia. This is a crucial test. While this kind of vegetation is not now found growing there, *débris* of a similar kind is largely found in the same beds as the Mammoth remains, and with it also a large assemblage of helices and other land shells now living much further south. Now even if we could credit a Mammoth migrating with its young and its fellows out of mere wanton love of pleasure to the dreary outlet of the Lena and the Yana and back again, and making elaborate commissariat arrangements for the journey, we cannot conceive trees doing so, nor would the proverbial snail make a very long journey in the six weeks of ambiguous summer prevailing in those latitudes. Plants and snails cannot migrate. They must stay the winter through.”

The conclusion thus reached, that the whole range of northern Asiatic Siberia in the pleistocene era was the *habitat* of enormous troops of Mammoths, carries with it as an inevitable corollary that the climate of this now ice-bound region was at that time a temperate one. Here we arrive at the most critical point of the argument with which our author assails the theory of Uniformity. The question that presents itself is this:—Did the climate change by slow degrees, little by little dwarfing the vegetation, stunting and curtailing the forests, and exerting an adverse and repressing influence upon animal life, until the increasing scarcity of food and severity of the conditions of existence depopulated the country of its gigantic pachyderms, and finally extirpated the race? Or was the change from genial warmth to perpetual frost a sudden and overwhelming one, bearing witness to some vast physical convulsion which at one fell swoop destroyed both the animal races that peopled the land, and the forests that sheltered and fed them?

To answer this question, Mr. Howorth brings together a great variety of considerations, upon which we can but touch briefly. That the Mammoth and its kindred, together with many other tribes of animals, disappeared from Europe and Asiatic Siberia about the same epoch is indisputable. What was the cause of this wholesale extirpation? That the cave-men of the period, supposing them to have then existed, destroyed these mighty creatures with their puny flint weapons is incredible. Savage races, even better armed, have never been known to exterminate the wild beasts of their neighborhood; nor is there the faintest extant sign to indicate that any of the great pachyderms of the pleistocene perished by human hands. Again, the hypothesis of the mutual destruction of the animals by each other is not a whit more probable. The carnivora do not prey upon one another, at any rate not to the point of extermination; neither are they accustomed to pile up in heaps, ungnawed and unmutilated, the skeletons

of the animals on which they feed. Of animals, whether large or small, which die in the ordinary course of nature, the remains are generally of extremely rare occurrence; they for the most part vanish amidst the wear and tear of the elements, and leave no trace. Even such wholesale causes of mortality as murrains, famines, or unusually severe seasons, fail to solve the problem. Whole continents are never swept bare of life by such visitations; the victims do not fall in their normal vigor, full of food; nor are their remains at once buried in compact clays and gravels, where they may be preserved from injury for long ages to come.

All these considerations point to the extinction of the Mammoth and its contemporaries in the Old World by some abnormal cause—some sudden, very extensive catastrophe which overwhelmed them in the fulness of their vigor, and covered in their remains before the weather could disintegrate and destroy them. Having got this general idea, we carry it up to the Mammoth cemeteries of Siberia, and find a peculiar and striking corroboration of it in the huge carcasses entombed in the frozen gravels and sediments. These tell us that one moment those ponderous Elephantoids were standing in the plenitude of their rugged strength amidst the verdant forests of a temperate clime; while the next moment found them struggling for life amidst the pebbly, muddy deposits heaped around and upon them by some immense irruption of waters, where they were solidly frozen in while their flesh was still uncorrupted, and where they have remained unthawed down to the present time. Here, then, is the answer to our question. From the temperate era in Asiatic Siberia to the era of unbroken Arctic rigor, the transition was instantaneous, and was contemporary with the sudden extinction of almost the whole fauna and flora of the land.

So much for the witness borne by the Siberian Mammoth in particular, and its European congeners generally, to the occurrence of some tremendous catastrophe of waters, which swept the great pachyderms out of existence, and simultaneously changed the climate of Northern Europe and Asia into one of Arctic severity. Had we space sufficient, we might follow Mr. Howorth into the New World, and accompany him as he collects evidence to the same effect from the remains of the Mammoth's near trans-Atlantic relative, the Mastodon. We must, however, be content with summing up this testimony in the remark, that although no buried carcasses of that massive Proboscidian are to be found there, owing to there being no frozen ground to preserve them, or at least none that has been explored; yet its remains, which are abundant both in North and South America, are characterized by such freshness and completeness, such an intermixture of mature and young individuals, and such postures and environments, apparently to preclude any explanation by the ordinary causes of decay, as to force us back on some devastating convulsion which let loose over the continent an overwhelming deluge of waters, and entombed in their deposits these monsters of a vanished age.

There is corroborative evidence, however, of a different kind to which we must call attention, because of its unexpected nature and very great interest. It is the witness furnished by the relics of primitive man. That an early race of mankind existed in the pleistocene period, alongside of the Mammoth in the Old World, and the Mastodon in the New, seems now to be established beyond reasonable doubt by the immense abundance of stone weapons and implements, by the incised bones of animals, and even by portions of the human skeleton, which have been found so intimately associated with the fossil relics of those great pachyderms as to demonstrate the contemporaneity of the deposits. Since the publication of Lyell's work on the *Antiquity of Man*, which first gave this new and startling discovery, a firm hold on the English mind, the evidence in support of it drawn from the bone-caves of Europe, and from the gravel and clay-beds were the remains of the Mammoth and its associates lie, has been immensely increased: and while we are writing we observe that, in an interesting article, "American Museum of Pre-historic Archæology," in the *Nineteenth Century* Review of November, 1887,* Mr. A. R. Wallace has forcibly summed up the very extensive mass of evidence which has recently been accumulated for the "Antiquity of man in North America." If then any reliance can be placed on the best supported inductions of Geology, the fact must be accepted that the "stone-men," as they have been conveniently designated, lived face to face with the huge Proboscidiæ of the pleistocene age, over a large portion of the globe. We say, the stone-men; but here a distinction must be made, and it is a distinction upon which the pertinency of the fact to our general argument depends. Accurate examination of the stone implements and other relics of this primitive race, together with careful exploration of the deposits in which they are discovered, has led to a division of them into two well-defined classes, not contemporaneous in origin, but divided by a clearly marked interval of time, which must have been of considerable duration. This discrimination of the implements carries with it a like discrimination of the races which fashioned and used them. The later, or neolithic, race of the stone-men are proved by their remains to have differed greatly in habits, tastes, degree of cultivation, and manner of life in general, from the earlier or palæolithic race; differed in fact so radically as to render it highly improbable that the difference was merely due to development. The facts lead to the conclusion, that the older race disappeared, or became extinct, without leaving posterity; and that after a while, long in actual years, although short in geological time, another race, less savage if less artistic in perception, came in and occupied the vacant lands. There is perhaps no better authority on this point than Mr. J. Geikie, and, in his *Pre-historic Europe*, he writes as follows:—

"Between Palæolithic and Neolithic man there is thus a wide gulf of separation. From a state of utter savagery we pass into one of comparative civilization. Was this Neolithic

* Reprinted in the LIBRARY MAGAZINE, January, 1888.

phase of European archaeological history merely developed out of that which characterized Palæolithic times? Was the European Neolithic man the lineal descendant of his Palæolithic predecessor? There is no proof, either direct or indirect, that this was the case. On the contrary, all the evidence points in quite an opposite direction. When Neolithic man entered Europe, he came as an agriculturist and a herdsman, and his relics and remains occur again and again immediately above pleistocene deposits, in which we meet with no trace of any higher or better state of human existence than that which is represented by the savages who contended with the extinct mammalia."

We arrive now at Mr. Howorth's use of this distinction between the older and newer races of the stone-men. It was the former alone which was contemporary with the Mammoth, Mastodon, Megatherium, Dinotherium, and other gigantic mammals of the pleistocene, and it did not survive them. When these huge tenants of the forests and fields of the first stone age passed away, the early stone-men passed out of existence also, and the world knew them no more. The same cause, apparently, which swept away the one swept away also the other, involving both in a common ruin. A synchronous destruction of such a wholesale kind seems clearly to bespeak the same identical extirpating cause. But, asks Mr. Howorth, how is it possible to imagine the entire human population of a large part of the globe undergoing a clearly defined and complete extinction, at a particular epoch, by the action of any of the ordinary causes of wasting and decay, or by any other instrumentality than that of some vast continental catastrophe? And how could it leave behind its bones and relics, unweathered and neatly grouped, deep-buried in protecting gravels and alluvial sediments, unless the catastrophic cause was some engulfing flood of waters, bearing along vast masses of clay and pebbles, and depositing them in extensive beds to cover up the ruin which it had wrought? It is thus that from the disappearance of the early stone-men of the pleistocene a testimony is extorted, similar to that which was yielded by the disappearance of the great Elephantoids of the same epoch, and our author feels himself justified in saying:—

"I believe that the same potent cause which swept away the Mammoth and the Rhinoceros, the Cave-bear and the Hyæna from Europe, also swept away Palæolithic man, and that this cause was as sudden as it was widespread I submit with every confidence that I have proved the position that the extinction of the Mammoth in the Old World was sudden, and operated over a wide continental area, involving a widespread hecatomb in which man, as well as other creatures, perished; that this destruction was caused by a flood of waters which passed over the land, drowning the animals and then burying their remains; and that this catastrophe forms a great break in human continuity no less than in the biological records of animal life, and is the great Divide when history really begins."

Hitherto Mr. Howorth has conducted the argument, of which an outline has now been exhibited, upon purely scientific lines. He has appealed exclusively to natural phenomena; out of these alone he has constructed his induction, by means of these alone he has arrived at his result. No one can question the legitimacy of this process, and as to the validity of it

conclusion we are disposed to think that it is fairly made good. Of course our space has not permitted us to notice the many minor supports by which the main structure of the ratiocination is buttressed; to the Australian evidence we have not so much as alluded. But enough has probably been adduced to make the fact clear, that there is a great deal to be urged in favor of a catastrophic ending of the pleistocene age, with its characteristic fauna and flora, over a very considerable portion of the globe by the action of a flood of waters. The cause of that flood Mr. Howorth reserves for future discussion, only hinting in the present volume that it may have been due to the upheaval of the Cordilleras in the South American Continent. But whatever it was, he does not pretend to call in for the purpose the agency of any other than natural forces, and so far he is in agreement with the Uniformitarian theory. His only real quarrel, in fact, is with those among the upholders of that theory, who ride their hobby so hard as to deny altogether the occurrence of critical circumstances, under which the very same natural forces that produce gradual and slowly accumulating changes are enabled to give rise to sudden and tremendous cataclysms, and their attendant devastation and ruin. And this, from a scientific point of view, is not an antagonism of principles, but only of applications and details. What we mean may be made evident by the following supposition.

Let us imagine that the earth, once intensely heated, had slowly cooled down and shrunk in cooling through the operation of ordinary physical causes, and that a portion of its superficial crust, arched over a million or two of square miles, being left less and less supported over the increasing vacuum beneath it, had at last fallen in with a crash, upheaving its fractured edges into rugged mountain ranges, creating deep ravines and valleys by its rents and fissures, and starting some mighty oceanic wave to roll with desolating fury over neighboring lands: it would be undeniable that the catastrophic climax of this series of events would lie just as much within the Uniformity of nature, as the previous gradual cooling and shrinking. We have been recently warned that even in our own times some convulsion of this startling kind is far from being impossible. The bottom of the Western Atlantic, we are told, is becoming more and more heavily weighted by the immense quantities of sediment washed down by the great rivers of the New World; and should this process continue till the pressure of the accumulated masses exceeds the strength of the sustaining crust, the falling in of the whole American sea-board might be the result. Yet such an event, although in the intensest degree catastrophic, would obviously be no breach of Uniformity in the scientific sense. Precisely the same natural forces would have produced it, as those which gently and almost imperceptibly carry on the mildest processes of physical change. In confirmation of this view we are glad to be able to appeal to the high authority of Professor Huxley, who in a striking passage, quoted by Mr. Howorth, from his

Address to the Geological Society, 1869, after observing that he is unable to discern any "sort of theoretical antagonism between Catastrophism and Uniformitarianism," goes on as follows:—

"Let me illustrate my case by analogy. The working of a clock is a model of uniform action. Good time-keeping means uniformity of action. But the striking of the clock is essentially a catastrophe. The hammer might be made to blow up a barrel of gunpowder, or turn on a deluge of water, and, by proper arrangement, the clock, instead of striking the hours, might strike at all sorts of irregular intervals, never twice alike in the intervals, force, or number of its blows. Nevertheless, all these irregular and apparently lawless catastrophes would be the result of an absolutely Uniformitarian action, and we might have two schools of clock theorists, one studying the hammer and the other the pendulum."

While therefore we are inclined to accept Mr. Howorth's conclusion as to the catastrophic character of the close of the pleistocene era, we hold that it is not against the theory of Uniformity itself, as scientifically understood, that he is really contending; but only about the interpretation of certain subordinate phenomena, which, whether they indicate catastrophism or are consistent with a long-continued and moderate action of natural forces, equally lie within the Uniformitarian hypothesis.

When, however, we reach Mr. Howorth's last chapter, we find ourselves taken out of the region of physical science, and introduced into one of a very different character, where the ground requires careful treading, and our footing feels much less secure. Having inferred his catastrophic flood from the silent witness of the clays and gravels, he seeks direct historical attestation to it from the early myths and traditions of our race. His first appeal is naturally made to the Biblical record of Noah's Deluge, or rather the two independent narratives of it, which modern criticism has perceived to be fused together in the sacred text by the compiler or editor of the canonical Book of Genesis. As closely connected with these he cites the version, probably of earlier date, found in the famous Chaldaean tablets, and the more abbreviated one preserved by Berosus. These several variants of the Semitic tradition in his view point to a more remote origin, whence came also the classical legend of Deucalion, and the Phrygian story of the Ark. Running more or less parallel with these he finds various shorter versions of the story among the races of Aryan blood, some inscribed in the sacred books of the Hindoos, others current among the Northmen of Europe. In fact, there are few tribes of mankind, whether in the Old World, the New, or in Australia and New Zealand, which do not yield him in their folk-lore some legend of a great flood, although it is not always easy to distinguish what is genuinely native from what has been at a late period imported and worked in with the older myths. But after allowing for questionable instances, such as that which is presented by the remarkable current among the Burmese Karens of traditions closely resembling the early Biblical stories, there can be no doubt of the wide prevalence of the Flood-legend; the difficulty arises when we endeavor to estimate its historical value.

Mr. Howorth expresses his opinion somewhat dogmatically that "the first chapter of Genesis is absolutely valueless in geological discussion, and has no authority whatever, save as representing what the Jews borrowed from the Babylonians;" but at the same time he urges that "there is no reason whatever why subsequent chapters which profess to report, not how things arose before man appeared, but the traditions of man himself, should be discarded." To refuse credence to a story merely because it is contained in the Bible, is obviously irrational; and it is equally irrational to dismiss ancient records with an incredulous sneer, because the narratives contained in them happen to betray to a critical eye admixtures or accretions of a legendary character. Against such extravagances of skepticism it behoves the sober seeker after truth to enter a protest, just as strenuously as against the unenlightened credulity of the dark ages. To use the pregnant words of Dr. Arnold in his edition of Thucydides, when he was testifying against the excesses of a destructive criticism—"It is not to be endured that skepticism should run at once into dogmatism, and that we should be required to doubt with as little discrimination as we were formerly called upon to believe." Between that *à priori* acceptance of the primitive Biblical narratives as literal and infallible scientific history, which half a century ago was made a test of orthodoxy, and the scornful denial of any historical element whatever in them, there is surely a reasonable medium.

But supposing this is granted, Mr. Howorth's contention demands a good deal more. It is not enough for his purpose that these flood traditions, Semitic, Aryan, Indian, Australasian, and what not, should have a nucleus of genuine history embedded amidst their accretions; he requires them all to point to one and the same flood, and that the particular flood which on other grounds he believes to have swept away the first race of stone-men at the close of the pleistocene age. This is a large draft on our belief, and we confess to being somewhat staggered by it. To prove the opposite is necessarily as impossible as to establish the assumption. The question is one of probabilities, and these may be differently estimated by different minds. The extreme remoteness in historial time, on the one hand, of the catastrophe which is supposed to have extirpated the Mammoth and that portion of its primeval human contemporaries which inhabited the same regions; and on the other, the fact that not a few desolating deluges must in all likelihood have occurred in different parts of the world, in the course of the many millenniums which must have elapsed during the slow development of the various succeeding races of mankind; conspire, we think, to render a single origin of the several widely separated traditions, and that an origin coincident with the pleistocene catastrophe, in a serious degree difficult of acceptance. At any rate, we cannot help attaching far greater value to Mr. Howorth's argument from the phenomena brought to light by geological research, than to any direct corroboration of it which can be extracted from the primitive traditions of mankind. At the same time, we

readily acknowledge that these plentiful flood-traditions do indirectly afford important aid ; inasmuch as, although the deluges in which they originated may not have been his special deluge, they at least familiarize us with catastrophes brought about by the desolating agency of water.

In regard to the Biblical version of the tradition in particular we feel it incumbent upon us to say something more, to obviate a possible misunderstanding of our view, and prevent grave offence being taken at our apparent classification of the sacred story with the various ethnic flood-legends, for the purpose of this discussion. It would be idle, after the discoveries and conflicts of the last fifty years, seriously to contest Mr. Howorth's position, when he denies to the opening chapters of Genesis any absolute determining authority in the problems of physical science and historical research. Whether this position represents the whole of his conception of the worth of that portion of the sacred records, or only one side or aspect of it, we know not, inasmuch as the tenor of his argument does not require him to consider what value the venerable document may possibly have for other and higher purposes.* But for ourselves we say emphatically, that in our view the question of its significance in regard to secular knowledge, whether physical or historical, touches only one side of the subject, and comparatively one of very minor importance. In form and in the letter, or regarded merely as a piece of primitive literature, the document may be ideal or legendary poetry or myth ; but not the less are we convinced that, in substance, it is of the highest ethical and religious value, and as part of an inspired Bible contains an early message of revelation from above, adapted to the needs of the world's childhood. We cannot allow that its inner teaching is the less divine, on account of its employing early and possibly unhistorical traditions as its vehicle, or because it clothes its spiritual element in the vesture of allegory and poetical idealism. To our mind the outward form and fashion of the teaching is one thing, the inward lesson another ; and although in the former we may discern the working and the limitations of the human mind, when knowledge and culture were still in their infancy, in the latter we are profoundly conscious of that living breath of God which, inbreathed into the soul of the prophet, makes him an organ of divine revelation.

To make our meaning clear, and show how separable is the substance of the divine teaching from its literary vehicle, we will ask the reader's attention to the manner in which the cosmogony of the Book of Genesis may reasonably be supposed to have been constructed. Three characteristics of it are obvious. *First*, it has the style of a poem or psalm of a primordial type ; the rhythmical cadences, the measured intervals, the recurring refrain, suggest, not bald narrative or prosaic description, but artistic, ideal composition—the result of the inventive faculty operating

*See article by Prof. W. Gray Elmslie, "The first chapter of Genesis," in LIBRARY MAGAZINE, February, 1888.

certain ideas, and draping them in poetical forms. *Secondly*, compared with other early cosmogonies, in some degree akin to it, it is singularly pure and noble in its conceptions. Although not entirely free from the anthropomorphism of a primitive age, it has entirely escaped the taint of polytheism, and none of the puerilities which so often disfigure the corresponding ethnic legends can be laid to its charge. *Lastly*, it is the vehicle of sublime religious ideas, which find an echo in the depths of the human heart. As it begins with God and His creative work, so it ends in man and his peculiar prerogatives, teaching him that he stands to his Creator in a relation which is shared by no other terrestrial creature, being framed in the very image of God, and living by the divine breath in his inward being, and having entrusted to him undivided sovereignty over the earth and all its contents. On the face of this grand creation-hymn these three features are unmistakably stamped, so that he who runs may read them there.

Now what we desire especially to point out is this: that if it was in a free and genuine coöperation of the composer's mind with the revealing Spirit, as these characteristic features seem clearly to indicate, that the noble creation-hymn which heads the Hebrew Scriptures took its origin; a real and most important distinction not only may, but must be drawn between its religious substance and its literary form—between its teaching for the soul of man, and the poetic conception or narrative through which that teaching is conveyed. The former, which is the essence of the document, would not be the offspring of the composer's own conceit, but truth mysteriously imparted to him from above, by that supernatural influence which is commonly characterized as inspiration, for the instruction of his contemporaries in their true relations to God and to the world; while the literary robing of that truth, the order of the narration, the imagery, and the modes of expression employed, would be a product of his own imagination, his own mental action, and therefore purely ideal, and standing in no relation whatever to science or history. In other words, the sacred penman would be an inspired writer, a true prophet of Jehovah, through whom came a message of revelation to his people; and yet he would be employing as the vehicle of that message conceptions of nature and its laws and sequences which have no scientific validity, no authority to control our interpretations of the phenomena of the physical world.

The same principle of discrimination may be applied to the interpretation of the succeeding chapters, which present in an appreciably greater degree signs of relationship to the earlier myths and traditions. However rudimentary the ethical and religious instruction conveyed by them may be—and there can be no doubt that is of the lower grade which suits a rude and uncultured stage of the human intellect—yet it is revelation in the germ, the primitive utterance of that divine teaching of our race, which has since unfolded and broadened down the ages, till it attained its mature development in the Gospel of the Son of man. Here, in these earliest

essays of inspiration, we have the foundations laid of social life, by the setting forth of the divinely ordained relation between the sexes, and constitution of the family; of spiritual life also, in the disclosures concerning the relation of mankind to the eternal law of morality, the introduction of the consciousness of guilt, and the righteous judgments of God upon disobedience. Veiled more or less in allegory, these fundamental verities may be; but all the same they fulfilled their function in laying a basis for higher doctrines to rest upon, and it is the infused presence of them that lifts those archaic Biblical records immeasurably above the ethnic legends, and constitutes their unique sacredness and priceless worth. So at least we firmly believe; and it is to guard ourselves against the suspicion of having unduly depreciated their value and importance, when speaking of them in relation to merely secular knowledge, that we have felt it a duty to develop the other side of the subject in these supplementary remarks, and emphatically to express our loyal homage to the inspiration of Holy Writ.—*Quarterly Review*.

POST-TALMUDIC HEBREW LITERATURE.

II.—FROM THE COMPLETION OF THE TALMUD TO THE BEGINNING OF JEWISH LITERATURE IN EUROPE:—A.D. 950–1070.

IN a former article we noticed how after the death of Saadia, four young men were sent abroad, in order to interest the richer Jewish congregations in the continuation of the Suranic academy. One of them, Moses ben Hanoah, redeemed by the Jews of Cordova, afterwards became head of the Cordovan synagogue and college, and thus with Moses the study of the Talmud was introduced into Spain, which was to become the seat of learning for coming generations, in place of Judea, Babylonia, and North-Africa. The times for such a movement were especially favorable, and the Jewish community was represented by a man, who, by his generosity and position gave Jewish learning that impetus which produced such great men, as we shall have to speak of. This man was—

HASDAI BEN ISAAC IBN SHAPRUT, born about 915; died in 970, A. D. He was a physician and astronomer, and through his abilities, became the prime minister of the Caliph Abderraham III. of Cordova. That he was very much esteemed and his talents appreciated, may be seen from the fact, that, when German ambassadors arrived, the Caliph desired Hasdai to receive them, and give them the requisite information before their presentation at court. He is also said to have written an Epistle to Joseph, king of Cozar—a nation bordering on the Caspian Sea—which letter is extant, and an answer of the king which does not possess equal claims to authenticity.

The whole history has been wrought out into a religious romance called *Cozri* by Rabbi Jehuda ha-Levi, which has involved the question in great obscurity. The French historian, Basnage, rejected the whole as a fiction of the rabbins; the Jewish historian, Jost, inclines to the opinion that there is a groundwork of truth under the veil of poetic embellishment. More modern writers admit without hesitation, and almost boast of the Kingdom of Khasar. (See Grätz, *Geschichte* V., p. 186–191.) Hasdai being very rich, caused many copies of the Talmud to be brought from Sura. His house was the rallying-point for the literati and poets, and many a talent found in him the means for further development. It was in his time, that Moses ben Hanoah, one of the four captives whom we have mentioned already, came to Cordova, where he became the head of the Talmudic school. In order to diffuse the study of Hebrew, Hasdai called to his seat at Cordova, the Hebrew linguist—

MENAHM BEN SARUK OR SERUK, born about 910 at Tortosa in Spain; died about 970. Having been called with a view of cultivating and advancing Hebrew literature and language, Menahem betook himself to write his Biblical Dictionary, called *Sefer Igaron*, or *Sefer Hapithron*, also *Mahabereth Menahem*, including the Aramean of Daniel and Ezra, by the help of the scientific works of Ibn Koreish and Saadia, of earlier interpreters and poets, which has not been without influence upon later grammarians. Besides philology, Menahem exercised his poetical talents, especially in his Epistles which he addressed to his former friend Hasdai ben Isaac, before whom he had been caluminated, and before time was given to Menahem for his defense, a verdict of guilty was pronounced against him, and even executed without delay. Menahem addressed a letter to his former friend, but in vain. The brief answer which he received was: "If thou wert wrong, I have chastised thee; and if thou wert wronged, verily I have caused thee to share the future world." Menahem addressed a second letter which finally convinced Hasdai of Menahem's innocence. Menahem's Hebrew Lexicon found a severe, if not a bitter and envious critic in his contemporary—

DUNASH IBN LABRATH HA-LEVI, denominated Rabbi Adonim. He was born in Bagdad about A.D. 920, and died about 980 A.D. Like Menahem he had been called to Cordova. Being independent in circumstances, he prosecuted his lingual and biblical researches, and published the results without fearing or caring how they would be regarded by his co-religionists. All his writings were mostly polemical, especially against Saadia and Menahem ibn Saruk. Against the former he wrote *The Book of Animadversions*, against the latter a critique which, as Fürst says, is "a work of great interest in relation to a knowledge of Hebrew philology, of the new Hebrew poetry, and of the state of Jewish culture in Spain in the tenth century." Dunash's influence may be seen from the frequent quotations made from his works by the principal later lexicographers and commentators. One of the most famous of Menahem's pupils was—

JEHUDA BEN DAVID IBN HAYUG, sometimes also called Jehuda Fasi from his native place Fez, in Africa, where he was born about 1020. The greater part of his life he spent at Cordova, where he became the teacher of Samuel ibn Naghdila (ha-Nagid). He brought his thorough acquaintance with the Hebrew and Arabic languages to bear upon the scientific study of grammar, and won the appellation of "the Chief of Hebrew Grammarians." He was the first who, after the Arabic model, established the triliteralness of Hebrew stems, and arranged the verbs according to their conjugations—an arrangement which has been substantially adopted by all modern grammarians. On account of his system, with its consequences, he is considered the first and head founder of Hebrew philology. Besides grammatical works, he also wrote commentaries on several books of the Old Testament. A pupil of Hayug was—

SAMUEL HA-NAGID, born at Cordova about 993; died about 1055, A.D. Owing to the intestine wars between the two rival Moorish chiefs for supremacy, Samuel, when twenty years of age, had to quit Cordova, and went to Malaga, where he kept a druggist's shop. His profound knowledge of Arabian literature, and his beautiful writing, brought him to the notice of Alkas ben Alarif, prime minister of Habush ibn Moksan of Granada, who made him his secretary, and on his death-bed recommended his sovereign to be guided by Samuel. In 1027 he was raised to that high post by Badis, and maintained his powerful influence in spite of envious intrigues. Samuel conferred great benefits on the Hebrew nation; his charity was not confined to Spain, but extended to his brethren in Africa, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Being exceedingly wealthy, he purchased many copies of the Talmud, Mishna, and other religious works, which, to disseminate learning, he distributed gratuitously. His fame and renown attracted many Jews to Granada from all parts of Spain, for Samuel was not only prime-minister, but also the head and "Prince" (*Nagid*) of the Jews. And his means enabled him to be the indefatigable patron both of Spanish and foreign authors. Samuel zealously cultivated poetry and science, in which he himself excelled, and beside a treatise which he wrote against Ibn Ganach, in defence of his teacher, Hayug, he is best known as the author of a good treatise on the methodology of the Talmud. He also wrote poems under the title of *Son of Proverbs*, which are represented as profound and magnificent.

JONAH IBN GANACH, born at Cordova about 995; died about 1050, A.D. was the most distinguished inquirer in the department of the study of the Hebrew language, against whom Samuel wrote. When his native place was taken in 1013 by Al-Moslaim Suleiman, he went to Saragossa, where he settled down, when about 20 years of age, and practised medicine for his maintenance, while he devoted all his spare time to the prosecution of his researches in sacred philology and hermeneutics. His great work is his great linguistic book, called in Arabic *Kitáb el Tankish*, or "Book of Inquiry," in the Hebrew, *Sefer dikduk*, which is divided into two main parts, of which

the first *Kitáb el-Luma* or "Book of Variegated Fields," in Hebrew, *Sefer ha-rikmah*, treats at length of Hebrew grammar in 46 sections; the second, *Kitáb el-Azul* or a "Book of Roots," in Hebrew, *Sefer ha-shorashim*, is a Hebrew Dictionary, which was edited and published for the first time by A. Neubauer, Oxford, 1873. The *Kitáb el Tankish* is the most important philological production in the Jewish literature of the Middle Ages. Ibn Ganach had also some knowledge of metaphysics, for he speaks of Plato and Aristotle like one who had studied them diligently. He wrote also a work on logic, Aristotelian in principle, and strenuously opposed the efforts of his contemporaries, especially Ibn Gebirol, in their metaphysical investigations unto the relation of God to the world, holding that these inquiries only endangered the belief in the Scriptures. "If we survey," says Fürst "the writings of Ibn Ganach, the great linguistic work as well as his other small treatises, we are involuntarily impressed with the view, that a profounder knowledge of the vowel and accent-system was already lost in part in the eleventh century; more than 500 years having passed since its invention.

Ibn Ganach himself complains in the preface to his grammar, that a knowledge of the Hebrew language was only looked upon in his time as a secondary thing. But notwithstanding our scantier knowledge of this part of Hebrew philology, history cannot refuse him the testimony, that by means of his glowing zeal and comprehensive studies, he became the restorer, and for us the new founder of Hebrew grammar and lexicography."

SOLOMON IBN GABIROL OR GEBIROL, born at Malaga, in Spain, about 1021; died about 1070, A.D., is also known as Solomon the Spaniard, surnamed "the Hymnologist," called also by the Arabians Abu Ayub Suleiman ibn Jahya ibn Djebirul, and by the Christian schoolmen Avicebrol, or Avicebron, famous alike as philosopher, commentator, and grammarian. His life was as short as his talents were brilliant, and his end tragical. His death is said to have been caused by the sanguinary envy of an Arabian rival in song, and the legend tells, that the young poet was buried by his murderer under a fig-tree, which produced in consequence so great an abundance of fruit, of such exquisite flavor as to attract the attention of the Caliph, and lead to the discovery of the body, and a detection of the crime which had been committed.

When only 19 years of age he evinced his great skill as a poet, and his thorough acquaintance with Hebrew grammar, by writing a Grammar of the Hebrew language in verse. In the introduction the author complains "that the study of the sacred tongue, honorable above all others, had been too long neglected, so that by a great multitude of his brethren the words of the prophets were no longer understood. At this thought, the consciousness of his own youth neither could nor should restrain him. A voice came within him, "Gird thyself for the work, for God will help thee! Say not, I am too young; the crown is not exclusively reserved for old age. He will make use of poetry to render his labor attractive to the eyes, like a garden of flowers;

for his hope was great that that language may again be studied in which the inhabitants of heaven sing the praises of Him who clothes himself with light as with a garment; this language formerly spoken upon earth by all men, before the foolish ones were scattered, and their speech confounded;—this language became the inheritance of God's people under the tyranny of Egypt;—in this language the law of God was promulgated, and the prophets wrought healing to the afflicted nation. He would, they were jealous, like Nehemiah (xiii. 23-251,) for the purity of the language of Israel." He then expressed his indignation that the mistress should have been reduced to the state of a servant, and the lawful wife to that of a concubine.

At the age of twenty-four, Ibn Gebirol published his ethico-philosophical work entitled *Tikkun Middoth ha-Nephesh* (published in 1550, and often since.) In this work, he propounds "a peculiar theory of the human temperament and purpose, enumerates twenty propensities corresponding to the four dispositions multiplied by the five senses, and shows how the leaning of the soul to the one side may be brought to the moral equipoise by observing the declarations of Scripture, and ethical sayings of the Talmud, which he largely quotes, and which he intersperses with the chief sayings of the "divine Socrates," his pupil Plato, Aristotle, the Arabian philosophers, and especially with the maxims of a Jewish moral philosopher, called *Hefez el Kubi*." But as this work contained also personal allusions to some leading men of Saragossa, he was expatriated in 1046. After travelling from one place to another, he finally found a protector in the celebrated Samuel ha-Nagid, and he was thus enabled to continue his philosophical studies; as the result of which he produced his greatest work, called in Hebrew *Megor ha-Hayim* or "the Fountain of Life, and in Latin *Fons Vitæ*. The influence which Ibn Gebirol exerted on Jewish philosophy cannot be too highly estimated. His influence on Arabian philosophy is doubtful; for, says Ueberweg (*History of Philosophy* vol. I. p. 426, in Morris' translation), the "Arabian philosophers of the twelfth century seem not to have known him at all. He certainly deserves to be called "the Jewish Plato, as Grätz chooses to name him." But the assertion that he was the first philosopher of the Middle Ages, and that his philosophical treatises were used by the scholastic philosophers, is an error, as Lewis's *History of Philosophy* fully proves, although Hunk, and after him Grätz and and others fell into the same mistake.

Ueberweg (vol. I. 424) is probably correct in calling Ibn Gebirol "the earliest representative of philosophy among the Jews." The same writer gives the following short synopsis of the *Fons Vitæ*: Shem Tob, who translated the most important parts of it into Hebrew, defines the general idea which underlies the whole work as being contained in the doctrine that even spiritual substances are in some sense material, the matter of which they are formed being spiritual matter, the substratum of their forms a sort of basis into which the form descends from above. Albertus Magnus says (*Summa Totius Theologiæ*, I. 4, 22), that the work ascribed to Avicbron rested on the

hypothesis that things corporeal and incorporeal were of one matter, and Thomas Aquinas (*Quæst. de Animæ*) names him as the author of the doctrine that the soul and all substances, except God, are compounded of matter and form. From the extracts published by Hunk it appears how this hypothesis squares with the whole of his philosophy, which arose from the blending of Jewish religious doctrines with Aristotelian, and, in particular, with Neo-Platonic philosophemes. The first book treats of matter and form in general, and of their different kinds; the second, of matter as that which gives body to the universe (to which the categories apply); the third, of the existence of the (relatively) simple substance, the middle essences which are said to be contained in the created Intellect, and are intermediate between God, the first Cause, and the material world; the fourth, of these intermediate essences as consisting of matter and form; the fifth, of matter and form in the most general sense of the terms, or of universal matter, and universal form, followed by considerations relative to the divine will, as the outcome of the divine wisdom, through which being is educed from nothing, or as the middle term between God, the first substance, and all that consists of matter and form; or, again, as that source of life whence all forms emanate. All the arguments of the author postulate the Platonic theory of the real existence of all which is thought by means of universal concepts. Everything, argues Avicbron, that subsists falls under the concept of subsistence, therefore all things which subsist possess real subsistence in common with each other; but this common element cannot be a form, since it is in the form of an object that its peculiarity and difference from other objects consists; it must therefore be matter—matter in the most general sense, of which corporeal and spiritual matter are the two species. Since form can only have its existence in matter, the forms of intelligible things must possess some sort of material substrate peculiar to themselves. God, who is immaterial, is called form only in an unnatural sense.

But what gave Ibn-Gebirol a lasting fame, were his poetical talents, which were exercised on many different subjects: hymns, elegies, confessions of sin, descriptions of the future. In all these, we find a noble and affecting echo of the poetry of his ancestors. The *Kether Malkuth*, or "The Royal Diadem," a grand devotional and didactic hymn in 845 verses, giving a poetical resumé of the Aristotelian cosmology, is looked upon as his masterpiece. This "beautiful and pathetic composition of profound philosophical sentiment and great devotion," the pious Israelite recites during the night passed in watching and prayer before the great Day of Atonement. After a brilliant introduction, this poem, in honor of the goodness and power of God, contains first, a description of the universe, rich in details, which gives us much interesting information on the ideas held by the Talmudists concerning the laws of creation; then follow praises of the greatness and wisdom of God, as manifested in the construction of the human body. He then dwells, with equal richness of language and poetry, on the nothingness and misery of

human nature, and the necessity for humiliation before God on account of sin. The whole closes with a prayer for the temporal and eternal preservation of Israel, their restoration to their country, and the rebuilding of their sanctuary, and this is followed by a magnificent doxology.

The following lines, which speak of the nothingness and misery of human nature, we subjoin as a specimen of this grand hymn: "Man, from his existence is distressed, needy, mortified, and afflicted. From his beginning he is chaff that the wind blows away. From the time he came from his mother's womb, his night is sorrow, his day sadness. To-day he is elevated, to-morrow he breeds worms; a straw makes him draw back, a thorn wounds him. If in abundance, he becomes wicked; if hungry, a loaf of bread renders him criminal. He comes into the world, but knows not whence; he rejoices, but knows not why; he lives, but knows not how long. In his youth he walks in his depravity. When reason begins to give strength to his mind, he diligently seeks to accumulate wealth. He is constantly liable to troubles and the endless changes of events, subject to evil occurrences that happen every moment, until his life becomes a burden to him; in his honey he finds the venom of vipers. As the infirmities of age increase, the intellectual powers diminish; youth mock him, they rule him; he becomes a burden to those who sprung from his loins and all his acquaintance are estranged from him."

Gabirol is also the author of another work on ethics, entitled *Mibchar Happeninim*: a collection of ethical sentences from the Greek and Arabian philosophers, which has been translated into English by B. H. Asher, under the title "A Choice of Pearls," (London 1859.)—Contemporary with Ibn Gabirol was—

BACHJA IBN PAKUDA, (1050-1100, A.D.), surnamed "the Moralist." Little is known beyond the fact that he is the author of *Hhobot ha-Lebabot* or "The Duties of the Heart," an ethical work, written in a kind of poetical prose, but considered as a poem more on account of its sublimity of style and language, than for its actual versification. This work, in which more stress was laid on internal morality than on mere legality, was twice translated from the Arabic into Hebrew, and afterwards into several other languages. Whether Bachja lived before, after, or at the same time with Gabirol, is not fully ascertained; but he never mentions Gabirol in any of his books, which some take as a proof that he lived before Gabirol. "In Bachja's system," says a modern Jewish writer, "there is no poetry, no idealism, no theosophy. He is the lawyer and judge, the practical jurist, to whom man and his happiness, here and hereafter, is the object of his philosophical speculation. He is orthodox without an exception, in theology as well as in the acknowledgment of the Jewish sources, viz., the Bible and the tradition, neither of which he subjects to any criticism. But he adds to these two sources of information a third, viz., Reason, which he places at the head, and thus by means of Reason, Scripture, and Tradition, he seeks to demonstrate that the performance of spiritual

duties is not a mere supererogatory addition to that piety which is manifested in obedience to law, but is the foundation of all laws. As a poet Bachja is especially famed for a poem on "Self-examination," which is appended to the *Hhobot ha-Lebabot*, written in the style of the Arabic *makamim*, or rhymes without metre, and of which the following is a translation by Rev. M. Jastrow (*Jewish Index*, 1872):—

'Bless, the Lord, my soul and all that is
within me, bless his holy name!"
My soul, step forth with victorious
strength
And thy Creator praise
With thy sweetest lays.
Pour out before Him thy cares and vows;

From thy slumber rouse!
Think of thy home,
Keep in view the track,
Remember whence thou art come—
Whither thou goest back.

My soul, be not senseless, like a beast,
deeply sunk,
Be not drowsy, with passion drunk.
Hewn from reason's mine thou art—
From wisdom's well thy waters start—
From a holy place thou went'st forth—
From the city of strength thou wast sent to
earth—
From the Lord's heavenly realm.

My soul, gird thyself with intellect,
Be with wisdom's garment decked,
Rend asunder the rope,
From the body's prison elope;
Let its wanton pleasures not capture thee—
Its showy treasures not enrapture thee;
They melt away,
Like the dew before the day,
They avail naught when they begin,
And their end is shame and sin.

My soul, look carefully back
On thy pilgrim's track!
All cometh forth from dust,
And to the dust return it must!
Whatever has been moulded and built,
When the time is fulfilled,
Must go to the ground,
Where its material was found!

Death is Life's brother—
They keep fast to one another,
Each taking hold of one end of their plun-
der,
And none can tear them asunder!

Over that bridge, fragile, as glass,
All living on earth must pass!
Life is the ingress,
Death the egress;
Life builds up,
Death tears down.
Life sows,
Death mows;
Life sets the shoots,
Which death uproots
Life combines,
Death untwines;
Life together strings,
Death asunder flings!
Behold this, and keep well in mind,
The chalice is for thee, too, designed,
And thou must leave at once
Thy lodging room,
When thy time has come
For the silent tomb.
Then thou wilt come
To thy eternal home,
Where thou shall show thy work and
receive thy wages,
On rightful scales and gauges,
Or good or bad, according to the worth
Of thy deeds on earth.

Therefore, incline thine ear
To my lessons, and hear;
Forget what on earth thou hast dear.
Get thee up, and to thy Master pray,
By night and by day;
Bow down before Him—be meek,
And let thy tears bedew thy cheek.
Beg on thy bended knees,
Perhaps thy King will please
To lift up to thee His face,
And grant thee peace and grace;
That His mercy shine forth
On thee while on earth,
And when returning to thy rest—
As He hath ever blest
Thee from the day of thy birth.

My soul, provision for thy journey prepare,
Gather plenty—do not spare;
For long is the way.
Nor postpone in slow delay.

Say not to-morrow
I will borrow
What I need for the way,
For swift passes the day,
And what may happen at last
There is none to forecast.
The day that is gone
Is lost like a shade,
But what thereon thou hast done
Is counted and paid.

Say not, "To-morrow I will do my task."
When comes the dying day?
None can say
Of all thou mayest ask.
Therefore hasten to do each day its work,
For the deadly arrows lurk;
The bow is bent,
Let thy mind be intent
On doing thy duty each day.
Care for no rest—be prepared;
For man must fly away,
Like a bird from his nest,
When scared.
Nor think, "When I am released from this
prison,
And I am arisen,
I will return and repent
For a livelong day mispent."
For doing good no time can then be won,
For evil pursuit the temptation is gone.
Return cannot avail,
Repentance must fail,
Remorse cannot free
From iniquity.
To render account,
And pay in full amount,
Is thy destiny in yonder world;
There the scroll lies unfurled,
Where, with man's own hand,
His acts are sealed,
Though here carefully concealed.
There, every good deed
Shall find its meed.

Who fears the Lord here,
To him shall be near,
And judgment shall be shown
To those who disown
The Lord and His throne!
Who say to their God,
"Go out of our road;
Who is the Almighty, that we should serve
Him,
And what boots it that we entreat Him?"

My soul, if thou art wise, it is thine own
gain;
If foolish, it is to thine own pain.
Therefore accept counsel—be wise;
Do not despise,
But in thy heart deep hold
What David's son hath told,
"Hear my concluding word,
Fear the Lord,"
And observe His commandments holy,
For this is the man solely.
Every deed in God's court will be sued,
Whether bad or good,
And what here is concealed
Will there be revealed."
Forget not, "man with his hand signs his
name,
And his acts he cannot disclaim."
Remember, "no darkness, no shade of death
Can hide those who tread the wicked path."
Seek the Lord, thy light,
With all thy might.
Walk in meekness—pursue right,
That thou be bidden with thy Master
On the day of disaster.
Then shalt thou shine like the heavens
bright,
And like the sun when going forth in his
might,
And o'er thy head
Shall be spread,
The rays of the sun of grace that brings,
Health and joy on his wings."

To this period also belongs ITACHA, also called BEN-JASUS, and by his Arabic name, *Abu Ibrahim Isaac ibn Kastar (or Saktar) ben Jasus* of Toledo, (born A. D. 982, and died in 1057). He was famous as a physician philosopher, grammarian, and commentator. He wrote a Hebrew grammar, called "*The Book of Syntax*," and *Sepher Itzohaki*, on biblical criticism, in which he boldly criticises that portion of Genesis which describes the Kings of Idumea, (Gen. xxxvi, 30 seq.), maintaining that it was written many centuries after Moses.

Looking beyond the Pyrenees we find about this time the beginning of

Bible exegesis with **MENACHEM BEN-CHELBO**, the author of a commentary on the whole bible, of which a few fragments are only preserved. His brother was **SIMEON BEN-CHELBO CARA** also **SIMEON HA-DARSHAN**, the author of a famous collection of Midrashim, on almost every verse of the Old Testament which he published under the name of *Yalkut*. This vast thesaurus contains a condensed commentary on the entire Old Testament, and gives the substance of more than fifty books, many of which are lost. The *Yalkut* has often been printed since its first publication in 1521.

We cannot omit to mention **RABBI MOSES OF NARBONNE**, a pupil of Rabbi Gershon, and teacher of Nathan, the author of the *Aruch*. Moses composed a commentary on the Pentateuch and on other parts of the Old Testament. These expositions are only known from the copious and numerous fragments which we find by Raymond Martin in his *Pugio Fidei* (Paris, 1651; Leipsic, 1687,) both in the original Hebrew and in a Latin translation, and others. On account of his pulpit eloquence Rabbi Moses received the honorary surname of *ha-Drashan* or "The Preacher."

To this time, probably, belongs *The Book Zerubabel*, the work of an Italian mystic, according to Grätz, between 1050-1060. It is an apocalyptic book, written in the form of a dialogue between Zerubabel and the angel Metatron, about the birth, education, life, war and death of Armillu, who is about to appear after the war between Gog and Magog, etc. The wonders of the Messiah are to be seen, between 1063 and 1068. It was first printed in Constantinople in 1579 and of late it was published by Jellinek in his *Beth ha-midash* (vol. II. p. 54 seq., Leipsic 1853).

Among the Karaites, the literature of this time is hardly worth mentioning. The only representative was **JACOB BEN REUBEN**, the author of a biblical commentary, entitled *Sefer ha-Oshér*, written about 1050, and who probably lived in the Byzantine Empire. The study of Hebrew grammar, which they cultivated so much at their first start, was now so neglected, that Ali Ibn Sulaiman, the author of a Hebrew Lexicon in the Arabic language was obliged to accept Ibn Hayug's grammatical rules and notes.—**BERNHARD PICK.**

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It has often been remarked that men and women after middle age, and sometimes before that period, are much averse to change of any sort. They share Montaigne's aversion to novelty. "*Je suis desgouté de nouveleté quelque visage qu'elle porte,*" remarks that genial old philosopher. Without perhaps actually stating the opinion that "Whatever is, is right," we may yet say that deep down in the hearts of men and women who have passed

their first youth is the firm conviction that whatever was good enough for them and their fathers is good enough for the growing generation. But as an able woman, one who herself felt acutely the cramping and narrowing influences that so fetter the lives of women, has said, "To delight in doing things because our fathers did them is good if it shuts out nothing better; it enlarges the range of affection—and affection is the broadest basis of good in life." And it is because one believes that by the opposition to the movement for the Higher Education of Women much good will be shut out, that one is much dismayed by the antagonism displayed towards it. Many and various have been the opinions expressed on this subject, and so general has been the bulk of publicly expressed opinion against this higher education, as almost to justify the head of one of the best of our colleges for women in her complaint that "public opinion is very much against our work." But to those who believe in the truth of their cause, opposition, however general, can never damp their ardor; and they are further comforted by the reflection that "in human affairs no extension of belief, however widespread, is *per se* evidence of truth."

The objections that have been urged against this movement may be shortly summarized as follows:—The opponents of higher education for women tell us that it will so tax and enfeeble the energies of women that their constitutions will prove unequal to the strain. Nay, with a cool assumption of the point at issue, characteristic, one regrets to say, of the opponents of this movement, they tell us that "women, though they may give up every thought of matrimony, *are* unequal to the strain, and had better remain unequal." Further, however, probably with an uncomfortable conviction that women, by virtue of this fatal higher education, have already accomplished a good deal, it is argued that, even should they succeed in rivalling men in work hitherto confined to men, the women's strength will be so exhausted that they will prove unequal to the further strain entailed by the duties of matrimony with its consequent motherhood. The result of this enfeeblement will be that the children of such highly educated women will be weak and immature, and so there will be perpetuated, not only fewer children—not certainly an unmixed evil—but that these children will, in the natural course of events, bring forth descendants unable to survive in the battle of life. And we learn from a woman, herself of considerable ability, that this evil result and more has already ensued, short as is the time during which this higher education has been in operation. Mrs. Lynn Linton asserts that "the number of women who cannot nurse their own children is yearly increasing in the educated and well-conditioned classes, and coincident with this special failure is the increase of uterine disease. This I have," adds Mrs. Linton, "from one of our most famous specialists." One may remark on this, in passing, that the above assertion is an interesting example of *non sequitur*. There are many features of

social life also coincident with this higher education, but they are not by any means necessarily due to this education. Further, Miss F. P. Cobbe, in an extremely interesting paper on the "Little Health of Ladies," in the *Contemporary Review*, 1878, holds a view that differs widely from that of Mrs. Linton. Miss Cobbe points out that it is especially among the wealthy and well-conditioned classes that there is so much illness, but she ascribes its prevalence to causes none of which can be described as in the remotest degree connected with excessive exercise of the brain.

It is further argued that to be successful in the race some women wish to run—i. e., to reach a slightly higher intellectual level than they at present occupy—they must remain a class apart; they must, in fact, be celibates. As it has been very frankly, if not very intelligently, asserted: "To justify the cost of her education a woman ought to devote herself to its use, else does it come under the head of waste; and to devote herself to its use, she ought to make herself celibate by philosophy and for the utilization of her material." She must, in short, give up all thoughts of domestic pleasures save and except those that are enjoyed by bachelors. And, it being assumed that higher education is only compatible with celibacy, and that only the better class of women will go in for it, we are told that only inferior women would be left to perpetuate the race, to the great detriment of society. Among other disabilities that are prophesied for those women who are rash enough to wish to cultivate their brains, one finds that they must discard petticoats, which hamper their movements, and so hinder them from competing effectually with men in men's occupations. "Whatever," says Dr. Richardson, "therefore, there is of elegance in the present form of female attire, that must be sacrificed to the necessities of competition with men in the work common to men;" and then he adds this highly instructive, and, one ventures to think, highly original, view of the importance of woman's dress, and which may possibly cause some women to reconsider their determination:—"The dress she wears under the *régime* of woman, the mother of men and women, is the sign of the destiny which holds her from the active work of men, and which affords her the opportunity for bedecking herself so as to fulfil her destiny with elegance and fascination." Surely the gospel of clothes could no further go. It is also maintained that this fulfilling of her destiny with elegance and fascination, or otherwise, will be seriously interfered with by leading to a modification of the present mode of dress, concerning the beauty of which opinions differ. But should woman be so ill-advised as to enter the ranks with men she will find that, just as men's occupations stamp themselves in repression of visage, in tone of voice, in carriage of body, and in size and shape of hands, so must she not hope to escape this supposed degradation of elegance and beauty entailed by these modifications. Finally—this time also an æsthetic argument, and therefore supposed to be

peculiarly adapted to convince female intellects, and those who believe that there is, after all, something higher for woman to do than simply to bedeck herself for the fulfilling of her destiny with elegance and fascination—woman is warned that, should she persist in her ill-advised course, the awful result will ensue that her forehead will become slightly larger, as a necessary consequence of the increase of brain power; and it seems that some æsthetic genius has laid it down, apparently for all time, that in woman “a large forehead is felt to derogate from beauty.”

The value of this æsthetic peculiarity of woman's forehead can be properly appreciated only when we learn that “the frontal regions, which correspond to the non-excitabile region of the brain of the monkey, are small or rudimentary in the lower animals, *and their intelligence and powers of reflective thought correspond.*” * And from his researches, Professor Ferrier sees reason to believe that “development of the frontal lobes is greatest in men with the highest intellectual powers, and, taking one man with another, the greatest intellectual power is characteristic of the one with the greatest frontal development.” When we thus turn to science, we get small encouragement for our admiration of small foreheads—an admiration that is very analogous to the complacency with which the Chinese regard the distorted and unnatural feet of their women. The foregoing objections form a list of disabilities, social, physical, and moral, that is sufficiently appalling to minds accustomed to accept all *ex cathedrâ* statements as gospel, and to receive assertions, as established facts, and we know that women's minds are peculiarly susceptible to such influences.

But through all the objections there run two assumptions, neither of which is warranted by anything much beyond the dictum of some more or less trustworthy authority, and a few cases of injury produced by injudicious and excessive study, probably conjoined with a delicate constitution. These assumptions are—(1) that this higher education of women, as carried out, say, at Girton and Newnham, is inconsistent with physical health; and (2) it is implied and assumed that the physical health of the women of the present day is of an extremely satisfactory character. Before proceeding to examine these points, we may remark as rather a melancholy fact that most of the opposition to this movement comes, not from the uneducated and illiterate, but from the learned and from those who, with more knowledge, ought to know better; particularly is it in the medical profession that the most bitter opposition is met with. The attitude of this profession towards women who have endeavored to enter medicine, in which there is a great sphere for them, has been, one regrets to say it, one of uncompromising hostility; so much so as to pretty nearly justify Miss F. P. Cobbe when she says that the wisdom of the medical profession on this subject may be thus summed up:—

* Ferrier, *Functions of the Brain*.

"Women, beware!" it cries; "beware! You are on the brink of destruction. You have hitherto been engaged only in crushing your waists; now you are attempting to cultivate your minds! You have been merely dancing all night in the foul air of ball-rooms; now you are beginning to spend your mornings in study. You have been incessantly stimulating your emotions with concerts and operas, with French plays and French novels; now you are exerting your understanding to learn Greek and solve propositions in Euclid! Beware, oh beware! Science pronounces that the woman who *studies*—is lost!"

To those who know anything of the opposition manifested by the medical profession towards this movement, such a description as the foregoing, though severe, must appear accurate. But, as was remarked, it has been too readily implied that the health of those women who are most likely to go in for this higher education is at present good—an assumption which any one on very short consideration can contradict from his own experience.

Where do we find grown girls whose physical health and nervous energy are such that they would go a long walk for the sake of the physical exercise it gives them? But we do find too many girls who, at the age when the bodily condition should be most vigorous, and their nervous energy most active, find their strength and nervous energy quite exhausted by the labor required for dressing and going for a solemn walk into town, whence they return exhausted and fagged out, instead of benefited. And can we wonder at this, when we see the methods invented by fashion to so attire our women that their arms and legs are so hampered, and their bodies so compressed, that free active exercise is impossible? No wonder then that woman should find it such a trouble to dress, and that, being such a trouble, it is as often as possible avoided, until her exercise is pretty much as limited as that of the model woman in Socrates, where the good husband "advises his wife to take exercise by folding up and putting by clothes, so obtaining what she ought to have obtained by walking out."

Such meagre exercise as our women take is quite inconsistent, not only with health, but with beauty. Any one who knows anything of gynæcology is aware that many feminine troubles are due solely to want of exercise, with consequent weak and defective health; and more cases come under the notice of specialists, famous or otherwise, from this defective and weak state of health of our women, than have ever come, or are ever likely to come, from the injurious effects of this higher education. So prevalent is the general weak physical condition of women that one cannot but agree with Miss Cobbe's reflection—"that the Creator should have planned a whole sex of patients, that the normal condition of the female of the human species should be to have legs which walk not, and brains which can only work on pain of disturbing the rest of the ill-adjusted machine—this is to me simply incredible."

With a higher intellectual training, and the mind consequently more actively employed, one can safely say that specialists in women's diseases would lose many of their most profitable patients, many of whom come

under their care from that fruitful source of feminine ills—an unoccupied mind and the consequent *ennui*. Were a doctor to lose his female patients he would lose a considerable part of his practice, depending, as it does to so great an extent, on the many ailments so certain to affect any creature so “cribbed, cabined, and confined” as are most of our women. For one case of woman’s disease that comes under the care of a medical man, due to the injurious effects of this higher education, there are a score of women that come under his care for similar diseases that have no such explanation as over-exercise of brain to offer as the cause of their ailment. To assume, therefore, that the present or past health of our women is anything approaching the standard of physical excellence is an assumption indeed. What women have already done in mechanical work Dr. Richardson has told us. As editors of papers, and as managers of business houses, women have proved their capacity. As clerks in the Post-Office, which can only be entered by competitive examination, the Postmaster-General has announced that they have proved their competency. And it is a sign of good omen that, at a meeting of compositors and printers in London a short time ago, there was passed a resolution on this subject, in which, while expressing a strong opinion that “women are not physically capable of performing the duties of a compositor,” the conference recommended the admission of female compositors into the Union, “upon the same conditions as journeymen, provided always the females are paid strictly in accordance with the scale.”

When one proceeds to more purely intellectual work, one finds that in the examinations for the Triposes held at Girton and Newnham, as well as in the ordinary B. A. Degree Examination, and at London University, women have proved themselves the equals of men; while the list of appointments subsequently held by those who have so successfully passed their examinations—appointments as medical officers at home and abroad, as well as to educational positions entailing onerous and fatiguing duties—sufficiently demonstrates, one would imagine, that there are, at any rate, very many women who, besides having been capable of the physical and mental strain necessary to pass such examinations, are yet further able to undertake and fulfil the duties of posts that necessarily involve much mental and physical work. But though this is so, one cannot, and one need not, ignore the fact that occasionally cases do undoubtedly occur of serious injury to the health of women from over-exercise of brain; nor is this result to be wondered at. We know that when a low type of civilization comes into contact and competition with one of a higher grade, an evil result to the lower type will ensue. The law of survival of the fittest will come into operation, the weaker will suffer, and those that survive will be those most suitable for the stages of evolution necessary in the progress of a lower to a higher type. So, though to a much more limited extent, will

mischievousness ensue when a lower type of, or a less highly developed, brain endeavors, without previous careful training, to undertake tasks easy to the more highly trained intellect of man.

Through many generations, women have been kept intellectually in swaddling clothes. Just as the Chinese cramp up the feet of their girls and get ridiculed for their pains, so do we, with more enlightenment, and therefore with more sin, circumscribe the mental growth of our girls, thereby earning, if not receiving, the ridicule that is properly our due. From the earliest years this cramping and paralyzing influence begins. At an age when physiologically there is little difference between the sexes, the boy expends his surplus nervous energy on his rough but healthy games, untrammelled by clinging garments; while the girl is taught, even thus early, that it is improper and unbecoming to romp about as her nervous energy would dictate; and, as if still further to hamper the natural, healthy movements of the body, we dress our girls in materials readily soiled, with pinafores and ribbons, which they are carefully enjoined—dear little souls!—to keep scrupulously clean. Later on, this difference in training, while still continuing and increasing as regards the physical education, is extended to the mental culture, and various subjects—for example, Euclid and algebra—are excluded, for some occult reason, from the curriculum for girls, the male brain alone being evidently considered capable of tackling such studies. So that by the time girls are fully grown we find that, from want of proper exercise in their earlier days, their bodies are weaker than those of boys, and, from the starving system adopted in the mental training, the woman's brain is necessarily very imperfectly developed. And thus, as a consequence, woman is incapable of much healthy exercise, as walking, and quite incapable of running—whoever saw a young lady run?—while her highest intellectual aspirations are usually fully satisfied by a perusal of the fashion-column of the newspaper, supplemented by social studies, gathered from novels, say, by the late Mrs. Henry Wood.

Even now, when much progress has been made, when Oxford and Cambridge teachers accept fees from the students of Girton and Newnham, and examine them as they do the students at the Universities, we find a curious survival of this circumscribing process, because, while the girls undergo examinations for the degree of B. A., this degree is withheld from them. It is laid down thus: "To all women who pass any one or more of the Triposes, certificates are now formally granted by the University, declaring that they have attained to the standard of the first, second, or third class in an honors examination for the B. A. degree; *but this degree, for various reasons, is not conferred upon them.*" For the same curious but unaccountable reason one may suppose it is that we are familiar now with the spectacle of a girl being allowed to compete for a scholarship, but, on gaining

the first place, the prize is denied to the successful student because she happens to be a girl.

The intellectual features that characterize women correspond to what one would expect from human beings confined and hampered, bodily and mentally, as women are. The development of a girl into a woman is much more rapid than that of a boy to a fully grown man. This early development is one of the most characteristic features of all simple and lowly developed organisms, which are developed slower the more complex and highly organized they are. Further, women are very impulsive and prone to act on and trust to what they call their instincts, which are only their imperfectly trained powers. They are extremely credulous—a feature that renders them peculiarly open to anything that assumes the appearance of authority. Finally, they are characterized by great emotional excitability, partly due, of course, to physiological peculiarities, but more due to the want of development of any controlling power, which is only to be attained by education of the higher brain-centres.

“In proportion,” says Professor Ferrier, “to the development and degree of education of the centres of inhibition do acts of volition lose their impulsive character and acquire the aspect of deliberation. . . . If the centres of inhibition, and thereby the faculty of attention, are weak, or present impulses unusually strong, volition is impulsive rather than deliberate.”

And Professor Ferrier comes to the conclusion that “the centres of inhibition being thus the essential factors of attention, constitute the organic basis of all the higher intellectual faculties, and in proportion to their development we should expect a corresponding intellectual power.” In fact, in woman it is undoubtedly true that, owing to the want of any counteracting influence, “the emotional is at its maximum, and the intellectual or discrimination is at its minimum.” This being so, is it at all wonderful if, when these women or their children are set to unwonted intellectual tasks, there should ensue some evil results? But let us attribute the evil results to their true cause, which is found in our old vicious social customs, which, by hindering the full physical development of our girls, render them weak and delicate in body, and, by limiting their studies in school, necessarily unfit them for undertaking higher intellectual work. The reports by some inspectors of schools, which are so often brought forward for the discomfiture of those who believe implicitly in statistics, are anything but conclusive against the higher education of woman. The reports, at least quoted, are devoted mainly to pointing out that there exists much headache among the children, which may easily be. But to attribute this headache to higher education alone is surely a very unscientific proceeding more especially when we hear nothing about the state of ventilation of the schools, the amount of time devoted to exercise, and whether there is an irregular and improper feeding, all of which factors have been proved

produce headaches and other evils. In children's schools, too, there is often too much expected from the pupils, and they are crammed instead of being instructed for the examinations, on their passing of which depends unfortunately the teacher's result-fees. With less cram, more outdoor exercise, and good and regular feeding, little headache is to be found.

In the *Lancet* the other day was a note of a report on myopia by Dr. Widmach, who carried out an investigation on the effect produced by study on the eyesight among the young people of the more important schools of Stockholm; and he found that in more advanced pupils myopia was much more common and more marked amongst girls, which circumstance Dr. Widmach very properly considers is accounted for mainly by "the great inferiority of physical education and opportunities for outdoor games in girls' schools, and by the needlework and music, which are there so frequently the employment of out of school hours." Were all our school reports written out with the scientific discrimination that characterizes that of Dr. Widmach, we should hear less of the direful results of the higher education of women. But, to listen to the fearful indictment brought against this movement, one would imagine that both the hours of study and the curriculum were very exacting. What are the facts? In Girton and Newnham, which may fairly be taken as representative of the best features of this movement, it is found, in the first place, that the average age of the students is twenty years, so that they are not raw girls, but have reached their full physical growth, except perhaps in bulk. Further, the intending student must pass an entrance examination, which is a guarantee that they must have at least some capacity for profiting by the course of study. The number of hours of study averages 768, including time spent in hearing lectures, which would make the actual hours spent in hard reading four to six, not surely a very trying day's work. The time for meals is from two to three hours. All studying soon after meals is rigidly discouraged. And yet, in spite of the severe mental training that the passing of such examinations entails, and which should, if the objections have any value, produce such physical exhaustion that there would be small inclination for exercise beyond a gentle stroll, we find, on the contrary, that there is manifested by the students an extremely healthy aptitude for such athletic games as lawn tennis and racquets; while the course of training is so carefully regulated by the able women at the head of these colleges, that the general health of the students is extremely good, cases of break-down from overwork being very rare. Such testimony is, one would imagine, worth bushels of reports about headaches found among pupils of lower schools where cram prevails, and where there is little attention paid to physical education. The argument that, in order to make proper use of her education, a woman should remain unmarried, has no value when we find that the outcry about the injury done by the higher education is

founded on very insufficient premises. Were it, however, necessary that some highly educated women, like many others not so cultured, should remain celibate, they would be in good company, seeing that Handel, Beethoven, Reynolds, Turner, Michael Angelo, and Raphael all belonged to the honorable order of bachelors.

It is always assumed that the destiny of every woman, which she is to fulfil with elegance and fascination, if possible, is marriage. But, considering that the number of women in excess of men in these islands has been estimated at about 1,000,000, it is obvious that many must lead solitary lives, and must, therefore, make homes for themselves. But as none can tell beforehand which girls are to be married and which to be celibate—such things, like kissing, going by favor—it is essential that the education should be such as will qualify all women for making their own way in the world. Even should a woman marry, it is surely a most extraordinary thing to say that her education is lost and of no value, or that the expenditure on her education is thereby thrown away. A man now a-days wants something more than a good housewife and mother of his children. Time was when the education of men generally being very indifferent, they were not particularly sensible of any great deficiency of education in their spouses, and were content when her erudition extended no deeper than her prayer-book and a receipt-book—which seems to have been its extent, according to Macaulay, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. But with the progress of education and learning comes a longing for a companion, and for one whose face does not assume a blank appearance when anything more subtle than baby-clothes forms the subject of conversation. A man now is not likely to be so easily satisfied as was that Prince of whom Montaigne tells us, who, on being told that the lady he was about to marry was not very learned, replied: "*Qu'il l'en aymoît mieulx, et qu'une femme estoit assez sçavante quand elle sçavoit mettra difference entre la chemise et le pourpoint de son mary.*" Now such knowledge, though desirable, not to say necessary, in the wife of one's bosom, would hardly suffice to make a very intelligent companion.

One of the most important results, however, that will accrue to society from the further extension of higher education of women, will be the beneficial effect it will have over the character of the children borne by such cultured women. If there is one law in Nature more certain than another—it is that the mental, no less than the bodily, characteristics are transmitted to the offspring. This being so, it is, to say the least, advisable that our future mothers, as well as the fathers, should have as much culture and education as is attainable without injury to health. Had the higher education been in vogue when Goethe lived, perhaps he had married some other woman than his servant, and his son might have been another, possibly better, Goethe, instead of being so deficient in intellectual capacity that he

father always spoke of him, with grimly sarcastic truth, as "*der Sohn der Magd.*"

It is quite probable, as Mr. Spencer very properly points out, that Edwin is not, as a rule, brought to Angelina's feet by her German. But surely it is as equally true that, unless Edwin is an absolute idiot, the knowledge that Angelina can whisper soft nothings in his ear in that learned but slightly guttural language will not be a very fatal obstacle to his declaration. Rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and a finely rounded form are no doubt great attractions, and very desirable. But if one's wife has only these physical attractions, without a corresponding mental development, she may prove a very good nursemaid, but not a very intelligent helpmeet. It is also worth remembering, as Professor Mahaffy very properly says, that "it is only when mental refinement is added to physical beauty, that love rises from an appetite to a sentiment." And when those laughing eyes grow dim, and the rosy cheeks assume the contour of the full moon, while the finely rounded form has reached those proportions that roused so much the susceptibilities of Nathaniel Hawthorne, then will one find out, if not before, the advantages of having some mental as well as physical health and beauty. And such education will not render women the less capable of undertaking one of the most important tasks that fall to the lot of any, viz., the care and training of the growth and development of a child's mind.

Finally, we should recognize a fact, too often ignored, that, after all, woman has a life of her own to lead. There are many problems in life that a woman has to solve for herself with such light as she may derive from her education, and on the proper solution of some of these problems will depend much for good or for evil, both to herself and to those with whom she may be connected. It is, therefore, very desirable that she should have as much help as may be given by a highly trained intellect, and, in proportion to her previous mental training, will be her capacity for judging and living rightly.

In conclusion, one cannot but feel that this movement will not only be of advantage to women themselves, whom it will raise socially and mentally, but that it will also be of service to the race, by giving us mothers whose cerebral development will be such that their children will be more easily taught, and capable of much more than the children of less able mothers. Further, by giving otherwise inadequately occupied women healthy occupation for their minds, it will get rid of that *ennui* which is so fruitful of much evil, and so prolific of patients that fill the consulting rooms of medical men. Tennyson's ideal—

"She with all the charm of woman,
She with all the breadth of man"—

may be only an ideal, but it is one, at least, that is worth striving for. And

if, with our narrow and limited methods of education, we do meet with some women who come up to this ideal, what may we not expect when a fuller and more gracious life is opened out to woman?

The movement may be marked by extravagances, and the methods adopted for the attainment of the end may not be the best possible, but this is, after all, only another mode of saying that the movement is directed by human beings. George Macdonald says truly: "The tide of action in these later years flows more swiftly in the hearts of women, whence has resulted so much that is nobler, so much that is paltry, according to the nature of the heart in which it swells." Let us then recognize generously that there is such a tide, and that although we may, by our opposition, delay the progress of the current, yet we can no more arrest it than could Dame Partington with her mop stop the progress of the Atlantic.—*Westminster Review*.

ISLAM AND CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

ONE-FIFTH of the human race dwells in India, and every fifth Indian at least is a Mahomedan, yet many people contend that Islam is not a creed which propagates itself vigorously in the great Peninsula. Where do they imagine that the fifty odd millions of Mussulmans in India came from? Not ten per cent. of them ever claim to be descendants of immigrants, whether Arab, Persian, or Pathan, and of that ten per cent. probably half are descendants only by adoption, the warrior chiefs who followed successful invaders allowing their bravest adherents, if Mussulmans, to enroll themselves in their own clans. Almost all, moreover, are half-breeds, the proportion of women who entered India with the invaders having been exceedingly small. The remainder—that is, at least ninety per cent. of the whole body—are Indians by blood, as much children of the soil as the Hindoos, retaining many of the old pagan superstitions, and only Mussulmans because their ancestors embraced the faith of the great Arabian. They embraced it too for the most part from conviction. There is a popular idea in this country that India was at some time or other invaded from the North by a mighty conqueror, who set up the throne of the Great Mogul, and compelled multitudes to accept Islam at the point of the sword; but this is an illusion. Mahomed authorized conversion by force, and Islam owes its political importance to the sword, but its spread as a faith is not due mainly to compulsion. Mankind is not so debased as that theory would assume, and the Arab conquerors were in many countries resisted to the death. The pagan tribes of Arabia saw in Mahomed's victories proof that his creed was divine, and embraced it with a startling ardor of conviction; but outside Arabia the bulk of the common people who submitted to the Khalifs either

retained their faith, as in Asia Minor, or were extirpated, as in Persia and on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. The Arabs colonized on an enormous scale, and, being careless what women they took, mixed their blood freely, so that in Syria, Egypt, the Soudan, and the enormous territory stretching from Barca to Tangier the population is essentially Arab with more or less of crossing. The Tartars were persuaded, not conquered, and they and the Arabs are still the dominant races of the Mussulman world which has converted no European race except a few Albanians—with all their intellectual superiority and their military successes, the Arabs never converted Spain—and has gained its converts in China and in Africa almost exclusively by preaching.

It was the same in India. Here and there, as in Sind and Mysore, a small population may be found whose ancestors were converted by persecution, and doubtless successful invaders occasionally terrified or bought with immunities large groups of Indians. But that the process was neither general nor steadily pursued is proved by two broad facts—*first*, that India is not a Mahomedan country, but a Hindoo country in which Mahomedans are numerous; and, *secondly*, that in no part of the Peninsula can the distribution of faith be fairly considered territorial. Mussulman villages are everywhere found among Hindoo villages, and Mussulman families dwell among Hindoo families in a way which, if India had ever been “converted” systematically, would have been impossible. The early missionaries of Islam could not use force, and, as to the invaders who conquered and remained, they seldom or never wished to use it, for the sufficient reason that it was not their interest. They wanted to found principalities, or kingdoms, or an empire, not to wage an internecine war with their own tax-paying subjects, or to arouse against themselves the unconquerable hostility of the warrior races of the gigantic Peninsula, who were, and who remain, Hindoo. The truth is that Mahomedan proselytism by preaching began in India, then held to be far the richest of the great divisions of Asia, within three centuries from the Hegira, and has continued ever since; that is, for a period of probably nine hundred years at least, during which the process, now vigorous, now slackening, has never been entirely intermitted. In other words, Islam, though often assisted by authority, has taken three times the time to convert a fifth of the people of India that Christianity, though constantly suffering persecution, took to convert the Roman Empire. Islam probably never advanced with the speed of Christianity when first contending with paganism, and certainly never with the speed with which the faith spread in the tenth century throughout Russia.

Yet the missionaries of Islam from the first had many and great advantages. They were, if judged by our modern standards, exceedingly numerous. The more fervent Arabs, with their gift of eloquence and their habit of teaching, after the long battle with the outside world had ceased, took to

the work of proselytism with an ardor never displayed by modern Christians, and as fast as they made converts they raised up new missionaries, often by villages at a time. Europeans habitually forget that every Mussulman is more or less of a missionary; that is, he intensely desires to secure converts from non-Mussulman peoples. Such converts not only increase his own chance of heaven, but they swell his own faction, his own army, his own means of conquering, governing, and taxing the remainder of mankind. All the emotions which impel a Christian to proselytize are in a Mussulman strengthened by all the motives which impel a political leader and all the motives which sway a recruiting sergeant, until proselytism has become a passion which, whenever success seems practicable, and especially success on a large scale, develops in the quietest Mussulman a fury of ardor which induces him to break down every obstacle, his own strongest prejudices included, rather than stand for an instant in a neophyte's way. He welcomes him as a son, and whatever his own lineage, and whether the convert be Negro or Chinaman or Indian or even European, he will without hesitation or scruple give him his own child in marriage, and admit him fully, frankly, and finally into the most exclusive circle in the world.

The missionaries of such a faith are naturally numerous, and when they first assailed India they found, as they have done ever since, a large proportion of the population ready at least to listen to their words. India was occupied then, as it is occupied now, by a thick population of many races, many tongues, and many degrees of civilization, but all differentiated from the rest of mankind in this. Cultivated or uncultivated, they had all keen minds, and all their minds were occupied by the old problem of the whence and whither. They were all religious in a way, and all afraid of something not material. Hindooism was then, as it is now, not so much a creed as a vast congeries of creeds of modes of belief as to the right method of escaping an otherwise evil destiny rendered inevitable, not only by the sins of this life, but by the sins of a whole series of past and unremembered lives. It is the belief in transmigration which Europeans always forget, and which governs the inner souls of the Hindoo millions, who believe in their past existence as fervently as orthodox Christians believe in a future one. The efforts to solve the problem and rescue themselves from destiny were endless, and included millions. Some heresies involved whole peoples. One heresy, Buddhism, almost became the creed of the land. Great heretics made more converts than Luther. New cults rose with every generation into partial favor. New castes sprang up almost every year, that is, new groups of persons separated themselves from the rest of mankind in order, through new rules of ceremonial purity, to insure further their security against a pursuing fate. The process which now goes on endlessly then went on endlessly, till India was a sweltering mass of beliefs, ideas, religious customs, and rules of life all or nearly all

instigated by fear, by an acute dread that somehow, after so much labor, so much self-denial, such hourly bondage to ceremonial precaution, the end might ultimately be missed. The essence of the life of Hindooism, if not of its creeds, is fear—fear of the unknown result which may follow upon error either in conduct or in faith or in ceremonial. A single belief, the belief in his pre-existence, which is firmly accepted by every Hindoo, fills his mind with vague terrors from which, while that conviction lasts, there cannot be by possibility any full relief. He is responsible for sins he knows nothing of, and who can say that any punishment for them would be unjust or excessive? If misfortune comes to him, that is his due; and a Hindoo, once unlucky, often broods like a Calvinist who thinks he is not of the elect. The modes of obtaining safety are infinite, but are all burdensome, and all, by the confession of those who use them, are more or less uncertain.

Amidst this chaos the missionaries of Islam preached the haughtiest, the most clear-cutting, and the least elevated form of monotheism ever taught in this world—a monotheism which accounted for all things, ended discussion, and reconciled all perplexities by affirming that there existed a Sultan in the sky, a God, sovereign in His right as Creator, unbound even by His own character, who out of pure will sent these to heaven and those to hell who was Fate as well as God. This Being, lonely, omnipotent, and eternal, had revealed through Mahommed His will, that those who believed in Him should have eternal bliss in a heaven which was earth over again with its delights intensified and its restrictions removed, and that those who disbelieved should suffer torment for evermore. Could anything be more attractive to a Hindoo? If he only accepted the great tenet, which, after all, he suspected to be true, for the notion of a Supreme lurks in Hindooism, and is always unconditioned, his doubts were all resolved, his fears were all removed, his ceremonial burdens were all lifted off him, and he stepped forward comparatively a free man. Year after year, century after century, thousands turned to this new faith as to a refuge, tempted, not by its other and baser attractions, to be discussed presently, but by what seemed to the converts the intellectual truth of this central tenet, by which the complexity of the world was ended, for all things were attributed to a sovereign Will, whose operation explained and justified the Destiny which is to a Hindoo the ever present problem of his life. Nothing goes as it should, yet all things must be going as they should; what better or easier reconciliation of those facts than the existence of a Creator who, because He created, rules all as He will? Monotheism explains the mystery of the universe, and to the Hindoo dissatisfied with Hindooism seemed perfectly light.

In teaching this faith the missionaries of Islam had some further advantages besides its simplicity, though they are not those usually ascribed to them. To begin with, whether Arabs or Pathans or Persians or Indian

converts, they and their hearers were equally Asiatics, and had therefore a profound, though hardly conscious, sympathy. It may be hard to explain in what the comity of Asia consists, but of its existence there can be no reasonable doubt. Something radical, something unalterable and indestructible, divides the Asiatic from the European. Stand in a great Asiatic bazaar, with men of twenty races and ten colors and fifty civilizations moving about it, and every one is bound to every other by a common distaste for the European, even if he is an ally. There is not a European in Europe or America who does not feel that between himself and the Jew there is some dividing line which is independent of creed or of culture or of personal respect. Of all Christians, again, the most determined and, politically, the most powerless is the Armenian; but he is a true Asiatic, and accordingly, in the deepest recesses of the Mussulman world, in Arabia or in Afghanistan, where any other Christian would be slain at sight, he passes along as safe, from all save contempt, as any follower of Islam. Those evidences seem unanswerable, but there is one stronger still. The faith of the Moslem makes him accept, and accept heartily, every convert, be he Chinese or Negro or Indian, as a brother; but he regards one convert with a dull, inactive, but unsleeping suspicion, and that is the European renegade. The missionaries of Islam were personally acceptable in India because they were Asiatics, and because, though the creed they taught was universal, the rule of life by which it was accompanied was Asiatic too.

I do not mean by this, as most writers do, that the laxity of the sexual ethics taught by Mahommed was specially attractive to the Hindoo. I doubt if such laxity is attractive to any men seeking light, or has ever assisted greatly in the spread of any creed. The chastity of Christianity did not stop its spread in the dissolute society of the rotting Roman world. Of all the greater faiths Islam is the least elevated in this respect, for it allows not only polygamy, but free divorce at the man's will, and concubinage limited only by his power of purchasing slaves. It, in fact, consecrates the harem system, and, except as regards adultery or unnatural crime, legitimizes the fullest and most unscrupulous indulgence of lust. Nevertheless, it has never attracted the more lustful nations of Europe, such as the French; it is rejected by the least continent of mankind—the Chinese—and it has been accepted by millions of women, on whose behalf it relaxes nothing either in this world or the next. It is quite clear that polygamy is not the attraction of Islam for them, nor are they promised *mâté houri* in Paradise, even if they have any chance of attaining to Paradise at all. The truth is, that men desire in a creed an ideal higher than their practice. The most dissolute of European societies foisted upon Christianity a restriction, celibacy, stronger than any Christ had taught; and even among male Asiatics it is doubtful if laxity is so attractive as is commonly supposed. Asiatics care, it is true, nothing about purity, which, among Christians,

as much valued as chastity, and more safeguarded by opinion, the Asiatics holding that lust, like hunger, is neither evil nor good, but a mere appetite, the gratification of which under regulation is entirely legitimate. They are, therefore, tolerant of lustful suggestions even in their religious books, care nothing about keeping them out of literature or art, and do not understand, still less appreciate, the rigid system of obscurantism by which the European avoids the intrusion into ordinary life of anything that may even accidentally provoke sexual desire. But as regards the actual intercourse of the sexes Asiatics are not lax. The incontinence of the young is prevented by a careful system of betrothals and early marriages; even Mahomedanism punishes adultery with death; Buddhism is in theory nearly as clean as Christianity; and the Hindoo, besides being monogamous, regards divorce as at once monstrous and impossible.

It is probable that the laxity of Islam in its sexual ethics repelled rather than attracted Hindoo men, while to Hindoo women it must have been as disgusting as to Christians. The strongest proof of the grip that Islam takes, when it takes hold at all, is that in India women have been converted as numerously as men, though the Hindoo woman in accepting Islam loses her hope of heaven and the security of her position on earth both together. This repulsion, however, did not prevent conversion. The Hindoo never regards the sexual question as of high spiritual importance, and his philosophy trains him to believe that all ethics are personal—that what is forbidden to one man may not only be allowed to another, but enjoined upon him. It may be, for instance, imperative on an ordinary Brahmin to restrict himself to one wife, yet it may be perfectly right for a Koolin Brahmin to marry sixty; and though infanticide is to Hindoos, as to Christians, merely murder, there are tribes, often of the strictest purity of the faith, in which the practice is considered blameless. It is very doubtful if a Hindoo would altogether condemn a Thug, quite certain that he tolerates in certain castes practices he considers infamous in certain others. The Hindoo convert to Islam therefore accepted polygamy as allowed by God, who alone could allow or disallow it, and for the rest he found in the Sacred Law or Mahomedan rule of life nothing that was repellent.

That law, to begin with, allowed him to live the caste life—to be, that is, a member of an exclusive society maintaining equality within its own confines, but shut off from the rest of mankind by an invisible but impassable barrier or custom rigid as law. Such a caste the Indian, always timid, always conscious of being a mere grain in a sand-heap, and always liable to oppression, holds to be essential to his safety, secular and spiritual and he gives it up with a wrench which is to a European inconceivable. Once out of caste he is no longer a member of a strongly knit, if limited, society, which will protect him against the external world, give him coun-

tenance under all difficulties, and assure him all the pleasant relations of life, but is a waif, all alone, with every man's hand against him, and with every kind of oppression more than possible. Where is he to seek a surety, and where a wife for his son? The missionaries of Islam did not, and do not, ask him to abandon caste, but only to exchange his caste for theirs, the largest, the most strictly bound, and the proudest of all—a caste which claims not only a special relation to God, but the right of ruling absolutely all the remainder of mankind. Once in this caste the Hindoo convert would be the brother of all within it, hailed as an equal, and treated as an equal, even upon that point on which European theories of equality always break down, the right of intermarriage. John Brown, who died gladly for the Negro slave, would have killed his daughter rather than see her marry a Negro, but the Mussulman will accept the Negro as son-in-law, as friend, or as king to whom his loyalty is due. The Negro blood in the veins of the present Sultan affects no Mussulman's loyalty, and "Hubshees," who looked, though they were not, Negroes, have in India carved out thrones. The Mussulman caste, as a caste, attracts the Hindoo strongly, and so does the family life of Islam, which leaves him just the seclusion, just the household peace, and just the sovereignty within his own doors which are dear to his soul. He craves for a place where he may be in society, and yet out of society; not alone, and yet free for a time from the pressure and even from the observation of the outer world, which beyond the confines of his own caste is, if not directly hostile, at the best impure; and in Mahommedanism he finds his secluded home untouched. Islam leaves him his old sacred authority over his sons, an authority never questioned, far less resisted, and, what he values still more, absolute authority to dispose of his daughters in marriage at any age he himself deems fitting. This privilege is to him of inestimable value—is, indeed, the very key-note of any honorable and therefore happy condition of life.

It is necessary upon this matter to be a little plain. Nothing can be finer than the relation of an Indian father to his children, except perhaps their relation to him. His solicitude and their obedience know no end, and there is, as a rule, extraordinarily little tyranny displayed in the management of the young. The tendency, indeed, is to spoil them, but there is one grand exception to this habit of tenderness. The highest spirited European noble is not more sensitive about the chastity of his daughters than the Indian of any class, but the ideas of the two men as to the effectual method of securing it are widely apart. The European trusts to his daughter's principles, to an invisible but unbreakable wall of stringen-
etiquettes, to an ignorance fostered by a mother's care, and to the comparatively late age at which, for physiological reasons, the passions wake in Europe. The Indian knows that every girl born in his climate may be a mother at eleven while she is still a baby in intellect and in self-control.

knows that while still a child her passions wake, knows that he cannot keep her ignorant, and knows that he can no more at that age trust her principles than he could trust her not to play with toys, or eat the sweetmeats before her lips. The choice before him is early betrothal at his discretion, not hers, for she is incompetent to choose, or the seclusion in a nunnery which, if early marriage is ever abolished in India, will be the inevitable alternative, as it is now among the better classes in France. He has decided for the former course, and the new creed which approves and ratifies that decision is to him, therefore, an acceptable one. His notion of honorable life is not upset by the notion of his teachers, who upon all such points sympathize with him to the full.

As to the ceremonial restrictions involved in Mahommedanism, they are most of them his own restrictions, much liberalized in theory, and one of them receives his conscientious and most cordial approval. Here again it is necessary to be plain. In the present excited condition of English and American opinion upon the subject of alcohol, it is vain to hope that the unvarnished truth will be listened to without contempt, but still it ought to be told. There are temptations which tell differently on different men, and which, innocent for one set, are debasing—that is, utterly evil—for another. There are two moralities about drink, just as, if the effect of opium were different on different varieties of mankind, there would be two moralities about opium. The white races do not suffer, except as individuals, from alcohol. They do not as races crave it in excess, and except in excess it harms them only by causing an enormous and in great part useless waste of their labor. The white races which drink wine do not appear to have suffered at all, and even the white races which drink spirits have suffered very little. It is mere nonsense to talk of either the French or the Scotch as inferior peoples, and the Teutons in all their branches have done in all departments of life all that men may do. Individuals of all these races have suffered from drink in such numbers as to produce an unnatural average of crime, but the races have neither perished nor grown weak, nor shown any tendency to deterioration in intellectual power or in *morale*. The Scotch are better than they were three centuries ago, and the Jews, who drink everywhere, remain everywhere the same. It is different with the dark races and the red races. Owing probably to some hitherto untraced peculiarity of either their physical or more probably their mental constitutions, alcohol in any quantity seems to set most Asiatics—the Jews are an exception—on fire, to produce an irresistible craving for more, and to compel them to go on drinking until they are sunk in a stupor of intoxication. They appear to delight but little in the exhilaration produced by partial inebriety, and to seek always a total release from consciousness and its oppressions. The condition of “dead drunkenness,” which few even of drinking Northerners enjoy, is to them delightful. “I not drinker for

drinkee," said the Madras man; "I drinkee for drunkee." Alcohol is therefore to such races an intolerable evil, and its consumption by them is in the eyes of all strict moralists an immorality. It is the doing of a thing known to be, for that man, evil. This desire to drink for drinking's sake probably became stronger when the Aryans descended from the land of the grape to regions where it cannot be obtained, yet where arrack can be made in every village; and their early legislators therefore prohibited the use of alcohol with an absolute rigor which produced in the course of ages an instinctive abhorrence. No respectable Hindoo will touch alcohol in any form, and the Mahommedan restriction, which it is said cost Islam the adherence of the Russian people, seems to Hindoos a supplementary evidence of the Divine origin of the creed.

With their path thus cleared, with their great numbers, and with their persistent zeal, the missionaries of Islam ought long ere this to have converted the whole population of India to their faith, and it is a little difficult to account for the slowness of their progress. The best explanation probably is to be found in the dogged resistance of the priesthood, whose hold over the people is riveted by the superiority of their blood and of their natural intelligence, the Brahmin boy, for example, beating every other boy in every college in the country; in the conservatism of the masses, which rejects innovation as impiety; and in the saturation of the Hindoo mind with the pantheistic idea, which is utterly opposed to Mahommedanism and to the whole series of assumptions upon which that creed rests. It is probable, too, that patriotism, or rather pride has had its weight, and that the Hindoos, vain of their antiquity, of their intellectual acuteness, and of their powers of resistance, have refused to break with the past, which to them is always present, by accepting an alien, though attractive, faith.

Whatever the cause, the fact is certain, Islam has advanced, and is advancing, but slowly towards the destined end. Even if there has been no natural increase of population, the conversions cannot have exceeded fifty thousand a year upon an average since proselytism first began—a small number, when the original successes of the faith in Arabia are considered. It is probable, however, that the conversions have been far below that figure, and that even now, when proselytizing energy has been revived by a sort of Protestant revival in Arabia, they hardly reach throughout the continent more than fifty thousand a year. Still they go on. Mahommedanism benefits by the shaking of all Hindoo beliefs, which is the marked fact of the day, and it is nearly certain that, should no new spiritual agency intervene the Indian peoples, who are already betraying a tendency to fuse themselves into one whole, will at last become Mahommedan. None who profess that faith ever quit it; the tendency towards physical decay visible in so many Mussulman countries is not perceptible in India, and in the late stages conversion will probably be accelerated by a decided use of force.

Whether a Mahomedan is a better man than a Hindoo, it is impossible to decide, for though Islam is the higher creed, it is far more inimical to progress—is, indeed, a mental *cul de sac*, allowing of no advance—but that its disciples are higher in the political scale, and will ultimately hold the reins, is a truth almost self-evident. They are only one-fifth of the population, they would have little external aid except from a few Pathans, and possibly Soudanese, and they do not include the bulk of the fighting races—the Sikhs, Rajpoots, Hindostanees, Beharees, and Marhattas—but, nevertheless, few observers doubt that, if the English army departed, the Mahomedans, after one desperate struggle with the Sikhs, would remain supreme in the Peninsula. They are all potential soldiers, they are all capable of self-sacrifice for the faith, and they are all willing to cohere, and to acknowledge one common and central authority. They know how to make themselves obeyed, and, though cruel, they do not excite the kind of hate which drives subjects to despair. They have impressed themselves upon India as the ruling caste. Hindoos superior to themselves in martial qualities will yet serve under them, and when, in 1857, Northern India tried in one great heave to throw off the European yoke, it was to Delhi and the effete house of Timour that Hindoos as well as Mussulmans turned for guidance and a centre. Brahmin Sepoys murdered Christian officers in the name of a Mahomedan Prince. In the light of that most significant of facts it is difficult to doubt that, though the process may be slow, India, unless all is changed by the intervention of some new force, must in no long period of time, as time is counted in Asia, become a Mahomedan country, the richest, the most populous, possibly the most civilized, possibly also the most anarchical of them all. Mahomedanism has never made a nation great, nor have its civilizations endured long, and the history of the Mogul Empire is not of good omen. It produced some striking characters, many great deeds, and a few magnificent buildings, one of which, the Taj at Agra, is peerless throughout the world; but it rotted very early, and it showed from first to last no tendency to breed a great people. The corruption was greater under Aurungzebe than under Baber, and the ease with which the British conquest was effected can only be explained by a thorough exhaustion of Mussulman *morale*. They were the ruling class, they held all the springs of power, they had every motive for fighting hard, they were certainly twenty millions strong; yet all our great wars were waged, not with Mussulmans, but with Hindoos, Marhattas, Pindarees, Sikhs, and our own Sepoys. Had they possessed in 1756–1800 one-half the energy of the Khalsa or fighting section of the Sikhs, the British would have been driven out of India, or out of all India except Bengal, by sheer exhaustion on the battle-field. Still, if India

becomes Mahomedan, it may develop (as every other Mussulman country has done) an energy which, though temporary, may last for centuries, and if its dynasts are Arabs or native Mussulmans instead of Tartars, it may rise to great heights of a certain kind of Oriental civilization.

The intervening spiritual force which ought to prevent this conversion of an empire to a false and entirely non-progressive creed is of course Christianity, and, now that the facts are better known, a cry of alarm has risen from the Reformed Churches at the slow progress of Christian proselytism in India. Surely, it is argued, there must be some defect in the system of bringing our faith before this people, or there would be greater results from efforts in themselves great, and supported by the entire Christian world in Europe and America. Why are the Christians so few, and why is there no sign that any nation in India is embracing Christianity, or that any indigenous Christian Church is attracting, as Buddhism once did, millions of followers? Many writers, provoked by this cry, have endeavored to show that it is ill-founded, and have published quantities of statistics intended to prove that Christianity does advance more rapidly than any creed; but no one who knows India will deny that the complaint is essentially true. The number of Christians in all India is larger than is commonly supposed. There are 660,000 belonging to the Reformed Churches, and the conversions, if we include the aboriginal tribes, are becoming more numerous in proportion than those of Mahomedanism; but Christianity has taken but a poor grip on Hindoo India. The creed has, except in Tinnevelly, no perceptible place in any one province. Its votaries are nowhere really visible among the population. Its thoughts do not affect the life, or perplex the orthodoxy, of other creeds. No Indian Christian is a leader or even a quasi-leader among the Indian peoples, and a traveller living in India for two years, and knowing the country well, might leave it without full consciousness that any work of active proselytism was going on at all.

Christianity has not failed in India, as some allege; but it has failed as compared with reasonable expectation, and with the energy expended in diffusing it, and it is worth while to examine quietly and without prejudice the probable reasons why. To do this more easily, it is well to sweep away in the beginning one or two popular fallacies. One of these is, that white Christians in India are the conquering race, and that Christianity is therefore detested as their creed. That is not true. That the English in India are regarded by large sections of the people as "unaccountable, uncomfortable works of God" may be true enough, but they are not despised, are not held to be bad, and do not, in the majority of cases, in any way disgrace their creed. To the

bulk of the native population they are little known, because they are not visible, their numbers, except in the seaports and a few garrison towns, being inappreciable; but those who know them know and admit them to be a competent people, brave in war and capable in peace, always just, usually benevolent, though never agreeable, and living for the most part steadily up to such light as they have. Even if they were worse it would make little difference, the Hindoo being quite capable of distinguishing between a creed and its professors, and seeing that his own people also as well as the Mahomedans constantly fall in practice behind the teaching of their own faith.

As for the position of the white Christians as a dominant caste, that is in favor of their religion, for it shows either that a great God is on their side, or that they enjoy, in an unusual degree, the favor of Destiny. The fact—which is a fact, and a very curious one—that the white Christians, for the most part, do not wish the Indians to be converted, has no doubt an influence, of which we will speak by-and-by, but in general estimation among Indians this prejudice is not counted to their discredit, but is rather held to be a reason for trusting in their unsympathetic impartiality. The Hindoo, too, though he has neither reverence nor liking for the social system of his conquerors, which is far too much based on individualism for his taste, has a great respect for their material successes and for their powers of thought, which in many directions, especially in governing and making laws, he is disposed to prefer greatly to his own. Taking it broadly, it may be affirmed that the fact that Christianity is the conquerors' creed makes no substantial difference one way or the other. It is again affirmed that Christianity is too difficult and complex a creed, that it demands too much belief, and that its teachers insist too much upon the acceptance by the neophyte of its complexities and difficulties. I see no foundation whatever for that statement. The difficulties of Christianity to Christians are not difficulties to the Hindoo. He is perfectly familiar with the idea that God can be triune; that God may reveal Himself to man in human form; that a being may be at once man and God, and both completely; that the divine man may be the true exemplar, though separated from man by His whole divinity; and that sin may be wiped off by a supreme sacrifice. Those are the ideas the missionaries teach, and the majority of Hindoos would affirm that they were perfectly reasonable and in accordance with the general and divinely originated scheme of things. There is nothing in Christian dogma which to the Hindoo seems either ridiculous or impossible, while no miracle whatever, however stupendous, in the least overstrains the capacity of his faith. There never was a creed whose dogmas were in themselves so little offensive to a heathen people as the greater dogmas of Christianity are to the Hindoo, who, moreover, while hinting that

the Second Commandment involved an impossibility in terms, a material representation of the universal Spirit being inconceivable, would allow that the ten constituted a very fair rule of life. The road is smooth instead of hard for the Christian theologian, and it is the perfect comprehensibility of its dogmas which makes the Hindoo's unwillingness to believe harder to understand.

The real difficulties in the way of the expansion of Christianity in India are, I conceive, of three kinds: one due to the creed itself; one to the social disruption which its acceptance involves; and one to the imperfect, it may even be said the slightly absurd, method hitherto adopted of making proselytes.

1. It is most difficult to make the theological impediments to the spread of Christianity in India clear to the English mind without being accused either of irreverence or of presumption. Every missionary has his own ideas of those difficulties—often ideas he does not express, derived from great experience—and he naturally thinks any other explanation either insufficient or erroneous. The attempt, however, must be made—the writer premising that his belief is based on conversations with Brahmins of great acuteness, continued through a period of many years, but with Brahmins exclusively. No man not a Christian becomes a Christian to his own earthly hurt except for one of two reasons. Either he is intellectually convinced that Christianity is true—a conviction quite compatible with great distaste for the faith itself—or he is attracted by the person of Christ, feels, as the theologians put it, the love of Christ in him. The former change happens in India as often as elsewhere whenever the Christian mind and the Hindoo mind fairly meet each other, but it does not produce the usual result. The Hindoo mind is so constituted that it can believe, and does believe, in mutually destructive facts at one and the same time. An astronomer who predicts eclipses ten years ahead without a blunder believes all the while—sincerely believes—that the eclipse is caused by some supernatural dog swallowing the moon, and will beat a drum to make the dog give up the prize. A Hindoo will state with perfect honesty that Christianity is true, that Mahomedanism is true, and that his own special variety of Brahminism is true, and that he believes them all three implicitly. The relation between what Dr. Newman calls “assent” and what we call faith is imperfect with Hindoos, and conversion may be intellectually complete, yet be for all purposes of action valueless. Missionaries are constantly ridiculed in India for saying that they have hearers who are converts but not Christians, the idea being that they are either deluding themselves or dishonestly yielding to the English passion for tangible results. They are in reality stating a simple truth, which embarrasses and checks and, sooth to say, sometimes irritates them beyond all measure. What

are you to do with a man whom you have labored with your whole soul to convince, who is convinced, and who remains just as unconvinced for any practical purpose as he was before? The Hindoo, be it understood, is not skulking or shrinking from social martyrdom, or telling lies; he really is intellectually a Hindoo as well as a Christian. Some of us have seen, it may be, the same position of mind in the case of a few Roman Catholic agnostics, but in Europe it is rare. In India it is nearly universal, and the extent of its effect as a resisting force to Christianity is almost inconceivable to a European. The missionary makes no headway. He is baffled at the moment of success by what seems to him an absurdity, almost a lunacy, which he yet cannot remove.

The other obstacle is, however, yet more serious. The character of Christ is not, I am convinced, as acceptable to Indians as it is to the Northern races. It is not so completely their ideal, because it is not so visibly supernatural, so completely beyond any point which they can, unassisted by Divine grace, hope to attain. The qualities which seemed to the warriors of Clovis so magnificently Divine, the self-sacrifice, the self-denial, the resignation, the sweet humility, are precisely the qualities the germs of which exist in the Hindoo. He seeks, like every other man, the complement of himself, and not himself again, and stands before Christ at first comparatively unattracted. The ideal in his mind is as separate as was the ideal in the Jews' mind of their expected Messiah, and though the ideals of Jew and Hindoo are different, the effect is in both cases the same—a passive dull-repulsion, scarcely to be overcome save by the special grace of God. I never talked frankly with a Hindoo in whom I did not detect this feeling to be one inner cause of his rejection of Christianity. He did not want that particular sublimity of character, but another, something more of the sovereign and legislator. It may be said that this is only a description of the "carnal man," and so it is, but the carnal man in each race differs, and in the Hindoo it gives him a repugnance, not to the morality of Christianity, which he entirely acknowledges to be good, though incomplete as not demanding enough ceremonial purity, but to the central ideal of all. This is, when all is said, and there is much to say, the master difficulty of Christianity in India, and the one which will delay conversion on a large scale. There is no Christ in Mohammedanism. It will be overcome one day when Christ is preached by Christians unsaturated with European ideas, but till then it will be the least removable of impediments, though it produces this result also, that when it is removed the true convert will display, does even now in rare cases display, an approximation to the European ideal of Christ such as in Europe is scarcely found, or found only in a few men whom all the sects join to confess as saintly Christians.

2. What may be called the social difficulty in the way of Christianity is very great, and is exasperated by the medium through which it is propagated. The convert is practically required to renounce one civilization and to accept another not in his eyes higher than his own. He is compelled first of all to "break his caste," that is, to give up irrecoverably—for there is no re-entry into Hindooism—his personal sanctity, which depends on caste, and his fixed position in the world, and his kinsfolk and his friends, and to throw himself all bare and raw into a world in which he instinctively believes nine-tenths of mankind to be, for him, impure. He must eat and drink with men of other castes, must hold all men equal in his sight, must rely on friendship and not on an association, must be for the rest of his life an individual, and not one of a mighty company. There is no such suffering unless it be that of a Catholic nun flung into the world by a revolutionary movement to earn her bread, and to feel as if the very breeze were impiously familiar. Be it remembered, a low-caste man feels the protection of caste as strongly as a high-caste man, and the convert to Christianity does not, like the convert to Mahomedanism, merely change his caste; he loses it altogether.

There is in India no Christian caste, and there never will be. Not to mention that the idea is in itself opposed to Christianity, there can be no such organization unless the Europeans will admit equality between themselves and the natives, and they will not. Something stronger than themselves forbids it. They may be wrong or right, but their wills are powerless to conquer a feeling they often sorrow for, and the very missionary who dies a martyr to his efforts to convert the Indians would die unhappy if his daughter married the best convert among them. In presence of that feeling a Christian caste is impossible, for the Hindoo, a true Asiatic, will not admit that with equality in caste inequality in race can co-exist. It has often been suggested that this obstacle to the spread of Christianity is wilful, and that the converts might keep their caste, but the plan has never been worked, and never can be. I firmly believe caste to be a marvellous discovery, a form of socialism which through ages has protected Hindoo society from anarchy and from the worst evils of industrial and competitive life—it is an automatic poor-law to begin with, and the strongest form known of trades-union—but Christianity demands its sacrifices like every other creed, and caste in the Indian sense and Christianity cannot co-exist. With caste the convert gives up much of his domestic law, the harem-like seclusion of his home, much of his authority over wife and children, his right of compelling his daughter to marry early, which, as explained above, he holds part of his honor, most of his daily habits, and even, in theory at all events, his method of eating his meals. A Christian cannot condemn his wife to eat

alone because of her inferiority. Everything is changed for him, and changed for the unaccustomed, in order that he may confess his faith. One can hardly wonder that many, otherwise ready, shrink from such a baptism by fire, or that the second generation of native Christians often show signs of missing ancient buttresses of conduct. They are the true anxieties of the missionaries, and it is from them in nine cases out of ten that the ill-repute of Indian Christians is derived; but European opinion about them is most unfair. They are not converts, but born Christians, like any of our own artisans; they have not gone through a mental martyrdom, and they have to be bred up without strong convictions, except that Christianity is doubtless true, without the defences which native opinion has organized for ages, and in the midst of a heathen society in which the white Christians declare their children shall not live. One such man I knew well, who showed much of the quality of the European, a big, bold man, though a Bengalee by birth, utterly intolerable to his kinsfolk, and an outcast from all native society. He fought his battle for a good while hard, but he grew bitter and savage, became, among other changes, a deadly enemy of the British Government, and at last solved all the questions which pressed on him so fiercely by turning Mahomedan. A native Christian village in Canara some years since followed the same course, and it may hereafter be a frequent one.

3. The greatest obstacle, however, to the rapid diffusion of Christianity in India is the method adopted to secure proselytes. The Reformed Churches of Europe and America have devoted themselves to the old object with some zeal and commendable perseverance, but they have entirely failed to secure volunteers for the work. Owing to causes very difficult to understand, missionary work in India scarcely ever attracts Europeans possessed of even a small independence, and the number of those who maintain themselves and work for the cause, seeking no pecuniary aid from the churches, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The churches, therefore, acting for the most part independently, but still acknowledging a federal tie of good-will which induces them to avoid interfering with one another, have organized what is practically a proselytizing "service" for India, consisting now of about seven hundred men, differing, of course, greatly among each other, but most of them as well educated as average English or Scotch clergymen, most of them married, and all of them honestly devoted to their work. The charges sometimes brought against them in England, but never in India, are not only unfounded, but nonsensical. Now and again a missionary, tempted by the high rewards offered for his special knowledge, or detecting in himself some want of true vocation, embraces a secular career, and is thenceforward regarded by his brethren as a backslider. Now and again a missionary, disenchanted or con-

quered by that disgust of India which with some Europeans becomes a mental disease, returns to the West to commence the ordinary life of an Established or Dissenting clergyman. Now and again, but very rarely, a missionary falls a prey to some temptation of drink, or desire, or gain, and is cast out, his comrades "inquiring" in such cases with all the severity and more than the care of any judicial court. But the churches are, for the most part, admirably served. The missionaries lead excellent and hard-working lives, are implicitly trusted by the whole community, European and native, and rarely resign until warned by severe illness that the period of their usefulness is overpast. Many of them become men of singular learning; many more show themselves administrators of high merit; and all display on occasion that reserve of energy and devotion which more than any other thing marks that the heart of a Service is sound. Most pathetic stories are told of their behavior in the great Mutiny, but I prefer to tell a little anecdote which is known to me to be true, and is most characteristic:

The Rev. John Robinson was, in 1850 or 1851, an unpaid missionary, recognized as such by the Baptist Church, but maintaining himself as a translator. He was suddenly summoned one day to the Leper Asylum to baptize a dying convert. The message was intended for his father, but the father was sick, and my friend went instead, in fear and trembling, baptized the dying man, consoled him, and then was seized with a throe of mental agony. It is the custom of many missionaries on receiving a neophyte, especially if sick, to give him the kiss of peace. Mr. Robinson thought this his bounden duty, but he was himself a half-breed, his mother having been a Malay convert, and he was absolutely persuaded of the Indian theory that leprosy, though non-contagious in the case of a white man, is frightfully contagious in the case of one with native blood in his veins. He hesitated, walked to the door, and returned to kiss the leper on the lips, and then to lie for days in his own house, prostrated with an uncontrollable and, as experience has often proved, not unreasonable nervous terror. A superstitious fool, the doctor thought him, when he had wormed the truth out of him during his fit of nervous horror. True soldier of Christ, say I, who, when his duty called him, faced something far worse than shot. The body of the missionaries have that quality in them, and those who deprecate or deride them do not know the facts. But, excellent as they are, it is not for the work of proselytism that they are adapted.

In the first place, they are too few. Every missionary has a wife, a house, a conveyance, children who must be sent home; and must, being so situated, live the usual and respectable European life. That costs on the average £500 a year per house; and the churches, which,

if they are really to reach all India, need at least 5,000 agents, cannot, or at all events will not, provide for more than 700. In the second place, the missionaries are Europeans, divided from the people by a barrier as strong as that which separates a Chinaman from a Londoner, by race, by color, by dress, by incurable differences of thought, of habit, of taste, and of language. The last named the missionary sometimes, though by no means always, overcomes, but the remaining barriers he cannot overcome, for they are rooted in his very nature, and he does not try. He never becomes an Indian, or anything which an Indian could mistake for himself: the influence of civilization is too strong for him. He cannot help desiring that his flock should become "civilized" as well as Christian; he understands no civilization not European, and by unwearied admonition, by governing, by teaching, by setting up all manner of useful industries, he tries, to bring them up to his narrow ideal. That is, he becomes a pastor on the best English model: part preacher, part schoolmaster, part ruler; always doing his best, always more or less successful, but always with an eye to a false end, the Europeanization of the Asiatic, and always acting through the false method of developing the desire of imitation. There is the curse of the whole system, whether of missionary work or of education in India. The missionary, like the educationist, cannot resist the desire to make his pupils English, to teach them English literature, English science, English knowledge; often—as in the case of the vast Scotch missionary colleges, establishments as large as universities, and as successful in teaching—through the medium of English alone. He wants to saturate Easterns with the West. The result is that the missionary becomes an excellent pastor or an efficient schoolmaster instead of a proselytizer, and that his converts or their children or the thousands of pagan lads he teaches become in exact proportion to his success a hybrid caste, not quite European, not quite Indian, with the originality killed out of them, with self-reliance weakened, with all mental aspirations wrenched violently in a direction which is not their own. It is as if Englishmen were trained by Chinamen to become not only Buddhists, but Chinese. The first and most visible result is a multiplication of Indians who know English, but are not English, either in intellectual ways or in *morale*; and the second is that, after eighty years of effort, no great native missionary has arisen, that no great Indian Church has developed itself on lines of its own and with unmistakable self-dependent vitality, and that the ablest missionaries say sorrowfully that white supervision is still needed, and that if they all retired the work might even now be undone, as it was in Japan. Where 3000 preaching friars are required, most or all of them Asiatics, living among the people, thinking like them as regards all but creed, sympathizing with them even in their super-

stitutions, we have 700 excellent but foreign schoolmasters or pastors or ruling elders.

What is wanted in India for the work of proselytizing is not a Free Church College, an improved Edinburgh High School, teaching thousands of Brahmins English, but an *El Azhar* for training native missionaries through their own tongue, and in their own ways of thought exclusively—a college which should produce, not Baboos competent to answer examination papers from Cambridge, but Christian fanatics learned in the Christianized learning of Asia, and ready to wander forth to preach, and teach, and argue, and above all to command as the missionaries of Islam do. Let every native church once founded be left to itself, or be helped only by letters of advice, as the churches of Asia were, to seek for itself the rule of life which best suits Christianity in India, to press that part of Christianity most welcome to the people, to urge those dogmatic truths which most attract and hold them. We in England have almost forgotten those discussions on the nature of God which divided the Eastern Empire of Rome, and which among Christian Indians would probably revive in their fullest force. It is the very test of Christianity that it can adapt itself to all civilizations and improve all, and the true native churches of India will no more be like the Reformed Churches of Europe than the churches of Yorkshire are like the churches of Asia Minor. Strange beliefs, strange organizations, many of them spiritual despotisms of a lofty type, like that of Keshub Chunder Sen, the most original of all modern Indians, wild aberrations from the truth, it may be even monstrous heresies, will appear among them, but there will be life, conflict, energy, and the faith will spread, not as it does now like a fire in a middle-class stove, but like a fire in the forest. There is far too much fear of imperfect Christianity in the whole missionary organization. Christianity is always imperfect in its beginnings. The majority of Christians in Constantine's time would have seemed to modern missionaries mere worldlings; the converted Saxons were for centuries violent brutes; and the mass of Christians throughout the world are even now no better than indifferents. None the less is it true that the race which embraces Christianity, even nominally, rises with a bound out of its former position, and contains in itself thenceforward the seed of a nobler and more lasting life. Christianity in a new people must develop civilization for itself, not be smothered by it, still less be exhausted in the impossible effort to accrete to itself a civilization from the outside. Natives of India when they are Christians will be and ought to be Asiatics still—that is, as unlike English rectors or English Dissenting ministers as it is possible for men of the same creed to be, and the effort to squeeze them into those moulds not only wastes power, but destroys the vitality of the original material. Mahomme-

dan proselytism succeeds in India because it leaves its converts Asiatics still; Christian proselytism fails in India because it strives to make of its converts English middle-class men. That is the truth in a nutshell, whether we choose to accept it or not.—*Contemporary Review*.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

To some Englishmen the name of Emerson suggests little more than a curious chapter in the history of modern mysticism. To a large section of cultivated Americans, on the other hand, the philosopher of Concord appears the most representative figure in their republic of letters, their most imaginative poet, their greatest teacher, their most vigorous and daring thinker, their most original writer. And their verdict is substantially correct. The estimate may appear excessive; but the exaggeration, if such there be, is prompted by true instincts of national gratitude. A glance at the movement which revolutionized the intellectual and literary condition of America in 1830–1840, and the unrivaled influence which Emerson exercised in promoting and directing that movement, will explain, if it does not justify the verdict of his fellow-countrymen.

In 1830 the United States were a crowded mart, a busy workshop, a bustling 'Change. The general standard of life was low. Several years later, thoughtful, spiritual-minded men, like Sylvester Judd, still protested against the political, social, and religious vices which had corrupted the New England spirit, and seemed inextricably interwoven with public institutions. The brains of the country were attracted into channels of activity which were hostile to literature, philosophy, and art. Practical men, absorbed in business pursuits, hemmed in by objects of sense, regarding only immediate and obvious utility, had lost faith, if not consciousness, in the higher faculties of their moral and mental natures. They were more eager to get a living than to live. Those who had leisure or capacity for thought were, like Irving, swept away by the tide of imitation, or, like Dana, crippled by dissatisfaction with their surroundings. Fashions, philosophy, literary tone, were borrowed from the Old World. Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Trimmer fed the rising generation upon English conventionalities; literature displayed the mediocrity of imitation rather than the natural charm of invention; Americans wrote from their memories; they rebuilt the sepulchres of their fathers, not tenements for living men. They had no native standards. Washington Irving caught the graces of Addison, and national vanity satisfied itself with comparing

Cooper to Walter Scott, or claiming for Bryant a rival with Wordsworth. An Allston might attempt the highest range of pictorial art; but both in painting and poetry American talent was attracted towards inanimate Nature, and in neither field attained the most perfect form of expression. Neither painters nor poets penetrated from the form to the substance. A Bryant or a Doughty might render into verse or upon canvas something of the rare fascination which is exercised by the stillness and solitude of forest life. But, as a rule, both landscape painting and descriptive verse displayed little more than accurate memory, patient observation, sensitiveness to beauty, selection of striking effects. In neither the one nor the other was there revealed that imaginative faculty which expresses ideal truth through the forms of Nature, that high poetic vein which submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind.

Industrialism and imitation were not more uncompromising in their hostility to independent culture than was Puritanism. In former generations religion had raised and elevated New England settlers, given strength to character, and fibre to morality. But the grim austerity of Calvinism had never smiled on art; it was iron in its discipline, stern and implacable in its doctrine; it favored neither freedom nor variety of thought. Puritans, who were unclogged by formalism and unfettered by logic, might still soar upwards into the celestial regions of ecstatic faith; but as the lives of the emigrants had settled down into prose, so the poetry of their religion had fled. Old ideas, passionate piety, and philosophical penetration, met in conflict. Men became sceptics unawares; they doubted the basis of the faith to whose symbols they clung with desperate tenacity. Religion's claim to inspiration was opposed to the dominant philosophy of Locke; Puritan asceticism revolted against the habits of a wealthy democracy. *The Scarlet Letter* reveals the possibilities, if not the actualities, of the gloomy despotism, which frowned down amusement, carried its espionage into private life, and darkened society with the grim shadow of ministerial tyranny. The inevitable reaction came. Formal, hard, external, it fell an easy prey to Unitarianism. But its successful rival was too dry and material to satisfy the higher needs of human nature. With all its clearness of thought, mental activity, and sincerity of intention, it had, in 1830, lost its spring. In ceasing to be aggressive, it ceased to be enthusiastic. It rose or fell to a dull level of respectability, on which a sense of propriety replaced religious fervor. Thus the society of the country was industrial, utilitarian, fettered by conventionalities; its religion formal or rationalizing; its art unimaginative; its literature imitative and pusillanimous.

To change these unfavorable conditions was the object of Emerson's teaching. Few men initiated a new departure with more conscious

purpose. The text of his first sermon was "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The great end of every man's life is the preservation of his individual mind and character. This lesson of private freedom is the essence of all his later utterances. *Nature*, his first published composition, was a challenge to the Old World. In his thoughts on modern Literature (*Dial*, October, 1840), the same note is struck; even Goethe fails to satisfy him, not only because of his artistic indifferentism, but because, in Emerson's opinion, he never rose above the sphere of artistic conventionality. The addresses before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society, and before the Divinity class at Cambridge, produced a profound impression. The first took his audience by storm. It was "an event," says Lowell, "without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration." "It has," wrote Theodore Parker, who also heard it, "made a great noise;" and he calls it "the noblest, most inspiring strain I ever listened to." In after life he used "to thank God for the sun, the moon, and Ralph Waldo Emerson." Many Americans of the present day have testified to the electric shock which these two addresses gave to society. They were everywhere discussed; they provoked numerous replies, created a species of panic among professors like Andrews Norton, and became the occasion of a heated controversy. Emerson alone took no part in this "storm in a wash-bowl."

In these early productions Emerson sketched the teaching which he afterwards expanded, developed, and illustrated in all his subsequent lectures and essays. He is moved by the spirit of a new people. He is determined to see in the individual man of to-day the elements of all the greatness, the germ of all the strength, that the noblest historical figures have displayed. Each individual is the lord of circumstance, the maker of his character, the master of his fate. What Plato has thought, every one may think; what a saint has felt, every one may feel. Names of power do not overawe Emerson; he is not oppressed by the ruins of the Capitol. "My giant goes with me wherever I go." He regards the world with a new vision; he gives the living present precedence over the dead past; the vital spark within his nation outweighs the most splendid dust of antiquity. He breathes the free air of the Western prairies. He eschews all alien or artificial inspirations, and studies the material which lies to his right hand and his left. He urges his countrymen to turn from the literature of *salons* to their own modes and customs of life, to contemplate the nature that is before their eyes directly, and not through foreign spectacles. "Here, on this rugged soil of Massachusetts, I take my stand, baring my brow in the breeze of my own country, and invoke the genius of my own woods." Not only is he national and the representative of a

new people, he is also democratic in his mental attitude. The Puritans had preached the natural depravity of man. Emerson asserted his inherent worth. He taught that man was capable of self-government, that, if he were but true to himself, his future was serene and glorious. He insisted that every individual human being might be, and ought to be, law, prophet, church, to himself. He endeavored to build up character by individual culture, to develop each man's internal resources so that they should require no external aid, social or religious.* He claimed for the individual mind a sovereign freedom of thought, a direct communion with the Infinite mind. "The foregoing generations," he writes, "beheld God face to face; we, through their eyes; why should not we enjoy also an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?" It is this doctrine of self-reliance, illustrated by fresh examples, enforced under new aspects, presented in different shapes, that forms the essence of his aspects, and was repeated on every platform and reiterated in every essay. His teaching emphatically protested against utilitarian ethics, against material philosophy, against formal religion, against carefully cultured exotics which choked plants of native growth.

Ecclesiastically and politically free, America was still intellectually dependent. Emerson enlarged and illuminated his countrymen's conception of national life, and gave to it an impulse and direction which it never lost. His words stirred the blood of his contemporaries like a bugle-call; the movement he promoted had its excesses and extravagances, but it was fresh, indigenous, national. In 1830 America was intellectually a colony of England. Emerson's writings and addresses from 1836 to 1840 were the "Declaration of Intellectual Independence."

It would be absurd to say, that Emerson created an intellectual revival which had commenced in 1820; but he stimulated its progress, and, although he stood aloof from some of its phases, he guided and steadied its course. Other influences were already at work to produce what may be called, without fear of provoking comparisons, the Elizabethan Age of American Literature. It was the spring-time of national independence, and a stir was in the air. The long frost of custom was breaking up; society was preparing to bud and blossom with promise of varied fruit; men were learning to think for themselves. Bryant, Irving, Cooper, the profound mind of Channing, the richly flowered eloquence of Everett had not created an American literature, but they had created an American audience for the discussion of every sort of topic from poetry to criticism. As broader fields of action opened out, as novel controversies occupied the press, as criticism analysed the bases of classical or theological literature, as

science destroyed accepted fictions, fresh interests and theories collided with ancient creeds and institutions. The shock of new and old struck the spark of literary life. The revolution began with a change in metaphysics. Thinkers have been for centuries divided into Idealists and Sensationalists, Transcendentalists and Materialists. The one insists upon thought, will, and inspiration, the other on facts, history, circumstances; the one starts from consciousness, the other from experience; the one treats the external world as the product of man's thought; the other regards man as the product of the external world; the one exalts, the other decries mental abstractions; the one depreciates, the other exaggerates matter; the one emphasizes the unity of reason, the other the variety of sense. From what has been already said of Emerson, it is obvious that he would throw all the weight of his genius into the scale of Idealism. Stripped of its metaphysics, Transcendentalism represents the value of ideals in thought, morals, politics, and reform. Emerson traced the decadence of the human mind to the supremacy of the system of Locke. He deplored the loss of native force, of width of grasp, of depth of feeling, which had achieved great things in literature, art, and statesmanship. Men could not think grandly so long as they consumed their energies in thinking clearly.

Home and foreign influences encouraged the spread of Transcendentalism. The Old World, with its leisured, cultured classes, scarcely appreciates the difficulty of reconciling social conditions with high aspirations that is experienced in New Worlds, where no shades soften the hard line which severs thought from action. Men are compelled to be either in the world or out of it; their sole claim to honor is their power to do the tangible work before them. Hence refined and cultivated Americans were predisposed in favor of a theory which made thinkers kings, and reduced the tumult of a life, which the nation accepted as the sole reality, into the unreal, shifting product of thought. Nor is it perhaps wholly fanciful to imagine, that the peculiar relations of man and nature influenced the desire to merge in unity that which could not be reconciled. In the New World the nineteenth century stood vividly and sharply contrasted with antiquity; the primitive savage was confronted by the printing press, the silence of the primæval forest was broken by the whirr of the last mechanical invention. The two elements could not be harmonized, but they might be blended in that Absolute which Transcendentalists adored. Moreover, the nation had not lost the sentiment of religion. But the dominant philosophy had undermined the foundations of theology: the axiom, *nihil est in intellectu nisi prius in sensu*, supplied no basis for faith, no assurance of the attributes or existence of God. The Transcendentalist met unbelief with new weapons. He insisted upon man's communion

with the super-sensible world, his power of spiritual perceptions, his intuition into that order of existence to which belong our absolute ideas of truth, justice, beauty, that sphere which lies beyond the region of empiric knowledge, and behind the horizon of the senses. The Americans were thus predisposed in favor of Transcendentalism by their external circumstances and their religious sentiment.

The passion for intelligible results, for facts which can be formularized, distinguishes the system of Locke. If this feeling in excess leads to poverty and narrowness of thought, it has compensating advantages. Both its good and its bad side are illustrated by the Transcendental movement. A boundless future seemed to open before the new philosophers. The crust of society was broken up by a volcanic eruption of sentiment. The great wave of Romanticism reached America after its force was spent in Europe, but it gathered irresistible force as it crossed the Atlantic, or encountered less opposition from past or present in its preparations for the future. The movement was one of intellectual emancipation, but it also degenerated into every form of whimsical aberration, into vague schemes of grandiloquent idealism, as well as into the dangerous inanities of spirit-rapping. Abandoning traditions, denying the guidance of history, Transcendentalists launched forth into the sea of life with no compass but their own opinions, and no rudder except their instincts. Men passed through "moral phases" with bewildering rapidity. And here, once more, the influence of Emerson proved invaluable. His reputation has suffered by the association of his name with a local movement from which he really stood aloof. He rebuked alike the fanaticism of the Transcendentalists and the Conservatives. His shrewd, vigorous, and well-balanced judgment gave an every-day meaning to their vague philosophies, and a practical turn to their aspirations; he condensed, concentrated, and vitalized the thin, wandering vapors of their idealism. He saw keenly enough the extravagances and eccentricities of the Della-Cruscans, dilettanti, and philosophical dyspeptics, who called themselves his followers. His strong common sense repudiated their abstention from the duties of domestic and public life. He quietly ridiculed their determination to sit in corners, and wait till the universe bade them work, and he refused to join in the Brook Farm experiment. At the same time he saw the value of this undisciplined enthusiasm, and endeavored to divert it into useful channels. And thus, indirectly through his influence, the abolition of slavery was proclaimed as a holy war, and the rights of women preached with the ardor of a crusade.

We have endeavored to explain the position which Emerson holds in the estimation of his countrymen. But unless another element

is considered, we shall do injustice to Emerson and to the judgment of his admirers.

"Sir Philip Sydney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books. The largest part of their power was latent. This is what we call 'character'—a reserved force which acts directly and without means."

In these words Emerson unconsciously discloses another part of the secret of his own influence. Inside and outside his books he was an impressive personality.

In the intellectual history of the 19th century, Emerson is not a man to be skipped. His position is in itself striking—a solitary thinker contemplating the bustling throng of the most money-making nation in the world, a sage of Pagan Greece travelling in the tram-cars of the 19th century, or walking in the grove of Academus undisturbed by the whistle of the steam engine, and, worthy of the age of Pericles, not unmanned by his philosophy. No one reads his books for the sake of clear, systematic, logical expositions. But thousands, who do not value his philosophy for itself, value it for the trains of thought which it awakens, the suggestions which he drew from it, the imagery with which he illustrated it, the inspiration of noble wishes and high aspirations which he made it breathe. So again he broke up the crust of association; he presented new aspects of familiar objects, treated old subjects of enquiry in novel relations, excited his hearers to fresh mental activity.

But it was not, alone, or in combination, the peculiarity of his position, nor the suggestiveness of his teaching, nor the stimulus which he gave to curiosity that kindled in his audience new life, and imparted to them a subtle change which made them better and greater men. He gave his thought; but he also gave his character to his contemporaries. With rare sincerity he bestowed upon the people what was in his heart and mind. "His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts, and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life that he always lived"—so wrote Hawthorne in his fine apologue of "The Great Stone Face," which we may well believe to be a tribute to the genius of Emerson. He effected the intellectual emancipation of America as much by his example as by his teaching, by his impersonation of the unselfish search for truth, and of the unsatisfied craving for self-improvement, by the realized ideal which he placed before them of "plain living and high thinking." Thus it was that he was one of those men from whom virtue proceeded into others. Thus, too, he won the power to inspire, enkindle, and vivify, to communicate the confidence of hope and the passion for beauty which thrilled and vibrated through his own frame. The purity of his

sensitive integrity seems never to have been marred even by childish weakness; no boyish error, no youthful indiscretion, has been laid to his charge. He would have been a wiser philosopher, and a profounder moralist, had he been less coldly and spontaneously upright. His own standard of duty was so high, that he could with safety follow his instincts. His character corrected his intellectual aberrations; it ministered the antidote to the poison of his teaching. But it scarcely needs the example of a Shelley to prove the peril of Emerson's maxim, "Obey yourself." If Emerson had had the passions of bad men, or if bad men adopted Emerson's principles, the world would be a Pandemonium.

The position of a philosopher has been claimed for him by his admirers, but it is one which Emerson never claimed for himself. To him system savored of charlatanism. He is only a philosopher in the broad sense in which the words may be used of Montaigne. He was in fact thoroughly imbued with the philosophical spirit, but he abjured system because it narrowed sympathies, and he admired Plato because his balanced soul could see the different sides of every question. His own thought is in a perpetual state of flux; he recognizes good in Idealists and Realists, in Transcendentalists and universal skeptics, in men of action and Oriental mystics. Each had seized and embodied some portion of truth. A mind so constituted might be philosophical, but it does not belong to the philosopher.

He was a man of independent, rather than original, thought; he combines rather than invents. Perhaps this form of originality is the only form still open to the heirs of the ages. He defends plagiarism, because "As every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone quarries, so every man is a quotation from all his ancestors." He depreciates so-called originality, and considered that assimilating power, as distinct from assimilating knack, differentiates the man of genius from the man of talent. The inventor alone knows how to borrow. His own practice illustrates his remark. With Catholic eclecticism he passes through the crucible of his mind ideas of all ages and every clime; but they emerge from the process changed, modernized, and adapted to the wants of a New World. He deals with the familiar counters of thought; but they bear new values and are stamped with his own superscription. He sets up no new, and destroys no old, landmarks of philosophy, but all are shifted. He neither followed nor founded a school; he uses the language and thinks the thoughts of all, but he adopts the views of none. As with his intellectual process, so with his intellectual influence. It is impossible to tell his followers by their literary walk. He held aloof from Emersonian Societies, and urged every man to preserve his own individuality. Hence his general influence on literary aim, character, or style,

cannot be traced. He was a source of living energy in wide fields of thought; but while Curtis, Clough, Margaret Fuller, Higginson, Lowell, Sterling, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, Winthrop, and Whitman, acknowledged their debt to Emerson, none of them became his imitators.

He presents his thoughts in broken lights, attempts to excogitate no system, habitually sacrifices unity to richness of detail. He proposes no object, sustains no argument, gives the *pros* and *cons* with the same apparent earnestness. Beyond the points, on which we insisted in the earlier portions of this article, it is difficult to be sure of his general drift. Like Nature, he is one thing to-day, another to-morrow; his conceptions vary with his moods. He declares himself free of the universe, and condemns a foolish consistency as the hobgoblin of little minds. He claims and freely exercises the right to contradict himself. He opens upon his readers flashes of startling conjecture, and sallies forth in one direction, often only to re-appear in the opposite. "I delight," he says, "in telling what I think; but if you ask me why I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortals." He called himself an Idealist, his enemies called him a Mystic: in our opinion he is neither. He is not a Platonic idealist, for he prefers ecstasy to dialectics, reveres the Oriental mind, and believes in the ineffable union of God and man in every act of the soul. Neither is he a mystic in the ordinary sense of the word; for not only does he, like many mystics, despise theurgy, but he also disdains authority, denounces fatalism, and vehemently asserts individuality. But his view of Nature combines elements of both schools. He idealizes physical science into religion. He regards evolution as the supreme law of Nature, and the production of higher forms of life, the "man-child" that is to be "the summit of the whole" as its final cause. But of the primordial Power which thus directs every change towards progress, he affirms nothing. God was one of his ideas; but he held it to be impossible to find logical proof of physical facts. "The spiritual is its own evidence." It would be an idle task to attempt what Emerson himself never attempted, and build up a consistent scheme of Emersonian philosophy. The value of his thought consists, not in system, or in Idealism, or in Pantheism, but in subtle suggestiveness, fertilizing and stimulating influences, unvarying affinities with all that is noble and true, and that happy combination of spiritual forces which leaves us more hopeful of the future, and more contented in the present.

Is Emerson a great writer? Here, too, specialists in style might deny his title. His epigrams, aphorisms, and antitheses, are terse, trenchant, penetrating; but they require relief. A continuity of electric shocks becomes wearisome, and perpetual jerks create a long-

ing for repose. The same inability or disinclination to create artistic wholes, which is the flaw both in his poetry and his philosophy, mars the beauty of his prose style. Taken separately, his sentences are exquisitely finished by a master of language, but in combination they are as scrappy as patchwork. Emerson is at no pains to weave a perfect robe for his thought: he is content with a book of patterns. But critics are apt to forget that the form of expression is perfectly adapted to the matter. His style lacks continuity, because his thought is not consecutive, nor his method dialectical. His object is to convey a portion of some truth with such point, as to compel us to think on the remainder. He does not employ the methods of logic, and rarely condescends to give reasons. He refuses to prove, and is content to announce; he never explains, but trusts to affirmations. His sentences convey detached observations, independent propositions, sweeping generalizations; each stands on its own merits, each must be taken by itself. He works by surprises. He startles and excites, but he does not teach; and he loves paradox, contradiction, exaggeration, because they are the best weapons for his purpose. Other defects in his style may be similarly explained, though they deserve to be more strongly reprehended. He has the *curiosa felicitas* of quotation which belonged to Sir Thomas Brown, and, like him, he is one of those wayward fitful thinkers who suggest reflection under what seems an idle play of the imagination. But his allusions are often farfetched and even pedantic. He is not always scrupulous of his means to arrest attention. Thus he resorts to a studied quaintness of language, violates grammatical rules, defies idiomatic proprieties, outrages the natural meaning or collocation of words. Eager to be epigrammatic, he is sometimes only "smart;" more rarely he violates moderation and decorum; here and there he is flippantly irreverent. But these defects are only occasional flaws in pages of brilliant writing.

Emerson's method of working encouraged the broken and fragmentary form of this style. He jotted down his separate perceptions, quotations, and reflections which his reading suggested in commonplace books. When he wrote on any given subject, he worked up the material which he had thus collected. Hence his essays resemble a necklace of half-strung pearls, a faintly-patterned mosaic of detached gems and crystals of aphorism. The practice seemed to grow upon him. *Nature*, his first published work, in his most finished and systematic treatise; it also affords the best illustration of his more continuous style. His latter essays are condensed, not exuberant, austere rather than florid, no longer picturesque or emotional, but intellectual and oracular.

Emerson is a brilliant essayist. His stream of thought, fresh in

expression, pure in fancy, limpid in phrase, flows through pages that gleam with the sparkling products of penetrating insight, and glow with the golden fruit of varied reading. His aphorisms compress into a pointed phrase masses of keen observation, and show rare powers of drawing new lessons from life, and special gifts of distilling their essence into shrewd saws. His essays form a medley of strikingly original thought and paradoxical conundrums, facts and sophisms, truisms, and revelations. Here a page of "Proverbial philosophy" is followed by a page of poetry which is lit up with fine moral distinctions, and sentences which burn themselves in upon the memory. His criticism is often unsurpassed for its penetration, but, like all his work, it is singularly unequal. His passion for epigrams too often betrays him into exaggeration, his impatience of reservations into caricature, his parade of independence into violence. As he has no defined ethical ideas, so he has no well-marked critical standard. The want not only mars his style, but vitiates his judgments.

A teacher with unequalled power of inspiration, a poet with rare gifts of imaginative insights, a subtly suggestive thinker, a writer whose phrases have enriched the proverbial currency of the world, a brilliant essayist, and a penetrating critic, Emerson is, on the whole, the most striking figure in the American republic of letters. Totally without hypocrisy he conceals nothing from the world, and pretends to no belief which he does not sincerely hold. If on the one side he appears rash, superficial, inconsistent, inconclusive; on the other, he is courageous, comprehensive, bracing, practical. Everything which he said or wrote was inspired by the noblest purpose. His voice was always heard on the side of Truth, Justice, and Liberty. To English readers he will never become a classic because of his aggressive independence, but all can value his love of truth and his lofty ideal of moral beauty.

Ordinary men resent the inadequate solution of difficulties that deems itself adequate, and feel that for a few cold intellects constituted like himself, Emerson may be a guide. His studied calm and polished embellishments of style are not the characteristics of a man who utters burning thoughts that have consumed his own soul, or speaks of passions that he struggles to repress, or reveals truths which his mind has reached after long years of doubt and difficulty. But those who reject his moral teaching cannot fail to recognize the nobility of his example. "I am striving with all my might," said Plotinus, as his soul was departing, "to return the divine part of me to the Divine Whole who fills the Universe." This was the purpose of Emerson's life. Nor is it strange that his nation should treasure the memory of the man, who helped to throw a glow and warmth over grey realities of life, to save

which threatened infliction, let us take time by the forelock, and consider what is the value of this work as a whole, whether as an existing classic (for so many persons seem to regard it), or as possibly hanging over us in the form of a new edition.

The worst charge that in a literary sense can be brought against any book can at all events not be made against this one. No one can say that it is not interesting, and perhaps no prose writer in our language could lay better claim than Mr. Ruskin to the eulogy once passed on Carlyle, that he "never wrote a dull line." The matter of the book should be as interesting as the manner, professing as it does to elucidate the philosophy and practice, the meaning and the methods of so glorious an art as landscape painting, and combining with this a long and eloquent dissertation on the works of one modern painter who was, without any kind of question, the greatest landscape painter that ever lived; and all this interspersed with descriptions of nature and natural phenomena which are often magical in their vivid and picturesque realism. No wonder that such a book should have found many thousands of delighted readers, and that its votaries should be ready to resent as sacrilege any suggestion that it is as fallacious in much of its teaching as, with all its beauty of diction, it is dogmatic and egotistical in its pretensions.

Of the latter charge against the author it is hardly necessary to say anything, for he has left no one anything to say. The spectacle of abnormal vanity and self-complacency presented to us throughout the whole course of his writings, whether in the shape of treatises, lectures, or letters to newspapers; his assumption that he only has any perception of the truth about artistic and social questions, and that the rest of the world lieth in wickedness, which is as offensively prominent in his latest as in his earliest writings, is a curious phenomenon in itself; and still more curious is the extent to which this claim to dictate and dogmatize to the world, which is really a kind of public impertinence, has been accepted and admitted by that large section of the public who are ready to save themselves the trouble of forming any opinion of their own, by taking a man at his own estimate of himself; who will accept any one as a teacher who imposes himself upon them with a sufficient show of authority; gives them, in default of any ideas of their own, the word of a master to swear by; dins into their ears that they are in a deplorable condition, and that they can enjoy the luxury of being delivered from it if they will listen to him. As Selden said of another class of pulpiteers, "To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to become popular. We love a man who damns us, and we run after him again to save us." Our own feeling on this aspect of Mr. Ruskin's intellectual personality may be summed up in the words of Mrs. Quickly: we "can't abide awaggerers."

But to come to the question of the value of the book in itself, apart from its manner. *Modern Painters* is professedly an analysis of the objects and ends of landscape art, of the structure and appearances of nature, and the spirit in which she should be observed and reproduced by the artist. It is a corpus of critical analysis of a great subject, and if it is not that, it is nothing whatever but tall talk. In such a work, eloquent passages of declamation, however pleasant to read as bits of prose-poetry, are all moonshine unless they are the mere decoration of truths and conclusions based on sound logical analysis. Beautiful writing, picturesque word-painting, is a pleasure in its way; but, like *Paradise Lost*, it proves nothing. Mr. Ruskin seems to have had some confused perception of this himself, since in the preface to his third volume he took the trouble to assure his readers that he was infallible, and to support the statement in a manner rather more characteristic than he was aware of. There were laws of truth and right in painting "just as fixed as those of harmony in music, or of affinity in chemistry," and which were ascertainable by labor.

"It is as ridiculous for any one to speak positively about painting who has not given a great part of his life to its study as it would be for a person who had never studied chemistry to give a lecture on affinities of elements."

So far, and in a certain sense, that is true enough; and it is to be wished that many people who think that opinion about painting is a mere matter of fancy or fashion, apart from serious study, had an inkling of the worthlessness of their likings and dislikings in art. But we proceed:—

"But it is also as ridiculous for a person to speak hesitatingly about laws of painting who has conscientiously given his time to their ascertainment as it would be for Mr. Farada to announce in a dubious manner that iron had an affinity for oxygen, and to put the question to the vote of his audience whether it had or not."

This latter sentence, coupled with the first one quoted above, constitutes one of the most audacious fallacies that was ever thrown out for the mystification of fools. As it stands in all its crudeness in the later as well as in the earlier editions of the book, we must presume that its author still adopts it. Of a writer who could deliberately put forth such a statement almost as the basis of his claim to speak, only one of two opinions can be formed. If he was aware of its fallacy, he was juggling with words and telling the public a falsehood; if he was not aware, and really believed what he said, he showed himself utterly incompetent to reason from premises, or to distinguish between one class of mental operations and another. For those who have any capacity of logical thought at all, such nonsense would be beneath refutation; but as these remarks may be read by some of the spirits in prison, it is as well to endeavor to explain to them the real significance of this deliverance of their oracle. As far as the method

of stating the argument goes, the fallacy consists in the use of an "ambiguous middle term," the use of the same word in two different senses, as if it had only one meaning. The passages just quoted involve a false syllogism, arising out of the ambiguous use of the expression "fixed law." There are laws of truth and right in painting which may in a sense be said to be as "fixed" as those of affinity in chemistry, but they are not "fixed" in the same sense or by a similar process of reasoning. The confusion is between a law fixed by general consensus and agreement as to what is best, and a law determined by unalterable physical conditions. Thus it is a very fixed law among all civilized and right-minded people, that you should not commit theft. It is also a fixed law that the angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. No clear-headed and right-minded man would question the one conclusion more than the other; but would the most simple-minded reader regard them as laws that are "fixed" in anything like the same sense? The one rests on a consensus of moral judgment; the other is a geometrical fact. You can commit theft if you choose; you cannot alter the relations of the angles of a triangle. Yet the confusion of these two classes of facts would not be more absurd than the one which Mr. Ruskin has for thirty years been imposing on the readers of his principal work. What he chooses to call fixed laws of painting, so far as they are fixed, are so only by a general consent as to æsthetic propriety, just as the condemnation of adultery is fixed by a general consent as to moral propriety. The laws of harmonic proportion in music and of affinity in chemistry are, like the relation of the triangle to the right angle, physical facts, which no one can alter. The only laws in painting which are "fixed" in the same sense are those relating to perspective, the treatment of which can be mathematically demonstrated to be correct or incorrect. Mr. Ruskin's syllogism would stand thus: "Subjects governed by laws are capable of dogmatic treatment: painting is governed by laws; *ergo*, painting is a subject capable of dogmatic treatment." In the first term of the syllogism the word "law" stands for "ascertainable physical facts;" in the second term it stands for "habits or rules dictated by a sense of æsthetic propriety," so that the third term is merely an assertion in the air, having no basis whatever. This is bad enough in itself; for be it remembered that this so-called argument is advanced as a statement of the author's right to lecture his readers: art is governed by laws which can be ascertained by labor; Mr. Ruskin has so ascertained them: *ergo*, Mr. Ruskin's word is law.

These demonstrations of self-conceit have been commented upon long ago, of course, in various quarters; but inasmuch as there is no sign of repentance or amendment of life on the part of their author. and as the bulky book whereby they are disfigured is persistently refer-

red to as a central authority and guide in matters of art, it is as well to point out to readers of the younger generation the tone and temper of the man whom they are still idolizing, and to ask them to consider fairly whether such unblushing and rampant vanity, naked and not ashamed, ever has been, or can be, the concomitant of real greatness of heart of intellect; whether it is worth while to bow down to and make an idol of a man's opinions because he declares, like Peter in the *Tale of a Tub*, "By God, I say it is so." Apart from this offensiveness of manner, what is the permanent value of *Modern Painters* as a contribution to the critical philosophy of art? For a large number of readers we strongly suspect that the attraction of the book consists not in its exposition of principles of painting, about which they understand and care little, but in the number of picturesque passages of word-painting and description of scenery which occur in it. Many of these are unquestionably very striking, some of them are full of meaning, and show a keen observation of the operations of nature, of the way things happen, which so many people miss. We must confess, however, that, on a summarizing view of the book as a whole, it does not seem to us that these bursts of eloquence have at all the ring of genuine feeling; they have rather the appearance of having been put in at intervals, like Wagner's "grand *crescendo* trick," to work up the spectators to a fit of excitement.

But as to the philosophy of art, which is a matter somewhat more within the range of things teachable, the main burden of *Modern Painters* is that landscape painting has for its only and proper object the true and faithful interpretation of the physical facts of nature; that this has been (or had been when the book was produced) entirely neglected to the detriment of all truth and power in the art; that one modern painter only, Turner, understood what nature meant, and painted her with truth and insight. And to these general views, expanded at great length, are added essays on the physical facts and truths of nature, as seen in trees, in water, in mountains, etc., as a guide to the study of nature by the artist—an inducement to him to look for and to study facts of nature as they are, not as he has imagined them to be. This is a great design, no doubt; its ambition alone is striking, and cannot but excite the imagination of the reader; and the latter portion of the work, the analysis of the construction of natural forms, if carried out with insight and in a conscientious and scientific spirit, would be a work of permanent value to landscape painters and students of nature. . . .

Recognizing the truth that the observation of nature in a scientific spirit is a necessary basis of the highest landscape painting, it was no doubt a great idea of the author of *Modern Painters* to embody in his work an examination into the apparent forms of nature in mountains,

trees, water, etc., and the reasons for them; and this portion of the work is undoubtedly full of instruction as to the way to look at things; valuable, however, rather to those who have not than to those who have eyes of their own. The diagrams of the perspective of the clouds may convey to many readers their first distinct idea of the true meaning and construction, so to speak, of the cloud scenery which they see in constantly foreshortened perspective. So, again, in his remarks about tree anatomy and growth, and the falsity of much of the commonly accepted drawing of trees, there are remarks and suggestions that are of permanent value, if only one could separate them from the exaggeration and verbosity with which they are inextricably entangled. . . .

The tendency to irrelevant rhapsodizing runs through all the long section on the construction and painting of mountains in Volume IV., where it seems more absurd by comparison with the pretence of scientific knowledge which the author assumes, but which is little more than a pretence. His geology is not, of course, up to date now; but it is not up to the date of publication. His guide and authority seems to be De Saussure, and he was apparently not acquainted with Lyell's *Principles of Geology* when these chapters were written, or had read it to no purpose; and the consequence is that he frequently makes imaginary difficulties about the way this or that appearance was brought about, and speaks of our being "within the cloud" about it, when a study of the real geological knowledge available at the time would have gone far to solve the problem for him. He invents a new nomenclature of his own, and a very bad one, which is not in accordance with facts, and then is obliged to depart from it, and says "for convenience sake I shall in the rest of this chapter call the slaty rock gneiss, and the compact rock protogine, its usual French name." What geologist would ever define gneiss as a "slaty rock?" (he is speaking here of what he calls "slaty crystallines.") In the remarks in reference to plate 34, and the explanatory schedule on it, he classifies as cleavages various joints and lines of weakness which are not cleavages at all in the proper sense, and is therefore only misleading his readers, whom he is professing to teach to draw rocks correctly by a study of their processes of formation. These and other facts connected with this part of his subject Mr. Ruskin might, we imagine, have known very well if his abnormal egotism and vanity would have allowed him to imagine that anyone could teach him anything. But this, of course, is out of the question. . . .

The misleading rhetoric of Mr. Ruskin is nowhere more palpably manifested than in his characterization of Turner's work; and it is perhaps one of the proofs of Turner's real greatness that even Mr. Ruskin's rhapsodies have not been able to damage his reputation,

though they are enough in themselves to damage very seriously that of their author. The movements of Turner's brush "dealt with minutiae expressed by the thousandth part of an inch;" and when there was a chorus of laughter at this, Mr. Ruskin's scientific ally, "my friend Kingsley," was at hand to declare, in the detailed epistle reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, that Turner's handiwork was more minute than could be measured by a microscopically divided scale of millionths of an inch; and that "he stood in awe before it," as indeed he well might. After this it is nothing, of course, to read that every separate quarter of an inch of Turner's drawings will bear magnifying. Will his figures and their faces "bear magnifying?" such as the children and dogs in "The New Moon Sunset," for instance, or the figures in the foreground of the "Hesperides," and other works of the same class. Even Mr. Ruskin has scarcely the hardihood to defend Turner's figures as figures; but he has a theory for them: they are intentionally bad. "I do not mean to assert," he says, "that there is any reason whatsoever for bad drawing (though in landscape it matters very little;") *i. e.* trees must be drawn with proper correctness, but human figures in a landscape need not be, because—well, because it suits the argument to say so, and it is the only way to get Turner and Mr. Ruskin out of a hobble; and he goes on to argue that it is impossible that the eye, looking at the distant landscape, should be able to perceive more of the faces and figures of the nearer objects than Turner gives. This is far-fetched enough, but it might pass did we not find in another passage that a tree in the foreground of one of Turner's drawings is so minutely finished that it must be magnified to show all its detail; that the mussel-shells on the beach in one of his smaller drawings of Scarborough are painted carefully, some open, some shut, "though none are as large as one of the letters of this type;" that Mr. Ruskin cannot conceive how people can talk about foregrounds as "vigorous," "forcible," and so on, when the foreground bank of a landscape really contains the most delicate detail of all, being close to the eye. So that everything is to be finished as highly as possible *except* the human figure, because our idol cannot draw the figure, and we must cast about for the most plausible excuse for him. But the fact is that Turner, with all his greatness, is full of inaccuracies, some of them very bad ones. . . .

The *Stones of Venice*, which, has re-appeared recently in a sumptuous edition, is the most important demonstration which Mr. Ruskin has made in reference to the art of architecture, upon which he has undoubtedly some striking and rational ideas, more perhaps than in regard to any other form of art. His other deliverances on this subject are to be found in the *Seven Lamps*, in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, and in the lecture to the Architectural Association

included in the volume entitled *Two Paths*. The *Seven Lamps* crammed as it is with elaborate nonsense and disfigured by detestable illustrations which any man with a feeling for architecture ought to have been ashamed of, may be regarded as pretty well *passé* now. Few are likely at present to be carried away by such phrases as "the foul torrent of the Renaissance," or take a series of picturesquely expressed musings upon a certain arbitrarily adopted view of architectural truth as a series of infallible dogmas. No less than this, however, was the intent and claim of the author, who says that he "had long felt convinced of the necessity, in order to its progress, of some decisive effort to extricate from the confused masses of partial traditions and dogmata, with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or restricted practice, those large principles of right which are applicable to every stage or style of it." That such an effort was required is very true; but Mr. Ruskin's method was too narrow in its sympathy and too vague in its dogmatizing to render any decisive service to the art, and his pretended analysis only amounts to a complicated rhapsody in favor of certain foregone conclusions, accompanied, as in his treatise on mountains, by a false pretence of scientific knowledge in order to give a factitious air of authority to his statements. The entire absence of the logical faculty does not promise much for an author's power of dealing with so essentially logical an act as architecture; and we find that while recognizing architecture as an art "uniting technical and imaginative efforts as humanity unites soul and body," he nevertheless can bring himself to say that "while we cannot call those laws architectural which determine the height of a breast-work or the position of a bastion," yet "if to the stone facing of the bastion be added any unnecessary feature such as a cable moulding, that is architecture." A more shallow and trumpery definition of this great intellectual form of art was never uttered; it is so inherently false and superficial as in itself to vitiate all claim of its author to be a critical teacher on architecture. All the interest and effectiveness of plan and construction is at one stroke reduced to nothingness, and architecture made to depend merely on some ornamental adjuncts.

The popular disquisition on the meaning and essence of architectural design, which occupies a considerable portion of the first volume of the re-issue of the *Stones of Venice*, has undoubted merits as a "way of putting things," a manner of placing the truth of the matter in the simplest words, without any reference to mere technical phraseology. Some parts of this are so well done that it is vexatious to find them mixed up with misleading and contradictory views arising from faulty scientific knowledge (one might say, from the writer's essentially unscientific frame of mind), and from the eternal desire for

making points that has more than anything else vitiated the whole body of Mr. Ruskin's literary work. The suggestion that there are really only two "orders:" those in which the bell of the capital is concave in section and the decoration in relief, and those in which the bell is convex and the decoration cut into it, is a really brilliant generalization, though, of course, it has nothing on earth to do with the real meaning of the word "order" as used in architecture. Like most of the author's generalizations, however, it is not the whole truth; the definition can hardly cover the type of capital of which the Ionic is the leading form; and that type is not going to be pushed aside: it has shown evident signs of the contrary. About the pointed arch Mr. Ruskin is hopelessly at fault in every way. He attaches a constructive value to the Venetian form of it which exists only in his own imagination; while on the other hand he entirely ignores the constructive origin of the pointed arch in the great styles of Gothic. "The Greeks gave the shaft, Rome the arch; the Arabs pointed and foliated the arch." That is a neat sentence, and has the advantage of connecting the pointed arch with the Venetians, who, no doubt, got their unscientifically constructed arches from Oriental sources. But does not Mr. Ruskin know that the large arches of Furness and Fountains and Kirkstall were pointed, for constructive reasons (while the smaller ones still remained round), by builders who had never heard of the Arabs, and to whom the East was an unattainable Ultima Thule? Every architect knows that now; but, of course, Mr. Ruskin cannot learn from people so ignorant of architecture as architects.

We have devoted our principal space to the fallacies of Mr. Ruskin's artistic teaching, because it is on that class of subject that he is most generally accepted as an authority. One might find much to say about the childish absurdities of his so-called *Elements of Drawing*, where everything is turned upside down to suit the author's whimsicality, and the pupil is offered directions for shading a square space evenly, and told to draw the branches of trees as a flat network of lines, without paying attention to any other feature in the first instance (the very way to train him to regard a thing wrongly from the commencement, we should say), and is told to get "any cheap work" containing outline plates of leaves and flowers to copy, "it does not matter whether good or bad." It matters a great deal; and Mr. Ruskin would probably have scouted the sentiment if it had come from any other teacher of youth. Much also might be said as to the verbose and eccentric directions for the practice of drawing given in the book with the affected title *The Laws of Fésolé* (which, so far as they are laws, were no more laws of Fésolé than of anywhere else), and its equally affected and far-

fetched "axioms" and lessons in drawing from sixpences and pennies. There is a little more practical value in the treatise on elements of perspective; but the manner in which all these things are put is more like an attempt to interest an infant school in drawing than like serious instruction for sensible people; and indeed, "The Master" and his "Guild of St. George" are, in all their works and ways, as described by his own pen, exceedingly like a parcel of rather priggish children playing at being very good. The best thing in all these three books is the single and for once unaffected bit of advice, not to draw or color anything in nature, say grass or a stone even, in this or that manner, "because some one else tells you that is the way to do it;" but to "look at it and make it like what you see." That is a golden rule that deserves to be written up in every school of drawing; and it is indeed a pity that Mr. Ruskin has not oftener thus expressed real and broad truths about art in simple and unaffected language.

Of late years, however, the author has meddled more with social and economical subjects; and as early as 1851 he gave a hint of his intention to preach on other subjects than art, in the publication of the essay *On Sheepfolds*, a kind of protest against the purely clerical idea of the Christian Church, which most rational persons will concur in, but which was put forth by its author with the importance of one who is uttering some great new truth instead of putting a very commonplace piece of common sense in an unnecessarily eccentric manner. Since then Mr. Ruskin has at sundry times and in divers manners testified to the world upon subjects other than pure art criticism. His view of the situation, expressed under many various titles and various kinds of imagery, is substantially the same always, and amounts pretty much to this—that modern civilization, especially by means of steam and the industries which it has developed, has brutalized and laid waste our life; that England is getting ruined by ugliness and greed of money, and the loss of all that might give joy and beauty to life; that in every respect "the former times were better than these;" that there is no salvation for us but in giving up machinery, and coalworking, and railway travelling (railways being, according to one of his latest epistolary utterances, "carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves,") and returning to the simplicity and unsophisticated manners of some indefinite golden age of the past which he does not very clearly define. So far is this pessimistic theory carried, that even the weather is arraigned, and we had not long since the spectacle of Mr. Ruskin lecturing to a crowded audience at the London Institution, including some of the most eminent men of science of the day (who must have been singularly edified), to the effect that "the storm-cloud of the nineteenth century" was no longer the beneficent thunder-cloud of happier days, but a

bitter and blighting infliction, sent upon England as a punishment for her national sins.

Among the works which are professedly connected with what Mr. Ruskin is pleased to call "political economy," the only one which actually bears this title, but which has really little to do with political economy properly so called, viz., the *Political Economy of Art*, is a far more sober, more logical, more calmly written and judicious book than any of those which embody the writer's notions on political economy as usually understood; and compared with the mass of grotesque lamentations, far-fetched similes, moral stories, and scraps of art-criticism, with accounts of the writer's pecuniary dealings with the St. George's Society (affectedly called "Affairs of the Master") which are all bundled up together in that tremendous hodge-podge called *Fors Clavigera*, one may call the *Political Economy of Art* a reasonable and readable book. It is mainly occupied in considerations of the true value of art to a nation, and the means of making the best both of the art and of the artist; and there is much in this book that may be read with advantage by all who wish to take a serious view of art as a part of the business of life. There are considerations, crude enough, in regard to the effect of the spending of money in mere luxuries, which, however untrue and misleading in regard to the effects of this expenditure on the distribution of the means of existence, have certainly a moral value in so far as that they urge the principle that it is not worth while to pay people to do that which is not in itself of any value as contributing to the general enjoyment or bettering or beautifying of life. Mr. Ruskin has touched well upon this subject, too, in his lectures on engravings (comprised now under the title *Ariadne Florentina*) where he described the result of putting the unfortunate engraver to work at a considerable space of shadow produced by cross-hatched lines, which means cutting a number of little square holes between the crossed lines in order to leave the lines in relief. He would urge that it is no humanity to encourage a form of art which can only be produced by such dull mechanical labor; though, after all, it may be questioned whether the wood-engraver would not prefer to continue his hatching at a fair remuneration rather than have the work all taken out of his hands and reproduced in "zincograph" by the aid of photography.

We have passed over lightly, Mr. Ruskin's political economy, inasmuch as it is too foolish and preposterous to take in any but absolute dunces. It is otherwise with his art criticism, which, being put forth with an air of authority and on subjects which the majority of readers have given little thought to, has got itself largely accepted. We think we have shown sufficient reasons why this acceptance should be at least very seriously reconsidered. We can hardly conclude without

reference to the very last utterances of Mr. Ruskin's which have appeared in print, the letters to some ladies published under the title *Hortus Inclusus*. We wish not to say a disrespectful word of the ladies, who we have no doubt are gentle souls with a true admiration of their idol; but they had better, for his sake, have kept this garden "inclusus" still. The letters indicate only too well the kind of worship Mr. Ruskin delights in, and the kind of sickly, self-conscious, effeminate sentimentality which has grown upon him more and more, and which is seen in these letters as such a foolish mixture of vanity, petulance, and childishness, as any one possessed of any manliness of feeling would have regretted to have seen made public. This kind of writing is what might be expected, perhaps, from a man who has always specially courted the praises of women and of womanish men; who would wipe out from English literature so manly a writer as Thackeray; and who could complacently print in *Fors Clavigera*, for public edification, the schoolgirl's adulation, "It is good of you to keep on writing your beautiful thoughts, when everybody is so ungrateful and says such unkind, wicked things about you"—a quotation amusingly significant of the type of intellect to which Mr. Ruskin's vaticinations appeal, and the kind of incense which is as a sweet savor to him.

We regret to have to shock Mr. Ruskin's faithful followers, many of whom we have no doubt are honestly convinced of the intellectual and moral superiority of their idol, by saying "unkind, wicked things" about him. But when a writer so totally without logic or consistency in his so-called reasonings, and possessed by such abnormal vanity and folly of egotism, has by dint of mere verbal eloquence and phenomenal effrontery (for that is what Mr. Ruskin's assumed intellectual position amounts to) imposed himself on a whole generation as a teacher qualified to lecture *de haut en bas* on the whole circle of life and its greatest artistic and social problems, it is necessary that those who see good ground for refusing credence to his pretensions should express themselves in plain and decisive language. In one respect only we are prepared to give Mr. Ruskin nearly unqualified admiration, namely, in regard to his own artistic work as far as it has gone: with the exception of those unhappy illustrations to the *Seven Lamps*, his own drawing, of architecture especially, is admirable. When two or three of his own landscapes were exhibited some years ago in Bond Street along with his Turners, our impression at the time was that they were equal to most of the Turner drawings in that collection; at all events his drawings of portions of St. Mark's, exhibited more recently at the Society of Water-colors exhibition, were of the highest class, and such as indeed, of their kind, it would not be possible to surpass. In the preface to the *Illustrations of Venetian Architecture* he said, "Had

supposed myself to possess the power of becoming a painter, I should have given every available hour of my life to its cultivation, and never have written a line." It is a thousand pities that, yielding to the only motive of misplaced modesty of which any evidence is to be found throughout his writings, he should have given up an effort which might have brought him solid and lasting reputation, to turn to the easier and, after all, apparently more congenial task of flooding the world with showy and inconsequential literary rhapsodies, and have gone far to reduce to mere prosaic fact one of his own innumerable paradoxes—"People can hardly draw anything without being of some use to themselves and others, and can hardly write anything without wasting their own time and that of others."—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE:—A PROGRAMME.

THE vast and varied procession of events which we call Nature affords a sublime spectacle and an inexhaustible wealth of attractive problems to the speculative observer. If we confine our attention to that aspect which engages the attention of the intellect, nature appears a beautiful and harmonious whole, the incarnation of a faultless logical process, from certain premises in the past to an inevitable conclusion in the future. But if she be regarded from a less elevated, but more human, point of view; if our moral sympathies are allowed to influence our judgment, and we permit ourselves to criticise our great mother as we criticise one another;—then our verdict, at least so far as sentient nature is concerned, can hardly be so favorable.

In sober truth, to those who have made a study of the phenomena of life as they are exhibited by the higher forms of the animal world, the optimistic dogma that this is the best of all possible worlds will seem little better than a libel upon possibility. It is really only another instance to be added to the many extant, of the audacity of *a priori* speculators who, having created God in their own image, find no difficulty in assuming that the Almighty must have been actuated by the same motives as themselves. They are quite sure that, had any other course been practicable, He would no more have made infinite suffering a necessary ingredient of His handiwork than a respectable philosopher would have done the like. But even the modified optimism of the time-honored thesis of physico-theology, that the sentient world is, on the whole, regulated by principles of benevolence, does but ill stand the test of impartial confrontation with the facts of the case. No doubt it is quite true that sentient nature affords hosts of examples of subtle contrivances directed towards the production of

pleasure or the avoidance of pain; and it may be proper to say that these are evidences of benevolence. But if so, why is it not equally proper to say of the equally numerous arrangements, the no less necessary result of which is the production of pain, that they are evidences of malevolence?

If a vast amount of that which, in a piece of human workmanship, we should call skill, is visible in those parts of the organization of a deer to which it owes its ability to escape from beasts of prey, there is at least equal skill displayed in that bodily mechanism of the wolf which enables him to track, and sooner or later to bring down, the deer. Viewed under the dry light of science, deer and wolf are alike admirable; and if both were non-sentient automata, there would be nothing to qualify our admiration of the action of the one on the other. But the fact that the deer suffers, while the wolf inflicts suffering, engages our moral sympathies. We should call men like the deer innocent and good, men such as the wolf malignant and bad; we should call those who defended the deer and aided him to escape brave and compassionate, and those who helped the wolf in his bloody work base and cruel. Surely, if we transfer these judgments to nature outside the world of man at all, we must do so impartially. In that case, the goodness of the right hand which helps the deer, and the wickedness of the left hand which eggs on the wolf, will neutralize one another: and the course of nature will appear to be neither moral nor immoral, but non-moral. This conclusion is thrust upon us by analogous facts in every part of the sentient world; yet, inasmuch as it not only jars upon prevalent prejudices, but arouses the natural dislike to that which is painful, much ingenuity has been exercised in devising an escape from it.

From the theological side, we are told that this is a state of probation, and that the seeming injustices and immoralities of nature will be compensated by-and-by. But how this compensation is to be affected, in the case of the great majority of sentient things, is not clear. I apprehend that no one is seriously prepared to maintain that the ghosts of all the myriads of generations of herbivorous animals which lived during the millions of years of the earth's duration before the appearance of man, and which have all that time been tormented and devoured by carnivores, are to be compensated by a perennial existence in clover; while the ghosts of carnivores are to go to some kennel where there is neither a pan of water nor a bone with any meat on it. Besides, from the point of view of morality, the last state of things would be worse than the first. For the carnivores, however brutal and sanguinary, have only done that which, if there is any evidence of contrivance in the world, they were expressly constructed to do. Moreover, carnivores and herbivores alike have been subject to

all the miseries incidental to old age, disease, and over-multiplication, and both might well put in a claim for "compensation" on this score.

On the evolutionist side, on the other hand, we are told to take comfort from the reflection that the terrible struggle for existence tends to final good, and that the suffering of the ancestor is paid for by the increased perfection of the progeny. There would be something in this argument if—in Chinese fashion—the present generation could pay its debts to its ancestors; otherwise it is not clear what compensation the *Eohippus* gets for his sorrows in the fact that, some millions of years afterwards, one of his descendants wins the Derby. And, again, it is an error to imagine that evolution signifies a constant tendency to increase perfection. That process undoubtedly involves a constant re-adjustment of the organism in adaption to new conditions; but it depends on the nature of those conditions whether the direction of the modifications effected shall be upward or downward. Retrogressive is as practicable as progressive metamorphosis. If what the physical philosophers tell us, that our globe has been in a state of fusion, and, like the sun, is gradually cooling down, is true; then the time must come when evolution will mean adaption to a universal winter, and all forms of life will die out, except such low and simple organisms as the *Diatom* of the arctic and antarctic ice and the *Protococcus* of the red snow. If our globe is proceeding from a condition in which it was too hot to support any but the lowest living thing to a condition in which it will be too cold to permit of the existence of any others, the course of life upon its surface must describe a trajectory like that of a ball fired from a mortar; and the sinking half of that course is as much a part of the general process of evolution as the rising.

From the point of view of the moralist the animal world is on about the same level as a gladiator's show. The creatures are fairly well treated, and set to fight—whereby the strongest, the swiftest and the cunningest live to fight another day. The spectator has no need to turn his thumbs down, as no quarter is given. He must admit that the skill and training displayed are wonderful. But he must shut his eyes if he would not see that more or less enduring suffering is the meed of both vanquished and victor. And since the great game is going on in every corner of the world, thousands of times a minute; since, were our ears sharp enough, we need not descend to the gates of hell to hear—

"sospiri, pianti, ed alti gual. . . .
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle."

It seems to follow that, if this world is governed by benevolence, it must be a different sort of benevolence from that of John Howard.

But the old Babylonians wisely symbolized Nature by their great goddess Istar, who combined the attributes of Aphrodite with those of Ares. Her terrible aspect is not to be ignored or covered up with shams; but it is not the only one. If the optimism of Leibnitz is a foolish though pleasant dream, the pessimism of Schopenhauer is a nightmare, the more foolish because of its hideousness. Error which is not pleasant is surely the worst form of wrong.

This may not be the best of all possible worlds, but to say that it is the worst is mere petulant nonsense. A worn-out voluptuary may find nothing good under the sun, or a vain and inexperienced youth, who cannot get the moon he cries for, may vent his irritation in pessimistic moanings; but there can be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable person that mankind could, would, and in fact do, get on fairly well with vastly less happiness and far more misery than find their way into the lives of nine people out of ten. If each and all of us had been visited by an attack of neuralgia, or of extreme mental depression, for one hour in every twenty-four—a supposition which many tolerably vigorous people know, to their cost, is not extravagant—the burden of life would have been immensely increased without much practical hindrance to its general course. Men with any manhood in them find life quite worth living under worse conditions than these.

There is another sufficiency obvious fact which renders the hypothesis that the course of sentient nature is dictated by malevolence quite untenable. A vast multitude of pleasures, and these among the purest and the best, are superfluities, bits of good which are to all appearance unnecessary as inducements to live, and are, so to speak, thrown into the bargain of life. To those who experience them, few delights can be more entrancing than such as are afforded by natural beauty or by the arts and especially by music; but they are products of, rather than factors in, evolution, and it is probable that they are known, in any considerable degree, to but a very small proportion of mankind.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that, if Ormuzd has not had his way in this world, neither has Ahriman. Pessimism is as little consonant with the facts of sentient existence as optimism. If we desire to represent the course of nature in terms of human thought, and assume that it was intended to be that which it is, we must say that its governing principle is intellectual and not moral; that it is a materialized logical process accompanied by pleasures and pains, the incidents of which, in the majority of cases, has not the slightest reference to moral desert. That the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, and that those upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell were no worse than their neighbors, seem to be Oriental modes of expressing the same conclusion.

In the strict sense of the word "nature," it denotes the sum of the phenomenal world, of that which has been, and is, and will be; and society, like art, is therefore a part of nature. But it is convenient to distinguish those parts of nature in which man plays the part of immediate cause, as something apart; and, therefore, society, like art, is usefully to be considered as distinct from nature. It is the more desirable, and even necessary, to make this distinction, since society differs from nature in having a definite moral object; whence it comes about that the course shaped by the ethical man—the member of society or citizen—necessarily runs counter to that which the non-ethical man—the primitive savage, or man as a mere member of the animal kingdom—tends to adopt. The latter fights out the struggle for existence to the bitter end, like any other animal; the former devotes his best energies to the object of setting limits to the struggle.

In the cycle of phenomena presented by the life of man, the animal, no more moral end is discernible than in that presented by the lives of the wolf and of the deer. However imperfect the relics of prehistoric men may be, the evidence which they afford clearly tends to the conclusion that, for thousands and thousands of years, before the origin of the oldest known civilizations, men were savages of a very low type. They strove with their enemies and their competitors; they preyed upon things weaker or less cunning than themselves; they were born, multiplied without stint, and died, for thousands of generations, alongside the mammoth, the urus, the lion, and the hyæna, whose lives were spent in the same way; and they were no more to be praised or blamed, on moral grounds, than their less erect and more hairy compatriots. As among these, so among primitive men, the weakest and stupidest went to the wall, while the toughest and shrewdest, those who were best fitted to cope with their circumstances, but not the best in any other sense, survived. Life was a continual free fight, and beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war of each against all was the normal state of existence. The human species, like others, plashed and floundered amid the general stream of evolution, keeping its head above water as it best might, and thinking neither of whence nor whither.

The history of civilization—that is of society—on the other hand, is the record of the attempts which the human race has made to escape from this position. The first men who substituted the state of mutual peace for that of mutual war, whatever the motive which impelled them to take that step, created society. But, in establishing peace, they obviously put a limit upon the struggle for existence. Between the members of that society, at any rate, it was not to be pursued *à outrance*. And of all the successive shapes which society has taken, that most nearly approaches perfection in which the war of individual

against individual is most strictly limited. The primitive savage, tutored by Istar, appropriated whatever took his fancy, and killed whomsoever opposed him, if he could. On the contrary, the ideal of the ethical man is to limit his freedom of action to a sphere in which he does not interfere with the freedom of others; he seeks the common weal as much as his own; and, indeed, as an essential part of his own welfare. Peace is both end and means with him; and he founds his life on a more or less complete self-restraint, which is the negation of the struggle for existence. He tries to escape from his place in the animal kingdom, founded on the free development of the principle of non-moral evolution, and to found a kingdom of Man, governed upon the principle of moral evolution. For society not only has a moral end, but in its perfection, social life, is embodied morality.

But the effort of ethical man to work towards a moral end by no means abolished, perhaps has hardly modified, the deep-seated organic impulses which impel the natural man to follow his non-moral course. One of the most essential conditions, if not the chief cause, of the struggle for existence, is the tendency to multiply without limit, which man shares with all living things. It is notable that "increase and multiply" is a commandment traditionally much older than the ten, and that it is, perhaps, the only one which has been spontaneously and *ex amino* obeyed by the great majority of the human race. But, in civilized society, the inevitable result of such obedience is the re-establishment, in all its intensity, of that struggle for existence—the war of each against all—the mitigation or abolition of which was the chief end of social organization.

It is conceivable that, at some period in the history of the fabled Atlantis, the production of food should have been exactly sufficient to meet the wants of the population, that the makers of artificial commodities should have amounted to just the number supportable by the surplus food of the agriculturists. And, as there is no harm in adding another monstrous supposition to the foregoing, let it be imagined that every man, woman, and child was perfectly virtuous, and aimed at the good of all as the highest personal good. In that happy land, the natural man would have been finally put down by the ethical man. There would have been no competition, but the industry of each would have been serviceable to all; nobody being vain and nobody avaricious, there would have been no rivalries; the struggle for existence would have been abolished, and the millennium would have finally set in. But it is obvious that this state of things could have been permanent only with a stationary population. Add ten fresh mouths; and as, by the supposition, there was only exactly enough before, somebody must go on short rations. The Atlantis society might have been a heaven upon earth, the whole

nation might have consisted of just men, needing no repentance, and yet somebody must starve. Reckless Istar, non-moral Nature, would have riven the social fabric. I was once talking with a very eminent physician about the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. "Stuff!" said he; "nine times out of ten nature does not want to cure the man; she wants to put him in his coffin." And Istar-Nature appears to have equally little sympathy with the ends of society. "Stuff! she wants nothing but a fair field and free play for her darling the strongest."

Our Atlantis may be an impossible figment, but the antagonistic tendencies which the fable adumbrates have existed in every society which was ever established, and, to all appearance, must strive for the victory in all that will be. Historians point to the greed and ambition of rulers, to the reckless turbulence of the ruled, to the debasing effects of wealth and luxury, and to the devastating wars which have formed a great part of the occupation of mankind, as the causes of the decay of states and the foundering of old civilizations, and thereby point their story with a moral. No doubt immoral motives of all sorts have figured largely among the minor causes of these events. But, beneath all this superficial turmoil, lay the deep-seated impulse given by unlimited multiplication. In the swarms of colonies thrown out by Phoenicia and by old Greece; in the *ver sacrum* of the Latin races; in the floods of Gauls and of Teutons which burst over the frontiers of the old civilization of Europe; in the swaying to and fro of the vast Mongolian hordes in late times, the population problem comes to the front in a very visible shape. Nor is it less plainly manifest in the everlasting agrarian questions of ancient Rome than in the Arreoi societies of the Polynesian Islands.

In the ancient world and in a large part of that in which we now live, the practice of infanticide was or is a regular and legal custom; the steady recurrence of famine, pestilence, and war were and are normal factors in the struggle for existence, and have served, in a gross and brutal fashion, to mitigate the intensity of its chief cause. But, in the more advanced civilizations, the progress of private and public morality has steadily tended to remove all these checks. We declare infanticide murder, and punish it as such; we decree, not quite successfully, that no one shall die of hunger; we regard death from preventable causes of other kinds as a sort of constructive murder, and eliminate pestilence to the best of our ability; we declaim against the curse of war, and the wickedness of the military spirit, and we are never weary of dilating on the blessedness of peace and the innocent beneficence of Industry. In their moments of expansion, even statesmen and men of business go thus far. The finer spirits look to an ideal *civitas Dei*; a state when, every man having reached the point of absolute self-negation, and having nothing but moral perfection to

strive after, peace will truly reign, not merely among nations, but among men, and the struggle for existence will be at an end. Whether human nature is competent, under any circumstances, to reach, or even seriously advance towards, this ideal condition, is a question which need not be discussed. It will be admitted that mankind has not yet reached this stage by a very long way, and my business is with the present. And that which I wish to point out is that, so long as the natural man increases and multiplies without restraint, so long will peace and industry not only permit, but they will necessitate, a struggle for existence as sharp as any that ever went on under the *régime* of war. If Istar is to reign on the one hand, she will demand her human sacrifices on the other.

Let us look at home. For seventy years, peace and industry have had their way among us with less interruption and under more favorable conditions than in any other country on the face of the earth. The wealth of Croesus was nothing to that which we have accumulated, and our prosperity has filled the world with envy. But Nemesis did not forget Croesus; has she forgotten us? I think not. There are now 36,000,000 of people in our island, and every year considerably more than 300,000 are added to our members.* That is to say, about every hundred seconds, or so, a new claimant to a share in the common stock of maintenance presents him or herself among us. At the present time, the produce of the soil does not suffice to feed half its population. The other moiety has to be supplied with food which must be bought from the people of food-producing countries. That is to say, we have to offer them the things which they want in exchange for the things we want. And the things they want and which we can produce better than they can are mainly manufactures—industrial products.

The insolent reproach of the first Napoleon had a very solid foundation. We not only are, but, under penalty of starvation, we are bound to be, a nation of shopkeepers. But other nations also lie under the same necessity of keeping shop, and some of them deal in the same goods as ourselves. Our customers naturally seek to get the most and the best in exchange for their produce. If our goods are inferior to those of our competitors, there is no ground compatible with the sanity of the buyers, which can be alleged, why they should not prefer the latter. And, if that result should ever take place on a large and general scale, five or six millions of us would soon have nothing to eat. We know what the cotton famine was; and we can therefore form some notion of what a dearth of customers would be.

* These numbers are only approximately accurate. In 1881, our population amounted to 35,241,482, exceeding the number in 1871 by 3,396,103. The average annual increase in the decennial period 1871–1881 is therefore 339,610. The number of minutes in a calendar year is 525,600.

Judged by an ethical standard, nothing can be less satisfactory than the position in which we find ourselves. In a real, though incomplete, degree we have attained the condition of peace which is the main object of social organization; and it may, for argument's sake, be assumed that we desire nothing but that which is in itself innocent and praiseworthy—namely, the enjoyment of the fruits of honest industry. And lo! in spite of ourselves, we are in reality engaged in an internecine struggle for existence with our presumably no less peaceful and well-meaning neighbors. We seek peace and we do not ensue it. The moral nature in us asks for no more than is compatible with the general good; the non-moral nature proclaims and acts upon that fine old Scottish family motto 'Thou shalt starve ere I want.' Let us be under no illusions then. So long as unlimited multiplication goes on, no social organization which has ever been devised, or is likely to be devised; no fiddle-faddling with the distribution of wealth, will deliver society from the tendency to be destroyed by the reproduction within itself, in its intensest form, of that struggle for existence, the limitation of which is the object of society. And however shocking to the moral sense this eternal competition of man against man and of nation against nation may be; however revolting may be the accumulation of misery at the negative pole of society, in contrast with that of monstrous wealth at the positive pole; this state of things must abide, and grow continually worse, so long as Istar holds her way unchecked. It is the true riddle of the Sphinx; and every nation which does not solve it will sooner or later be devoured by the monster itself has generated.

The practical and pressing question for us just now seems to me to be how to gain time. "Time brings counsel," as the Teutonic proverb has it; and wiser folk among our posterity may see their way out of that which at present looks like an *impasse*. It would be folly to entertain any ill-feeling towards those neighbors and rivals who, like ourselves, are slaves of Istar; but, if somebody is to be starved, the modern world has no Oracle of Delphi to which the nations can appeal for an indication of the victim. It is open to us to try our fortune; and if we avoid impending fate, there will be a certain ground for believing that we are the right people to escape. *Securus judicat orbis*.

To this end, it is well to look into the necessary conditions of our salvation by works. They are two, one plain to all the world and hardly needing insistence; the other seemingly not so plain, since too often it has been theoretically and practically left out of sight. The obvious condition is that our produce shall be better than that of others. There is only one reason why our goods should be preferred to those of our rivals—our customers must find them better at the price. That means that we must use more knowledge, skill, and

industry in producing them, without a proportionate increase in the cost of production; and, as the price of labor constitutes a large element in that cost, the rate of wages must be restricted within certain limits. It is perfectly true that cheap production and cheap labor are by no means synonymous; but it is also true that wages cannot increase beyond a certain proportion without destroying cheapness. Cheapness, then, with, as part and parcel of cheapness, a moderate price of labor, is essential to our success as competitors in the markets of the world.

The second condition is really quite as plainly indispensable as the first, if one thinks seriously about the matter. It is social stability. Society is stable when the wants of its members obtain as much satisfaction as, life being what it is, common sense and experience show may be reasonably expected. Mankind, in general, care very little for forms of government or ideal considerations of any sort; and nothing really stirs the great multitude of mankind to break with custom and incur the manifest perils of revolt except the belief that misery in this world or damnation in the next, or both, are threatened by the continuance of the state of things in which they have been brought up. But when they do attain that conviction, society becomes as unstable as a package of dynamite, and a very small matter will produce the explosion which sends it back to the chaos of savagery.

It needs no argument to prove that when the price of labor sinks below a certain point, the worker infallibly falls into that condition which the French emphatically call *la misère*—a word for which I do not think there is any exact English equivalent. It is a condition in which the food, warmth and clothing which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state cannot be obtained; in which men, women and children are forced to crowd into dens wherein decency is abolished and the most ordinary conditions of healthful existence are impossible of attainment; in which the pleasures within reach are reduced to bestiality and drunkenness; in which the pains accumulate at compound interest, in the shape of starvation, disease, stunted development, and moral degradation; in which the prospect of even steady and honest industry is a life of unsuccessful battling with hunger, rounded by a pauper's grave.

That a certain proportion of the members of every great aggregation of mankind should constantly tend to establish and populate such a *Malebolge* as this is inevitable, so long as some people are by nature idle and vicious, while others are disabled by sickness or accident, or thrown upon the world by the death of their bread-winners. So long as that proportion is restricted within tolerable limits, it can be dealt with; and, so far as it arises only from such causes, its existence may and must be patiently borne. But, when the organization of society,

instead of mitigating this tendency, tends to continue and intensify it; when a given social order plainly makes for evil and not for good, men naturally enough begin to think it high time to try a fresh experiment. The animal man, finding that the ethical man has landed him in such a slough, resumes his ancient sovereignty and preaches anarchy; which is, substantially, a proposal to reduce the social cosmos to chaos and begin the brute struggle for existence once again.

Any one who is acquainted with the state of the population of all great industrial centres, whether in this or other countries, is aware that, amidst a large and increasing body of that population, *la misère* reigns supreme. I have no pretensions to the character of a philanthropist and I have a special horror of all sorts of sentimental rhetoric; I am merely trying to deal with facts, to some extent within my own knowledge, and further evidenced by abundant testimony, as a naturalist; and I take it to be a mere plain truth that, throughout industrial Europe, there is not a single large manufacturing city which is free from a vast mass of people whose condition is exactly that described, and from a still greater mass who, living just on the edge of the social swamp, are liable to be precipitated into it by any lack of demand for their produce. And, with every addition to the population, the multitude already sunk in the pit and the number of the host sliding towards it continually increase.

Argumentation can hardly be needful to make it clear that no society in which the elements of decomposition are thus swiftly and surely accumulating can hope to win in the race of industries. Intelligence, knowledge, and skill are undoubtedly conditions of success; but of what avail are they likely to be unless they are backed up by honesty, energy, good-will, and all the physical and moral faculties that go to the making of manhood, and unless they are stimulated by hope of such reward as men may fairly look to? And what dweller in the slough of *misère*, dwarfed in body and soul, demoralized, hopeless, can reasonably be expected to possess these qualities?

Any full and permanent development of the productive powers of an industrial population, then, must be compatible with and, indeed, based upon a social organization which will secure a fair amount of physical and moral welfare to that population; which will make for good and not for evil. Natural science and religious enthusiasm rarely go hand in hand, but on this matter their concord is complete; and the least sympathetic of naturalists can but admire the insight and the devotion of such social reformers as the late Lord Shaftesbury, whose recently published *Life and Letters* gives a vivid picture of the condition of the working classes fifty years ago, and of the pit which our industry, ignoring these plain truths, was then digging under its own feet.

There is perhaps no more hopeful sign of progress among us in the last half-century than the steadily increasing devotion which has been and is directed to measures for promoting physical and moral welfare among the poorer classes. Sanitary reformers, like most other reformers whom I have had the advantage of knowing, seem to need a good dose of fanaticism, as a sort of moral coca, to keep them up to the mark, and, doubtless, they have made many mistakes; but that the endeavor to improve the condition under which our industrial population live, to amend the drainage of densely peopled streets, to provide baths, washhouses, and gymnasia, to facilitate habits of thrift, to furnish some provision for instruction and amusement in public libraries and the like, is not only desirable from a philanthropic point of view, but an essential condition of safe industrial development, appears to me to be indisputable. It is by such means alone, so far as I can see, that we can hope to check the constant gravitation of industrial society towards *la misère*, until the general progress of intelligence and morality leads men to grapple with the sources of that tendency. If it is said that the carrying out of such arrangements as those indicated must enhance the cost of production, and thus handicap the producer in the race of competition, I venture, in the first place, to doubt the fact: but if it be so, it results that industrial society has to face a dilemma, either horn of which threatens impalement.

On the one hand, a population whose labor is sufficiently remunerated may be physically and morally healthy and socially stable, but may fail in industrial competition by reason of the dearness of its produce. On the other hand, a population whose labor is insufficiently remunerated must become physically and morally unhealthy, and socially unstable; and though it may succeed for a while in industrial competition, by reason of the cheapness of its produce, it must in the end fall, through hideous misery and degradation, to utter ruin. Well, if these are the only possible alternatives, let us for ourselves and our children choose the former, and, if need be, starve like men. But I do not believe that a stable society made up of healthy, vigorous, instructed, and self-ruling people would ever incur serious risk of that fate. They are not likely to be troubled with many competitors of the same character, and they may be safely trusted to find ways of holding their own.

Assuming that the physical and moral well-being and the stable social order, which are the indispensable conditions of permanent industrial development, are secured, there remains for consideration the means of attaining that knowledge and skill, without which, even then, the battle of competition cannot be successfully fought. Let us consider how we stand. A vast system of elementary education has now been in operation among us for sixteen years, and has reached all but

a very small fraction of the population. I do not think that there is any room for doubt that, on the whole, it has worked well, and that its indirect no less than its direct benefits have been immense. But, as might be expected, it exhibits the defects of all our educational systems—fashioned as they were to meet the wants of a bygone condition of society. There is a widespread, and I think well-justified, complaint that it has too much to do with books and too little to do with things. I am as little disposed as anyone can well be to narrow early education and to make the primary school a mere annex of the shop. And it is not so much in the interests of industry as in that of breadth of culture, that I echo the common complaint against the bookish and theoretical character of our primary instruction.

If there were no such things as industrial pursuits, a system of education which does nothing for the faculties of observation, which trains neither the eye nor the hand, and is compatible with utter ignorance of the commonest natural truths, might still be reasonably regarded as strangely imperfect. And when we consider that the instruction and training which are lacking are exactly those which are of most importance for the great mass of our population, the fault becomes almost a crime, the more that there is no practical difficulty in making good these defects. There really is no reason why drawing should not be universally taught, and it is an admirable training for both eye and hand. Artists are born, not made; but everybody may be taught to draw elevations, plans and sections; and pots and pans are as good, indeed better, models for this purpose than the Apollo Belvedere. The plant is not expensive; and there is this excellent quality about drawing of the kind indicated, that it can be tested almost as easily and severely as arithmetic. Such drawings are either right or wrong, and if they are wrong the pupil can be made to see that they are wrong. From the industrial point of view, drawing has the further merit that there is hardly any trade in which the power of drawing is not of daily and hourly utility.

In the next place, no good reason, except the want of capable teachers, can be assigned why elementary notions of science should not be an element in general instruction. In this case, again, no experience or elaborate apparatus is necessary. The commonest thing—a candle, a boy's squirt, a piece of chalk—in the hands of a teacher who knows his business may be made the starting points whence children may be led into the regions of science as far as their capacity permits, with efficient exercise of their observational and reasoning faculties on the road. If object lessons often prove trivial failures, it is not the fault of object lessons, but that of the teacher, who has not found out how much the power of teaching a little depends on knowing a great deal, and that thoroughly; and that he has not made that discovery is not

the fault of the teachers, but of the detestable system of training them which is widely prevalent. *

As I have said, I do not regard the proposal to add these to the present subjects of universal instruction, as made merely in the interests of industry. Elementary science and drawing are just as needful at Eton (where I am happy to say both are now parts of the regular course) as in the lowest primary school. But their importance in the education of the artisan is enhanced, not merely by the fact that the knowledge and skill thus gained—little as they may amount to—will still be of practical utility to him; but further, because they constitute an introduction to that special training which is commonly called “technical education.”

I conceive that our wants in this last direction may be grouped under four heads: (1) Instruction in the principles of those branches of science and of art which are peculiarly applicable to industrial pursuits, which may be called preliminary scientific education. (2) Instruction in the special branches of such applied science and art, as technical education proper. (3) Instruction of teachers in both these branches. (4) Capacity-catching machinery. A great deal has already been done in each of these directions, but much remains to be done. If elementary education is amended in the way that has been suggested, I think that the school-boards will have quite as much on their hands as they are capable of doing well. The influences under which the members of these bodies are elected do not tend to secure fitness for dealing with scientific or technical education; and it is the less necessary to burden them with an uncongenial task as there are other organizations, not only much better fitted to do the work, but already actually doing it.

In the matter of preliminary scientific education, the chief of these is the Science and Art Department, which has done more during the last quarter of a century for the teaching of elementary science among the masses of the people than any organization which exists either in this or in any other country. It has become veritably a people's university, so far as physical science is concerned. At the foundation of our old universities they were freely open to the poorest, but the poorest must come to them. In the last quarter of a century, the Science and Art Department, by means of its classes spread all over the country and open to all, has conveyed instruction to the poorest. The University Extension movement shows that our older learned corporations have discovered the propriety of following suit.

* Training in the use of simple tools is no doubt very desirable, on all grounds. From the point of view of ‘culture,’ the man whose ‘fingers are all thumbs’ is but a stunted creature. But the practical difficulties in the way of introducing handiwork of this kind into elementary schools appear to me to be considerable.

Technical education, in the strict sense, has become a necessity for two reasons. The old apprenticeship system has broken down, partly by reason of the changed conditions of industrial life, and partly because trades have ceased to be "crafts," the traditional secrets whereof the master handed down to his apprentices. Invention is constantly changing the face of our industries, so that "use and wont," "rule of thumb," and the like, are gradually losing their importance, while that knowledge of principles which alone can deal successfully with changed conditions is becoming more and more valuable. Socially, the "master" of four or five apprentices is disappearing in favor of the "employer" of forty, or four hundred, or four thousand "hands," and the odds and ends of technical knowledge, formerly picked up in a shop, are not, and cannot be, supplied in the factory. The instruction formerly given by the master must therefore be more than replaced by the systematic teaching of the technical school.

Institutions of this kind on varying scales of magnitude and completeness, from the splendid edifice set up by the City and Guilds Institute to the smallest local technical school, to say nothing of classes, such as those in technology instituted by the Society of Arts (subsequently taken over by the City Guilds), have been established in various parts of the country, and the movement in favor of their increase and multiplication is rapidly growing in breadth and intensity. But there is much difference of opinion as to the best way in which the technical instruction, so generally desired, should be given. Two courses appear to be practicable: the one is the establishment of special technical schools with a systematic and lengthened course of instruction demanding the employment of the whole time of the pupils. The other is the setting afoot of technical classes, especially evening classes, comprising a short series of lessons on some special topic, which may be attended by persons already earning wages in some branch of trade or commerce.

There is no doubt that technical schools, on the plan indicated under the first head, are extremely costly; and, so far as the teaching of artisans is concerned, it is very commonly objected to them that, as the learners do not work under trade conditions, they are apt to fall into amateurish habits, which prove of more hindrance than service in the actual business of life. When such schools are attached to factories under the direction of an employer who desires to train up a supply of intelligent workmen, of course this objection does not apply, nor can the usefulness of such schools for the training of future employers and for the higher grade of the employed be doubtful; but they are clearly out of the reach of the great mass of the people, who have to earn their bread as soon as possible. We must therefore look to the classes, and especially to evening classes, as the great instru-

ment for the technical education of the artisan. The utility of such classes has now been placed beyond all doubt; the only question which remains is to find the ways and means of extending them.

We are here, as in all other questions of social organization, met by two diametrically opposed views. On the one hand, the methods pursued in foreign countries are held up as our example. The State is exhorted to take the matter in hand, and establish a great system of technical education. On the other hand, many economists of the individualist school exhaust the resources of language in condemning and repudiating, not merely the interference of the general government in such matters, but the application of a farthing of the funds raised by local taxation to these purposes. I entertain a strong conviction that, in this country, at any rate, the State had much better leave purely technical and trade instruction alone. But, although my personal leanings are decidedly towards the individualists, I have arrived at that conclusion on merely practical grounds. In fact, my individualism is rather of a sentimental sort, and I sometimes think I should be stronger in the faith if it were less vehemently advocated.* I am unable to see that civil society is anything but a corporation established for a moral object—namely, the good of its members—and therefore that it may take such measures as seem fitting for the attainment of that which the general voice decides to be the general good. That the suffrage of the majority is by no means a scientific test of social good and evil is unfortunately too true; but, in practice, it is the only test we can apply and the refusal to abide by it means anarchy. The purest despotism that ever existed is as much based upon that will of the majority (which is usually submission to the will of a small minority) as the freest republic. Law is the expression of the opinion of the majority, and it is law, and not mere opinion, because the many are strong enough to enforce it.

I am as strongly convinced as the most pronounced individualist can be, that it is desirable that every man should be free to act in every way which does not limit the corresponding freedom of his fellow-man. But I fail to connect that great induction of sociology with the practical corollary which is frequently drawn from it: that the State—that is, the people in its corporate capacity—has no business to meddle with anything but the administration of justice and external defence.

It appears to me that the amount of freedom which incorporate society may fitly leave to its members is not a fixed quantity, to be

* In what follows I am only repeating and emphasising opinions which I expressed, seventeen years ago, in an address to the members of the Midland Institute (re-published in *Critiques and Addresses* in 1873). I have seen no reason to modify them, notwithstanding high authority on the other side.

determined *à priori* by deduction from the fiction called "natural rights;" but that it must be determined by, and vary with, circumstances. I conceive it to be demonstratable that the higher and the more complex the organization of the social body, the more closely is the life of each member bound up with that of the whole; and the larger becomes the category of acts which cease to be merely self-regarding, and which interfere with the freedom of others more or less seriously.

If a squatter, living ten miles away from any neighbor, chooses to burn his house down to get rid of vermin, there may be no necessity (in the absence of insurance offices) that the law should interfere with his freedom of action. His act can hurt nobody but himself; but, if the dweller in a street chooses to do the same thing, the State very properly makes such a proceeding a crime, and punishes it as such. He does meddle with his neighbor's freedom, and that seriously. So it might, perhaps, be a tenable doctrine, that it would be needless, and even tyrannous, to make education compulsory in a sparse agricultural population, living in abundance on the produce of its own soil; but, in a densely populated manufacturing country, struggling for existence with competitors, every ignorant person tends to become a burden upon, and, so far, an infringer of the liberty of his fellows, and an obstacle to their success. Under such circumstances an education rate is, in fact, a war tax, levied for purposes of defence.

That State action always has been more or less misdirected, and always will be so, is, I believe, perfectly true. But I am not aware that it is more true of the action of men in their corporate capacity than it is of the doings of individuals. The wisest and most dispassionate man in existence, merely wishing to go from one stile in a field to the opposite, will not walk quite straight—he is always going a little wrong, and always correcting himself; and I can only congratulate the individualist who is able to say that his general course of life has been of a less undulating character. To abolish State action, because its direction is never more than approximately correct, appears to me to be much the same thing as abolishing the man at the wheel altogether, because, do what he will, the ship yaws more or less. "Why should I be robbed of my property to pay for teaching another man's children?" is an individualist question, which is not unfrequently put as if it settled the whole business. Perhaps it does, but I find difficulties in seeing why it should. The parish in which I live makes me pay my share for the paving and lighting of a great many streets that I never pass through; and I might plead that I am robbed to smooth the way and lighten the darkness of other people. But I am afraid the parochial authorities would not let me off on this plea; and I must confess I do not see why they should.

I cannot speak of my own knowledge, but I have every reason to believe that I came into this world a small reddish person, certainly without a gold spoon in my mouth, and in fact with no discernible abstract or concrete "rights" or property of any description. If a foot was not, at once, set upon me as a squalling nuisance, it was either the natural affection of those about me, which I certainly had done nothing to deserve, or the fear of the law which, ages before my birth, was painfully built up by the society into which I intruded, that prevented that catastrophe. If I was nourished, cared for, taught, saved from the vagabondage of a wastrel, I certainly am not aware that I did anything to deserve those advantages. And, if I possess anything now, it strikes me that, though I may have fairly earned my day's wages for my day's work, and may justly call them my property—yet, without that organization of society, created out of the toil and blood of long generations before my time, I should probably have had nothing but a flint axe and an indifferent hut to call my own; and even those would be mine only so long as no stronger savage came my way. So that if society, having—quite gratuitously—done all these things for me, asks me in turn to do something towards its preservation—even if that something is to contribute to the teaching of other men's children—I really, in spite of all my individualist leanings, feel rather ashamed to say no. And if I were not ashamed, I cannot say that I think that society would be dealing unjustly with me in converting the moral obligation into a legal one. There is a manifest unfairness in letting all the burden be borne by the willing horse.

It does not appear to me, then, that there is any valid objection to taxation for purposes of education; but, in the case of technical schools and classes, I think it is practically expedient that such taxation should be local. Our industrial population accumulates in particular towns and districts; these districts are those which immediately profit by technical education; and it is only in them that we can find the men practically engaged in industries, among whom some may reasonably be expected to be competent judges of that which is wanted, and of the best means of meeting the want. In my belief, all methods of technical training are at present tentative, and, to be successful, each must be adapted to the special peculiarities of its locality. This is a case in which we want twenty years, not of "strong government," but of cheerful and hopeful blundering; and we may be thankful if we get things straight in that time.

The principle of the Bill introduced, but dropped, by the Government last session, appears to me to be wise, and some of the objections to it I think are due to a misunderstanding. The Bill proposed in substance to allow localities to tax themselves for purposes of techni-

cal education—on the condition that any scheme for such purpose should be submitted to the Science and Art Department, and declared by that Department to be in accordance with the intention of the Legislature. A cry was raised that the Bill proposed to throw technical education into the hands of the Science and Art Department. But, in reality, no power of initiation, nor even of meddling with details, was given to that Department—the sole function of which was to decide whether any plan proposed did or did not come within the limits of “technical education.” The necessity for such control, somewhere, is obvious. No Legislature, certainly not ours, is likely to grant the power of self-taxation without setting limits to that power in some way; and it would neither have been practicable to devise a legal definition of technical education, nor commendable to leave the question to the Auditor-General to be fought out in the law courts. The only alternative was to leave the decision to an appropriate State authority. If it is asked, what is the need of such control if the people of the localities are the best judges, the obvious reply is that there are localities and localities, and that while Manchester, or Liverpool, or Birmingham, or Glasgow, might, perhaps, be safely left to do as they thought fit, smaller towns, in which there is less certainty of full discussion by competent people of different ways of thinking, might easily fall a prey to crotcheteers.

Supposing our intermediate science teaching and our technical schools and classes are established, there is yet a third need to be supplied, and that is the want of good teachers. And it is necessary not only to get them, but to keep them when you have got them. It is impossible to insist too strongly upon the fact, that efficient teachers of science and of technology are not to be made by the processes in vogue at ordinary training colleges. The memory loaded with mere bookwork is not the thing wanted—is, in fact, rather worse than useless—in the teacher of scientific subjects. It is absolutely essential that his mind should be full of knowledge and not of mere learning, and that what he knows should have been learned in the laboratory rather than in the library. There are happily already, both in London and in the provinces, various places in which such training is to be had, and the main thing at present is to make it in the first place accessible, and in the next indispensable, to those who undertake the business of teaching. But when the well-trained men are supplied, it must be recollected that the profession of teacher is not a very lucrative or otherwise tempting one, and that it may be advisable to offer special inducements to good men to remain in it. These, however, are questions of detail into which it is unnecessary to enter further.

Last, but not least, comes the question of providing the machinery for enabling those who are by nature specially qualified to undertake

the higher branches of industrial work, to reach the position in which they may render that service to the community. If all our educational expenditure did nothing but pick one man of scientific or inventive genius, each year, from amidst the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and give him the chance of making the best of his inborn faculties, it would be a very good investment. If there is one such child among the hundreds of thousands of our annual increase, it would be worth any money to drag him either from the slough of misery or from the hotbed of wealth, and teach him to devote himself to the service of his people. Here, again, we have made a beginning with our scholarships and the like, and need only follow in the tracks already worn.

The programme of industrial development briefly set forth in the preceding pages is not what Kant calls a *Hirngespinnst*, a cobweb spun in the brain of a Utopian philosopher. More or less of it has taken bodily shape in many parts of the country, and there are towns of no great size or wealth in the manufacturing districts (Keighley for example) in which almost the whole of it has, for some time, been carried out so far as the means at the disposal of the energetic and public-spirited men who have taken the matter in hand, permitted. The thing can be done; I have endeavored to show good grounds for the belief that it must be done, and that speedily, if we wish to hold our own in the war of industry. I doubt not that it will be done, whenever its absolute necessity becomes as apparent to all those who are absorbed in the actual business of industrial life as it is to some of the lookers-on.—T. H. HUXLEY, IN *The Nineteenth Century*

OUR SMALL IGNORANCES.

A GREAT deal of the charm of polite conversation consists not in what is said but in what is implied, not in expressions but in allusions. A light reference to some classical story, a quick glance at some page of history, a half-line from some loved poem, gives not only grace to the remarks of the speaker but zest to the attention of his audience. Seldom does a verse or a couplet fail to 'bring down the House' of Commons; reporters never omit to write '(hear)' after a line from Virgil, Shakespeare, or Milton. And the listener who says to himself, "Ah, the *Georgics*, *Hamlet*, or *L'Allegro*," feels himself to be as cultured a person as he who has uttered the quotation.

We resent the impertinence of foot-notes and even of inverted commas when an allusion is made in print and we understand it; such helps to memory or to knowledge are reflections on our culture; and yet when

we make close inquiry of ourselves, we are shocked to find how ignorant we are concerning even common allusions. Many persons seem to think it quite safe to conclude that any quotation is taken from either the Bible or Shakespeare. Again, others, when they hear a very melodious line, set it down at once as "Tennyson." How many of us know who wrote the beautiful axiom, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?" and how many can name the source of "barbaric gold and pearl," and "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa?" Not long ago I wished to verify the hackneyed line, 'When wild in woods the noble savage ran;' several volumes of reference failed me, and no friend could help; until I saw the words on an American advertisement of the Yosemite Valley, with the reference 'Conquest of Granada,' and then further search made me aware that the 'Conquest of Granada' was a poem by Dryden.

In the year 1881 a volume called *Petites Ignorances de la Conversation*, by Charles Rozan, was published in Paris; and in 1887 *Quizzism and its Key*, by Albert P. Southwick, appeared in its sixth edition at Boston; and in the same year the second edition of *Queer Questions and Ready Replies*, by S. Grant Oliphant, shone out to enlighten the same city. The two American books are in every way very similar; the French one is not altogether unlike them. Much information for English readers may be gathered from all three, and much in all three is quite useless for us. For instance, the very first of the *Queer Questions* does not rouse in us much thirst for the "Ready Reply:" "What town in Vermont was taken by the Confederates during the late Civil War?" The reply is shortly "St. Albans," and half a page of history is given with it. Opening *Quizzism* at random I read the question: "What general has two graves?" The answer states that General Wayne's remains were exhumed at Erie seventy-six years ago, and some of them re-interred at Radnor; so that he is said to have two graves. In the *Petites Ignorances* I find a disquisition on the proverbial expression, *Les enfants vont à la moutarde*; it is too long to quote here, and, having no equivalent in English, is not of much interest. But as I turn over the leaves of the three little books I find a great deal of information which, like sunshine in a shady place, shows me my own ignorances and negligences. Every cottage, thanks to America, possesses its clock, and almost every pocket its watch. But why are the dials divided into twelve divisions of five minutes each? Hear Mr. S. Grant Oliphant:

"We have sixty divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time—that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal system, but for common or practical purposes they counted by *sossi* and *sari*, the *sossos* representing 60, and the *saros* 60 times 6—3,600. From Hipparchus that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy about 150 A.D., and hence was carried down the stream of science and civilisation, and found its way to the dial-plates of our clocks and watches."

The language and literature of America, being so closely related to that of England, present few difficulties to us except in the colloquialisms of recent times; continental idioms and proverbs, based chiefly on local customs and incidents, are often quite inexplicable by us. But there are many Americanisms very puzzling to Englishmen; and, again, many Gallicisms which at once reveal an affinity to expressions of our own. We use "*Uncle Sam*" as a facetious name for the United States; Mr. S. Grant Oliphant explains its origin thus:

"'Uncle Sam Wilson' was the government inspector of supplies at Troy in the war of 1812. Those edibles of which he approved were labelled *U. S.*, then a new sign for *United States*; the workmen supposed that these letters were the initials of 'Uncle Sam,' and the mistake became a joke and a lasting one. So 'Brother Jonathan' had a simple origin: Washington thought very highly of the judgment of Jonathan Trumbull the elder, then governor of Connecticut, and constantly remarked, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan.' The name soon became regarded as a national sobriquet."

Mr. Southwick, in *Quizzism*, gives some curious information about the term "Yankee;" of course, we all know that it is the word "English" as pronounced by the American Indians, but we do not all know that "in a curious book on the *Round Towers of Ireland* the origin of the term *Yankee-doodle* was traced to the Persian phrase *Yanki-dooniah*, or "Inhabitants of the New World." Layard, in his book on *Nineveh and its Remains*, also mentions *Yanghidunia* as the Persian name of America. The song *Yankee Doodle*, Mr. Southwick tells us, is as old as Cromwell's time; it was the Protector himself who "stuck a feather in his hat" when going to Oxford; the bunch of ribbons which held the feather was a *maccaroni*. We know that *maccaroni* was a cant term for a dandy, that feathers were worn in the hats of Royalists, and that Oxford was a town of the highest importance during the Civil War. I do not quite see how round towers, the Persian language, and Old Noll come to be so intimately connected, even though, as Mr. Southwick tells, the song was at first known as "Nankee Doodle."

America must not, as some of her sons have done, imagine that the dollar-mark \$ stands for U. S., the S. being written upon the U. For both the dollar and the sign for it were in use long before there were any United States. Both Mr. Southwick and Mr. Oliphant give the very probable origin indicated by the design on the reverse of the Spanish dollar—the Pillars of Hercules with a scroll round each pillar, the scrolls perhaps representing the serpents which Hercules strangled while yet he was a child in his cradle. There is also another theory that the dollar-mark is a form of the figure 8, because in old times the dollar was a piece of eight reals. The expression "almighty dollar" was first used by Washington Irving in his sketch of a *Oreole Village*, 1837.

"Filibustering" is a slang American term, corresponding to our

"obstruction" in Parliamentary language, and appears to have had a short but adventurous career, starting as the English *flyboat*, then becoming the Spanish *filibote*, or pirate-ship, next getting naturalized on the Vly, a small river in Holland, and then invading Cuba under Lopez in 1851, and in the form of *filibosters* appearing as the designation of his followers.

In all countries there is a large literature clustering around the name, history, character, and qualities of his Satanic Majesty, the Prince of Darkness. One of his synonyms is "Old Harry," which, Mr. Oliphant says, may be a corruption of the Scandinavian *Hari*, one of the names of Odin, or another form of "*Old Hairy*." "Old Nick" is derived from the name of the river-god *Nick* or *Neck*, though Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, says that it comes from *Niccolo* Machiavelli! And 'Old Scratch' must be taken to be derived from *Scrat*, a "house or wood demon of the ancient North." M. Rozan is strong on all diabolical points; *Diable à quatre*, he says, has come down from the old Miracle Plays in which, at first, one demon was enough; but enterprising managers soon added a second, and finally some Irving or Harris of the day crowded his stage with four devils. Sainte-Beuve calls Henry IV. *ce diable-à-quatre*. The French kings were choice in their oaths; each had his own. We remember how, in *Quentin Durward*, Louis XI. iterates *Pasques Dieu*! even to weariness. Henry IV. took a certain portion of the person of St. Gris under his special protection. Who St. Gris was appears very doubtful: perhaps St. Francis, founder of the Grey Friars; perhaps an imaginary saint invented as the patron of drunkards, as St. Lâche was invented for the lazy, and St. Nitouche for hypocrites. Had Henry IV. been an Italian, he would have invoked the *corpo di Bacco* rather than the *ventre St. Gris*. To swear by some portion of the Deity or of a saint was the fashionable and æsthetic thing in the Middle Ages; true, our forefathers said *pardy*, which was *par Dieu*, but they also said *tudieu* (which is *tête-Dieu*), *corbleu* (*corps-de-Dieu*), *ventre-bleu* (*ventre de Dieu*), *sam-bleu* (*sang-de-Dieu*), and *morbleu* (*morte-de-Dieu*). So in English they said *Zounds* ("God's wounds"), 'Sblood and 'Sdeath ("God's blood" and "God's death"). Henry IV. of France is said to have introduced the curious oath *jarnicoton*! into polite conversation; he had been in the habit of saying *je renie Dieu* ("I deny or blaspheme God"); his confessor, the Father Coton, a Jesuit, who refused a cardinal's hat, expostulated with the royal penitent and begged him rather to use the words *je renie Coton*; hence arose the new expression. M. Rozen tells this story, and many others, with a delightful touch of humor, which, strange to say, is totally wanting in the American books. The transition of *Mort-Dieu* into *Morbleu* is seen in the following epitaph by Benserade, a wit and poet much esteemed in his own day at the court of Louis XIV., but whose works

have long been justly consigned to oblivion; the exception may be this stanza:

Ci-gît, oui, par la morbieu !
Le Cardinal de Richelieu ;
Et ce qui cause mon ennui,
Ma pension gît avec lui.

M. Rozan also gives another short poem called the "Epithéton des quatre rois:"

Quand la Pasque Dieu decéda,	(Louis XI.)
Le Bon Jour Dieu lui succéda ;	(Charles VIII.)
Au Bon Jour Dieu deffunct et mort	
Succéda, le Dyable m'emport.	(Louis XII.)
Luy decéda, nous voyons comme	
Nous duist la Foi de Gentil Homme.	(François I.)

(The word *duist* is part of *duire*, an obsolete verb, meaning *to suit*.) We say *deuce* as a mild form of *devil*, and the French say *diantre* as a mild form of *diable*. But not even M. Rozan can explain why the lovely freshness of early girlhood is called the *beauté de diable*. One would naturally suppose that the innocence of youth was utterly unlike any beauty which the author of evil could impart, and to him one would rather attribute the charms, if any, of rouged cheeks, dyed hair, stuffed bust, and self-possessed manners. There is an old French proverb, *Le diable était beau quand il était jeune*, which may be in some way connected with this curious phrase, but I hardly see in what the link can consist. One of Mr. Oliphant's *Queer Questions* is this: "What was the origin of the expression Printer's Devil?" He answers it thus

"Aldus Manutius (1440-1515), the celebrated Venetian printer and publisher, had a small black slave whom the superstitious believed to be an emissary of Satan. To satisfy the curious, one day he said publicly in church, 'I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood, come and pinch him.' Hence in Venice arose the somewhat curious sobriquet 'Printer's Devil.'"

I must remark, *en passant*, that 1549 is more probably the year of the birth of Aldus Manutius the elder. If Venice saw the first Printer's Devil, it also saw the first modern newspaper, which was published in that city; a "gazetta," a small coin worth one farthing, was paid for the privilege of reading it. The name of this ancestor of journals was the *Notizie Scritte*, and it appeared about 1536. The *Gazette de France* came into being in 1631, but had a forerunner, the *Mercure Français*; the *London Gazette* dates from 1666, and followed on the *Public Intelligence*. The *Acta Diurna* of Rome were first published about the year B.C. 623 (Mr. Southwick says 691). They were hung up in some public place, and must have been rallying points for the quidnuncs of the city. They contained the political speeches of the day, the law

reports, police news, lists of births, marriages, divorces, and funerals, and advertisements of the public games. Private persons made copies of these *Acts* to send to their friends in the country. We can hardly call such a news-sheet by the name of newspaper, but there is in existence a weekly journal of a great antiquity. It is said to have first appeared in A.D. 911, and is called the *King Pau*, or chief-sheet, and is published at Pekin. In its early days it was irregular in its dates of publication, but in 1351 became hebdomadal, and in 1882 assumed a new shape. Three editions are published in the day, containing matter of different kinds, and are called respectively the *Business*, the *Official*, and the *Country* sheets. Their combined circulation amounts to about fourteen thousand. M. Rozan, in one of his sly notes, quotes Eugène Hattins' opinion that "gazette" as the name of a newspaper is derived from *gazza*, a magpie.

Strangely as names of things have come down to us, even more strangely have come names of persons. The Wandering Jew is one of those mysterious characters which never fail to interest us in whatever form they present themselves—history, romance, or opera. He is said to have been a Jew named Ahasuerus, who refused to allow the Lord Jesus Christ to rest before his house when carrying His cross to Calvary. In 1644, Michob Ader, a very extraordinary person, appeared in Paris and said that he was the Wandering Jew, having been usher of the Court of Judgment of Jerusalem when sentence was given against the Messiah. He was an astoundingly well-informed man, and no one convicted him of the imposture which all knew him to be practicing. Eugène Sue founded, as is well known, a powerful romance on the story of *Le Juif Errant*.

John O'Groat is reported by Mr. Southwick to have been a Dutchman who settled himself at the most northern point of Scotland in the reign of James IV. He had nine sons who strove for precedence, and to settle their dispute he made nine doors to his house so that none should go out or come in before another.

The "Roi d'Yvetot" is another personage either historical or mythological, perhaps both, for there is no distinct line of demarcation between the two. M. Rozan says that the king and the kingdom of Yvetot have been matter of discussion since the time of Louis XI.; that François I. called the lady of that place *reine*; that Henry IV. said, 'If I lose the kingdom of France, I will at least be king of Yvetot;' that Béranger made a pretty song on this subject; therefore certainly there must have been such a monarch. The story runs that the Lord of Yvetot, Walter or Gautier, was much loved by Clotaire, "but whispering tongues can poison truth," and they succeeded in depriving Walter of the affection of his sovereign. He was compelled to fly; but, having provided himself with letters from the Pope, he returned to Soissons,

hoping to recover the good graces of his master. He presented himself before the king in the cathedral on Good Friday. Clotaire, forgetting day, place, and example, drew his sword and plunged it into the heart of Walter. Then remorse and the Pope, St. Agapet, together forced Clotaire to expiate his crime by raising the lordship of Yvetot into a kingdom for the heirs and successors of Walter. I may supplement M. Rozan's information by mentioning that the title *roi* of Yvetot was not used until the fourteenth century, whereas Clotaire lived in the sixth; it was officially recognized by Louis XI., François I., and Henri II. When the estate passed by marriage into the Du Bellay family, the title *roi* gave place to that of *prince souverain*, which also died out in course of time.

Another Middle-Age expression is "A Roland for an Oliver." These two heroes were paladins of Charlemagne, who fought in single combat during five consecutive days on an island in the Rhine, without either gaining the least advantage. Again, who was Rodomont, who has bequeathed us his name in *rodomontade*? We are told by M. Rozan that he was a king of Algiers, brave, but haughty and insolent, whom the Count of Boiardo in *Orlando Innamorato* and Ariosto in *Orlando Furioso* have made popular. A man who talks much of his own daring is said in French *faire le Rodomont*; and we English have made a substantive which we use in common parlance, knowing little of the hero of romance who uttered the first *rodomontade*.

"Roger Bontemps" is a character often alluded to, but, I venture to say, little known in England. *Ménage*, as quoted by M. Rozan, thinks that the expression "has come from some one named Roger who diverted himself, or, in fact, gave himself a good time." This derivation is too simple and self-apparent to be quite satisfying, so we will seek for another. Jean Baillet, Bishop of Auxerre, had a secretary who was both priest and poet, whose name was Roger de Collerye, and who was surnamed from his merry disposition *Bontemps*. The partisans of this derivation quote a ballad which begins thus:

"Ce qui m'aymera si me suyve!
Je suis Bon Temps, vous le voyez, etc."

On the other hand, the reverend fathers of Trévoux have exhumed a lord of the house of Bontemps which was very illustrious in the country of Vivarais, Languedoc then, now in the department of the Ardèche; this family of Bontemps always gave the name of Roger to its senior member (a somewhat curious fact, as death must occasionally have carried off the chief; perhaps every Bontemps was christened Roger as every Count Reuss is christened Henry). There arose a Roger Bontemps whose gay humor, hospitality, valor, and other mediæval virtues were so well known that his name was the synonym for a good fellow, and

afterwards became corrupted into meaning an idle and dissipated scamp. M. Rozan, with his knowing smile, adds that Le Duchat and Pasquier found yet other origins for the term; the one asserting that it comes from *réjouï bontemps*, the other deriving it from *rouge bontemps*, because, says Pasquier, "red color in the face denotes a certain quality of gaiety and light-heartedness."

"The real Simon Pure" is a gentleman of whom we in these degenerate days know too little. Here is Mr. Oliphant's history of him:

"He was a Pennsylvanian Quaker in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. This worthy person being about to visit London to attend the quarterly meeting of his sect, his friend, Aminadab Holdfast, sends a letter of recommendation and introduction to another Quaker, Obadiah Prim, a rigid and stern man, who is guardian of Anne Lovely, a young lady worth 30,000*l*. Colonel Feignwell, another character in the same play, who is enamored of Miss Lovely and her handsome fortune, availing himself of an accidental discovery of Holdfast's letter and of its contents, succeeds in passing himself off on Prim as his expected visitor. The real Simon Pure calling at Prim's house is treated as an impostor, and is obliged to depart in order to hunt up witnesses who can testify to his identity. Meanwhile Feignwell succeeds in getting from Prim a written and unconditional consent to his marriage with Anne. No sooner has he obtained possession of the document than Simon Pure reappears with his witnesses, and Prim discovers the trick that has been put upon him."

Here ended Mr. Oliphant's information. Whoever desires to know whether of the twain suitors obtained the hand of the lady must consult Mrs. Centlivre's play itself.

We all live in a very wholesome dread of Mrs. Grundy. She first saw the light, it is said, in Thomas Morton's *Speed the Plough*. In the first scene Mrs. Ashfield shows herself very jealous of neighbor Grundy, and Farmer Ashfield says to her, "Be quiet, woolye? Always ding-dinging Dame Grundy into my ears: What will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think?"

Who was Philippine, and why do we wish her *bon jour*? Yesterday we dined at a friend's house and were happily placed beside a charming young lady. At dessert we cracked an almond in its shell, and on opening it found that it contained a double kernel, one half of which we bestowed on our neighbor, the other half we ourselves devoured. This morning, all unsuspecting of evil, we met our fair friend in the street; she exclaimed, *Bon jour, Philippine!* and we, albeit our name is not Philippine, nor even Philippe, are bound by every law of honor and society to make a suitable present to the lady. Having been thus caught, we anxiously inquire who and what is or was this Philippine? Now, M. Rozan goes quite deeply into the subject. He says that the game is not unknown in France, though less practiced than in Germany. A reference to a German dictionary shows that they have a word, *Vielliebchen*, which corresponds to Philippine. *Guten Morgen, Vielliebchen*, was the original phrase; it gradually glided into *Guten Morgen, Phil-*

ippchen; the French took it over and made it *Bon jour, Philippine*. M. Rozan says that *Vielliebchen* is pronounced almost precisely the same as *Philippine*! It seems to us barbarous English astonishing that the delicate ear of a Frenchman, whose refinements of pronunciation are hopeless to us, can yet hear no difference between those two words: the soft French with its final and just indicated *e*, and the harsh German with *b* in the place of one *p*, the guttural *ch* for another *p*, and *en* instead of *ine*! This must be one of M. Rozan's quiet jokes at the expense of his own countrymen; he says that *Philippine rime exactement avec l'expression des Allemands*. The French ear detects a difference between the acute, grave, and circumflex accents on the letter *e*; thus *tête*, *tête*, and *tête* would each have its own special sound. We English think we do well if we distinguish the circumflex from the grave.

It is told of M. Arsène Houssaye (commonly called *Saint-Arsène* because he was the refuge and patron of young authors) that Monselet came to him with a manuscript; said M. Houssaye to the young writer, soon to be famous, "If I were you, instead of Monselet, I should sign myself Monselé; it is softer." Monselet, horrified and irate, exclaimed, "Monselé? Like Franjolé? No, thank you!" Now, I am afraid that to English ears the final *let* and *lé* sound almost identical. Yet M. Rozan asserts that to French ears *Vielliebchen* is exactly like *Philippine*! The surname of St.-Arsène appears to have been either Houssaye or Housset!

Various animals have become famous and left their names as proverbs or puzzles. I do not now allude to such as Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander, but rather to such as Rosinante, the charger of Don Quixote; not to the dog of Montargis, but the dog of Lance. The Kilkenny cats are doubtless entirely historical, but who was the equally famous cat who was let out of the bag? She was not unlike the pig in a poke (*poche* = pocket). If a foolish bumpkin bought a pig in a poke, well and good; if he opened the pocket or bag and a cat jumped out, he discovered the trick played on him, and was off his bargain.

There is a certain cow whose death has insured her a long literary life. The event is chronicled in verse, which runs somewhat in this style:

"There was a man who bought a cow,
And he had no food to give her,
So he took up his fiddle and played her a tune:
'Consider, my cow, consider,
This is not the time for grass to grow—
Consider, my cow, consider.'"

This is said to have been the famous tune of which the old cow died, but long experience has convinced me that an obvious deriva-

tion is seldom the correct one, and I would rather put forward another. Among the inspiriting airs often performed on the melodious and richly modulated bagpipe is one known as *Nathaniel Gow's Lament for his Brother*, and when listening to it I have felt an internal conviction that it, and no other, is the "tune the old Gow died of."

"The high horse" is another animal whose history is worth investigating; the French call him *le grand cheval*. In the days of chivalry each knight had two horses, the palfrey and the charger. The palfrey (*palefroi*, from the Latin *paraveredus*, post-horse) was the steed ordinarily used for show and hack work, and the charger (*destrier*, which the squire led by his right hand, *ad dexterum*) was the war-horse. When the knight mounted his high horse, he was known to be angry, proud, indignant, and quarrelsome; and when we moderns are "on the high horse" we are certainly in no amiable mood.

Nor is an *unlicked cub* a very amiable creature; in French he is frankly called an *ours mal léché*. The English *cub* is a young bear, the French *ours* may be of any age; indeed, we may designate a surly old man as a *bear*. The following is quoted from Balzac: "This Léchard was an old journeyman pressman, who was called in printer's slang an *ours*; the pressman (*pressier*) has a to-and-fro movement as he carries the ink to the press, which resembles the movement of a bear."

Avoir des rats dans la tête is a phrase which corresponds to our expression "to have a bee in his bonnet." The Abbé Desfontaines, best known as the opponent of Voltaire, says that "this expression comes from *ratum*, which means a thought, a resolution, an intention." *Rat* from *ratum* was naturally confounded with *rat*, the unpleasant animal, and hence arose what has become an obscure proverbial phrase. M. Rozan quotes, but especially adds that he does not endorse, the punning remark: *Les femmes ont des souris à la bouche et des rats dans la tête*.

Let me for a few minutes leave the animals and consider that word *calembour*, which appears to have encountered as much contumely in France as its equivalent in England. It has been said among us that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, and across the Channel have been debated the questions, "Is one a fool because one makes a pun?" and "Must one necessarily make puns if one is a fool?" These are weighty questions, and are yet unanswered. As to the derivation of the word *calembour* there are various theories. It is a modern word, not known until the eighteenth century. At the Court of Versailles there was a Count von Kallemberg, ambassador from the German Empire; his broken French resulted in such odd combinations of words that after a time every incongruous union of symphonious syllables came to be called by his name. Then there

was also an Abbé Calemborg, an amusing figure in German stories; he was the father of the *calembour*. M. Victorien Sardou has conclusively shown that the word comes from, or rather is, *calembour*, a sweet-scented Indian wood. M. Darmesteter, the *savant*, is certain that *calembour* comes from *calembourdaïne*, another form of *calembredaine*, fib, quibble, subterfuge. Of these various derivations the French punster may take his choice. But now, *revenons à nos moutons*.

The story of the sheep is to be found among the jests of Pathelin. Guillaume, a draper, has been robbed by Pathelin, a lawyer, of six ells of cloth, and by Agnelet, his shepherd, of twenty-six sheep. Guillaume intends to make it a hanging matter for the shepherd, but when he comes into court to accuse him he finds that Pathelin, who stole the cloth, is the lawyer employed to defend Agnelet. With his head running upon both his sheep and his cloth he makes a delightful confusion of the two losses; the judge says—

“Sus, revenons à nos moutons,
Qu'en fut-il?”

and the draper replies—

“Il en a pris six aunes,
De neuf francs.”

The judge is much puzzled, and continually entreats Guillaume to return to his sheep.

Another famous animal is the *poulet*, when in the form of a pretty pink note or a delicate “correspondence card.” Many a good story is to be traced to Madame, de Sévigné, whom we do not read much, though we read a great deal about her. Some one wrote her a note, and begged her not to show it to any human being; but at the end of several days she did show it, with the remark, “If I had brooded over it any longer, I should have hatched it!” This was a *calembour*, of course, but it does not solve the difficulty of the derivation of *poulet* in the sense of *billet*.

From fowl to fish is not a very long stride. The *poisson d'avril* is as popular in France as the April Fool is with us. Why we use our expression is not difficult to understand, but why our neighbors should call that person a fish who falls into the trap of a practical joke on the first of April is very mysterious. Francis, Duke of Lorraine, whom Louis XIII. held prisoner at the Castle of Nancy, contrived to escape on a first of April by swimming across the river Meurthe, which gave rise to a saying among the people of Lorraine that the French had had a fish in custody. But as the escape of this Duke of Lorraine is only spoken of in explanation of the *poisson d'avril*, and as Louis XIII. never had a Duke of Lorraine as his prisoner, the story is somewhat

hard to believe. The reason assigned by graver authorities than popular legends is that the first of April is the day on which the sun enters the zodiacal sign of the Fishes. But unfortunately *Pisces* is the sign for February. I may perhaps be allowed to bring forward my own solution of this difficult question of origin. I would refer both the fish and the fool to St. Benedict, whose festival is March 21, a date which, when the change was made from the Old to the New Style, became April 1. It is recorded that a holy priest at a distance, one Easter Day, became miraculously aware, as he was preparing his own good dinner, that St. Benedict was faint with hunger, thinking that the Lenten fast was not yet over. Of course the priest hastened to share his meal with the saint; he doubtless threw to the birds the fish which lay in St. Benedict's larder, and probably applied the English term which we have been considering to the saint himself. This derivation is strengthened by the fact that March 21 is the earliest day on which Easter Eve can fall.

"*À propos de bottes*," or "*à propos de poissons*," we may glance at the land of *Cocagne*, where plenty reigns, whose streets are paved with gold, and where all men may eat, drink, and be merry. This land is said to have been the ancient duchy of Lauraguais in Languedoc. In that country were made conical cakes known as *coquaines de pastel*, or shells of woad. The dye of the woad was very valuable, and thus the land of the *coquaine* came to mean a land of prosperity and plenty. But if that derivation does not please us we may accept another. *Cuccagna* was a district in Italy, between Rome and Loretto, where living was cheap; there was a poet named Martin Coccaie, who wrote of this delightful country. The word also signified a loaf or cake, and came from *coquere*, to cook. There are other derivations, but I think I have cited enough.

It can scarcely be doubted that our word Cockney comes from the French *cocagne*; to the rustic mind the capital, whether Paris or London, is the abode of plenty; London is the English *cocagne*, and the inhabitant of *Cocagne* is the Cockney. I am aware that there is a legend of a Londoner who visited the country for the first time, and next morning was awakened by the crowing of chanticleer. He is said to have exclaimed later in the day to his host, "This morning I heard a cock neigh!" But I pass over the origin of the word as too derogative of the intelligence of Londoners.

I used above the expression *à propos de bottes*, and as I am bound in this paper to mind my *p*'s and *q*'s I will endeavor to throw some light on that subject. It is an abbreviation of *à propos de bottes combien l'aune de fagots*? Now this is an absurd question, on the face of it, for fagots are not sold by the ell. But then *aune* is also the French for *elder tree*, the timber of which might be sold by the ell, and after-

wards split up into fagots; and again, *se fagoter* is to dress in a slovenly manner—as we say, to *look like a bundle of rags*, and rags might be sold by the ell. Wonderful combinations of ideas are evolved from proverbial phrases. Boots have ever played an important part in modern languages; we speak of seven-leagued boots, a reminiscence of Tom Thumb and the Ogre; we talk of sock and buskin as synonyms of tragedy and comedy; *graisser ses bottes* is to prepare for a long journey, and, by extension of meaning, to die; and “to die in one’s shoes” is a vulgar euphuism for being hanged.

To *mind our p’s and q’s*, again. Why must we be careful of those letters more than of others? Because in the olden days the host kept his customer’s scores in chalk on the panels of the doors. *P* stood for pint, and *Q* for quart, and it behooved the guest to watch his score lest he should exceed his proper number of *p’s* and *q’s*. The printer, too, must needs be careful of the two letters, which in type are so very much alike. To suit, or to fit, to a *T* is a plain allusion to the carpenter’s *T*, which is much used in mechanics and drawings.

There is an immense number of words and expressions which we use in daily conversation without reflecting on their original meaning, and of which the history is both instructive and amusing; but I will now only explain the French saying *Chacun a sa marotte*, equivalent to “Every man has his hobby.” *Hobby* is a contraction of *hobby-horse*, the wooden creature on which a small boy rides round the nursery, or the animal which prances at fairs and village feasts. I have not gone into the derivation of *hobby*, but I would suggest that it may be *au bois*—wooden; or from *abbey*, because popular entertainments in the Middle Ages were chiefly provided by the regular clergy.

“*Marotte*” is literally the *fool’s bauble*, and is a contraction of *Marionette*, which is, of course, a familiar form of *Marie*, the chief female figure in the old Mysteries; the little figure on the *bauble* is a baby or doll; the Scotch *bawbee*, or halfpenny, received that name because it was first struck to commemorate the birth of Mary, Queen of Scots; *bawbee* reminds us of the cognate *poupée* and the Italian *bambino*—*p* and *b* being interchangeable letters; even our *doll* may be only another form of *poll* and *moll*, both of which are diminutives of Mary. Again, we have the word *puppet*, an English form of *poupée*. The Italians have *popazza* for *doll*, and the North American Indians *papoose* for *babe*. One of the gravest pages of English history records how the Speaker’s mace was stigmatized as “that bauble;” by implication that brutal phrase classed the Speaker Lenthall with the majority of mankind (see Carlyle).

The hobby, or *marotte*, of many profound thinkers is philology; therefore I need make no excuse for having endeavored to explain some of our small ignorances of words and expressions.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SHAKESPEARE OR BACON?

BACON, in his will, dated 19th December 1625, made an appeal to the charitable judgment of after times in these words—"For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." He might well do so. The doubtful incidents of a shifty and in some particulars by no means exemplary life he might fairly suppose would be but little known to foreign nations and to men of future centuries. Time, to use his own words in a letter to Sir Humphrey May in 1625, would "have turned envy to pity;" and what was blameworthy in his life would, in any case, be judged lightly by posterity, in their gratitude for the treasures of profound observation and thought with which his name would be identified. He died a few months afterwards, on the 9th of April 1626.

No author probably ever set greater store than Bacon upon the produce of his brain, or was at more pains to see that it was neither mangled nor misrepresented by careless printing or editing. Neither is there the slightest reason to believe that he did *not* take good care—nay, on the contrary, that he was not at especial pains to ensure—that the world should be informed of everything he had written, which he deemed worthy to be preserved.*

Two years before Bacon made his will, the first or 1623 folio of Shakespeare's plays was published, with the following title page: "*Mr. Willinm Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies; Published according to the True Originall Copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount. 1623.*" It was a portly volume of nearly a thousand pages, and must have taken many months, probably the best part of a year, to set up in types and get printed off. The printing of similar folios in those days was marked by anything but exemplary accuracy. But this volume abounds to such excess in typographical flaws of every kind, that the only conclusion in regard to it which can be drawn is, that the printing was not superintended by any one competent to discharge the duty of the printing house "reader" of the present day, but was suffered to appear with "all the imperfections on its head," which distinguish "proof-sheets" as they issue from the hands of careless or illiterate compositors. Most clearly the proof-sheets had never been read by any man of literary skill, still

* See what care he took of his writings in the next sentences of his will. "*As to that durable part of my memory, which consisteth in my works and writings, I desire my executors, and especially Sir John Constable and my very good friend Mr. Bosville, to take care that of all my writings, both of English and Latin, there may be books fair bound, and placed in the King's library, and in the library of the University of Cambridge, and in the library of Trinity College, where myself was bred, and in the library of the University of Oxonford, and in the library of my Lord of Canterbury, and in the library of Eaton.*"—*Spedding's Life and Letters of Bacon.*

less by any man capable of rectifying a blundered text. In this respect the book offers a marked contrast to the text of Bacon's Works, printed in his own time, which were revised and re-revised till they were brought up to a finished perfection.*

Down to the year 1856 the world was content to accept as truth the statement of the folio of 1623, that it contained the plays of Mr. William Shakespeare "according to the true original copies." To the two preceding centuries and a half the marvel of Shakespeare's genius had been more or less vividly apparent. His contemporaries had acknowledged it; and as the years went on, and under reverent study that marvel became more deeply felt, men were content to find the solution of it in the fact, that the birth of these masterpieces of dramatic writing was due—only in a higher degree—to the same heaven-sent inspiration to which great sculptors, painters, warriors, and statesmen owe their pre-eminence. They would not set a limit to "the gifts that God gives," or see anything more strange in the prodigality of power in observation, in feeling, in humor, in thought, and in expression, as shown by the son of the Stratford-on-Avon woolstapler, than in the kindred manifestations of genius in men as lowly born, and as little favored in point of education as he, of which biographical records furnish countless instances.† But in 1856, or thereabouts, a new light dawned upon certain people, to whom the ways of genius were a stumbling-block. The plays, they conceived, could not have been written by a man of lowly origin, of scanty education, a struggling actor, who had the prosaic virtue of looking carefully after his pounds, shillings, and pence; and who, moreover, was content to retire, in the fulness of his fame, with a moderate competence, to a small country town where he was born, and to leave his plays to shift for themselves with posterity, in seemingly perfect indifference whether they were printed or not printed, remembered or buried in oblivion. This virtue of modesty and carelessness of fame is so unlike the characteristic of "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" in these days, it is so hard to be understood by people possessed by small literary ambitions, that it was natural it should be regarded by them as utterly incomprehensible. So they set themselves to look elsewhere for the true author. Shakespeare lived amid a crowd of great dramatic writers—Marlowe, Jonson, Decker, Lyly, Marston, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, and others. But we know their

* So sensitive about accuracy and finish was Bacon, that he transcribed, altering as he wrote, his *Novum Organum* twelve, and his *Advancement of Learning* seven times.

† For example: Giotto, a shepherd boy; Leonardo da Vinci, the illegitimate son of a common notary; Burns, the son of a small farmer; Keats, an apothecary's apprentice; Turner, a barber's son. The list may be extended indefinitely of men who, with all external odds against them, have triumphed far beyond those who had all these odds in their favor.

works; and to ascribe *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *King Lear*, or the other great plays to any of them, would have been ridiculous.

Outside this circle, therefore, the search had to be made; but outside it there was no choice. Only Francis Bacon towered pre-eminently above his literary contemporaries. He, and he only, could have written the immortal dramas! And so the world was called upon to forego its old belief in the marvel that one man had written Shakespeare's plays, and to adopt a creed which made the marvel far greater than ever, adding these plays as it did to the other massive and voluminous acknowledged works of Francis, Lord Verulam—enough, and more than enough, in themselves to have absorbed the leisure and exhausted the energies of the most vigorous intellect. The great jurist, statesman, philosopher and natural historian of his age was, according to this new doctrine, the greatest dramatist of any age!

Who has the merit of being first in the field with this astounding discovery is not very clear. In September 1856, a Mr. William Henry Smith propounded it in a letter to Lord Ellesmere, sometime President of the then Shakespeare Society, which, as the copy before us bears, was modestly printed for private circulation. Mr. Smith has really little else to say for his theory, beyond his own personal impression that Shakespeare, by birth, education, and pursuits, was not the kind of man to write the plays; while Bacon had "all the necessary qualifications—a mind well stored by study and enlarged by travel, with a comprehensive knowledge of nature, men, and books." But if Bacon wrote the plays, why did he not say so? Mr. Smith's answer to this very pregnant question was, that to have been known to write plays, or to have business relations with actors, would have been ruinous to Bacon's prospects at the Bar and in Parliament; and that, being driven into the avocation of dramatist by the necessity of eking out his income, he got Shakespeare to lend his name as a blind to the real authorship! Such a thing as the irrepressible impulse of dramatic genius to find expression in its only possible medium is not even suggested by Mr. Smith as among Bacon's motives. He claims for him, indeed, "great dramatic talent," on the strength of the very trumpery masques and pageants in which Bacon is known to have had a share, and of some vague record, that "he could assume the most different characters, and speak the language proper to each with a facility which was perfectly natural"—a gift which might have produced a Charles Matthews, senior, and is by no means an uncommon one, as we can testify from our own limited experience, but which would go but a little way towards the invention of a single scene of even the weakest of the Shakespearian plays.

Strangely enough, Mr. Smith, unable apparently to foresee to what his argument led, founded on the first folio in proof of his assumption. "Bacon," he writes, "was disgraced in 1621, and immediately set himself to collect and revise his literary works." "Immediately" is rather a strong assertion, but he no doubt very soon busied himself in literary and scientific work. He finished his *Life of Henry VII.*, and set to work upon the completion and translation into Latin of his *Advancement of Learning*, which appeared in October 1623 as *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. In the same year he published his *History of the Winds* and his *Treatise on Death and Life*. At this time, as his correspondence proves, he was busy with anything but poetry or play-books.* In March 1622 he offered to draw up a digest of the law, a long-cherished project of his, and showed the greatest anxiety to get again into active political life. He was, moreover, in wretched health, but at the same time intent on making progress with his *Instauratio Magna*, with all the eagerness of a man who feared that his life would be cut short before he could accomplish the chief object of his ambition. All his occupations during 1622-23, during which the first folio was at press, are thus fully accounted for. "But," continues Mr. Smith, "in 1623 a folio of thirty-six plays (including some, and excluding others, which had always been reputed Shakespeare's) was published." And then, he asks, in the triumphant emphasis of italics, "*Who but the author himself could have exercised this power of discrimination?*" As if the researches of Shakespearian students had not demonstrated to a certainty, that one of the chief defects of the folio was the absence of this very "power of discrimination," which, if duly exercised, would, besides giving us a sound text, have shown which of these plays were all Shakespeare's, and which had only been worked up, upon the slight or clumsy fabric of some inferior hand.

It is characteristic of the inexact and illogical kind of mind, which had persuaded itself of the soundness of a theory rested on such trivial data, that Mr. Smith accepted without verification the "remarkable words," as he calls them, to be found in Bacon's will. "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations; and to my own countrymen, *after some time be passed over*," language which, it may be presumed, in the light of the use which has since been made of it, was held by Mr. Smith to point to some revelation of great work done by Bacon, which should be divulged to the world, "after some time had passed over." Unluckily for this theory the words in italics do not exist in the will. Nevertheless, followers in Mr. Smith's wake have found them so convenient for their theory, that they repeat the misquotation, and ignore the actual words of the will quoted in the first sentence of this paper.

* As to how Bacon was occupied in 1622, see his letter to the Bishop of Winchester, (Spedding's *Life and Works of Bacon*) and his letter to Father Redemptor Baranzano.

Mr. Smith seems never to have perceived that, if Bacon were the author, and revised the first folio, or, as we should say, "saw it through the press," he was guilty of inconceivable carelessness in letting it go forth with thousands of mortal blunders in the text, "the least a death" to prosody, poetry, and sound printing.* The man, in short, who rewrote and retouched over and over even so relatively small a book as his *Essays*, was content to leave innumerable blunders in passages of the finest poetry and the choicest humor in all literature! What wonder if Shakespearian scholars, indeed the world generally, met the preposterous assumption with the familiar quotation—*Quodcunque mihi ostenderis sic, incredulus odi?*

Nor were they disposed to alter their opinion, when America in the same year, 1856, sent forth an apostle to preach the same new doctrine in the person of a Miss Delia Bacon, to whom years of study of Shakespeare's works had revealed in them "a continuous inner current of the philosophy of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the imperishable thoughts of Lord Bacon." This was Miss Bacon's first opinion. It seems to have been modified when she came to grapple more closely with the subject in a portentous volume of 582 pages octavo, in which, dropping Sir Walter Raleigh out of the discussion, she ascribed the whole honor and glory of the thirty-seven plays to her namesake. Poor Miss Bacon died a victim to her own belief. She had pondered over it until her brain gave way, and she went mad to her grave. Of course she had followers. What crazy enthusiast has not? for there is a charm to a certain order of minds in running counter to the established creeds of ordinary mortals.

Her mantle was not suffered to fall neglected. She was quickly succeeded by a more vigorous, but even more long-winded preacher of the same doctrine, in Judge Nathaniel Holmes† of Kentucky, who spent 696 octavo pages in demonstrating that Shakespeare was utterly incapable of writing either poetry or plays, being nothing but an illiterate stroller, who could scarcely write his own name, who had no ambition but to make money, and was not very scrupulous as to how he made it; while Bacon was endowed with every quality, natural and acquired, which was requisite for the composition of the famous plays. Like Mr. Smith, Judge Holmes deals largely in assumptions, such, for example, as that "it is historically known that Lord Bacon wrote plays and poems." How "historically known" he does not say, as neither by his contemporaries nor by the collectors of Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry is he credited with that faculty. He left behind him, it is true, a frost-bitten metrical version of seven of the Psalms, which scarcely rises to the Sternhold and Hopkins level, published, when he

* The typographical errors alone have been computed to amount to nearly 20,000.

† *Authorship of Shakespeare*. By N. Holmer; 6th ed., 1886.

was quite broken in health, in 1624; and one small poem. *The Retired Courtier*, not without beauty, has also been assigned to him on doubtful authority. Very different was the view taken by Mr. James Spedding, who, by his fine literary taste and deep study of Shakespeare, as well as by the intimate knowledge of Bacon's mind and modes of thought and expression gained in editing his works, was entitled to speak upon the subject with authority. Judge Holmes had courted his judgment, and this was his answer:—

“To ask me to believe that Bacon was the author of these plays, is like asking me to believe that Lord Brougham was the author, not only of Dickens's works, but of Thackeray's and Tennyson's besides. That the author of *Pickwick* was Charles Dickens I know upon no better authority than that upon which I know that the author of *Hamlet* was a man called William Shakespeare. And in what respect is the one more difficult to believe than the other? . . . If you had fixed upon anybody else rather than Bacon as the true author—anybody of whom I know nothing—I should have been scarcely less incredulous. But if there were any reason for supposing that the real author was somebody else, I think I am in a condition to say that, whoever it was, it was not Francis Bacon. The difficulties which such a supposition would involve would be innumerable and altogether insurmountable.”

Such a judgment from such a man is death to all the arguments drawn by Mr. Holmes and others from fanciful parallelisms or analogies between passages in Bacon's writings and passages in the Shakespeare dramas. No man in England or elsewhere was more thoroughly conversant than Mr. Spedding with the works of both Bacon and Shakespeare, or more capable of bringing a sound critical judgment to bear upon the distinctive literary qualities of each. But even if this were not so, it is notorious that arguments of this sort, frequently resorted to as they are to support charges of plagiarism, are utterly deceptive. Great ideas are the common property of great minds, especially if, being contemporaries, their authors are living in the same general atmosphere of thought and daily using the same vocabulary. Literary history does undoubtedly furnish some remarkable instances of authors expressing the same feeling or the same thought in closely analogous language. But we venture to say that every competent judge who will so “slander his leisure” as to wade through the so-called parallelisms cited by Miss Bacon, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Smith, and other victims of the Baconian delusion, will come to the conclusion that they are mostly far-fetched and overstrained to the point of absurdity. It would be quite as reasonable to maintain on such evidence that Bacon borrowed from Shakespeare, as that Shakespeare and Bacon were one.

It is obviously essential for the Baconians to set out with the assumption that Shakespeare was an illiterate boor. They say as much as that he was so from the first and remained so to the last. He was a butcher's boy, they tell us; he could only have been some two years at school; and so completely had his nature become, “like the

dye's hand, subdued to what it [had once] worked in," that when he returned, at near fifty, to Stratford, he resumed the trade of butcher and wool-stapler! The ascertained facts of Shakespeare's life are few. Still some facts there are which cannot be disputed; and which give the lie to this scandalous assumption.

Shakespeare came of a good stock on both father and mother's side. They held a good position in Stratford, and were in easy circumstances during the boyhood of Shakespeare. There was in Stratford an excellent grammar-school, to which they were certain to have sent their son, when he reached the age—about six—at which boys were usually entered there. What the course of study pursued at this and similar schools was is well known, and was pointed out in an admirable series of papers by the late Mr. Spencer Baynes on "What Shakespeare learnt at School" in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1879-80. It was very much the same as that of the Edinburgh High School in the days of our youth, and brought a boy up, by the time he reached the age of twelve, to the reading of such writers as Ovid and Cicero in Latin, and the New Testament and some of the orators and tragedians in Greek. To send their children to the school was within the means of all but the poorest, which John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were not; and all that is known of them justifies the conclusion, that they would not have allowed their son to want any advantage common to boys of his class. Desperate, indeed, are the straits to which the Baconian theorists are driven, when, without a particle of evidence, they deny these advantages to Shakespeare.

The next fact which bears upon this part of the question is the publication of the *Venus and Adonis*, when Shakespeare was in his twenty-ninth year. Only in the previous year does he come clearly into notice as a rising dramatist and poet, there being, as admitted by his best biographer, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps,* nothing known of his history between his twenty-third and twenty-eighth year—an interval which he very reasonably considers "must have been the chief period of Shakespeare's literary education," which, when he left Stratford, could not have been otherwise than imperfect. Mr. Spencer Baynes, who would have been the last man to dispute the proposition that it is not at school but by his own self-imposed studies afterwards that a

* Let us here acknowledge the debt that all students of Shakespeare owe to Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps for the invaluable information which he has brought together in the two volumes of his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, of which the sixth edition, published in 1886, contains every ascertained fact concerning Shakespeare and his family and pursuits. The book is a model of pains-taking inquiry, and contains no conclusions that are not based upon judicial proof. We are not aware whether Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has published his views upon the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy; but that he regards the proposition that Bacon wrote the plays, and the arguments on which it is founded, as "lunacy," we have direct means of knowing.

man is educated, so far differs from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps as to maintain that before Shakespeare left Stratford he had probably written the *Venus and Adonis*, quoting in support of his view the language of the dedication to the Earl of Southampton, in which Shakespeare speaks of it as "the first heir of his invention." It might be so, for Shakespeare was twenty-one when he was forced to leave Stratford; and, weighted although the poem is with thought as well as passion, the genius which produced the dramas might even at that early age have conceived and written it. But, however this may be the poem shows a knowledge of what Ovid had written upon the same theme, in a poem of which there existed, at that time no English translation, which could not have been accidental, any more than it could have been within the command of an uneducated man. Moreover, that Shakespeare knew Latin is conclusively proved by his placing as motto upon the title-page the following lines from Ovid's *Elegies*, the very selection of which showed that, at this early date, Shakespeare set the calling of a poet above all ordinary objects of ambition:—

"Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

The success of the poem was immediate. Edition followed edition, and by 1602 five had been printed. In 1594 the *Lucrece*, also dedicated to Lord Southampton, appeared, and ran into several editions. This poem, like the *Venus and Adonis*, bears internal proofs of familiarity with what had been written by Ovid on the same theme. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that Shakespeare, who claimed the authorship on the title-pages, did not write either poem, the charge of want of education must fall to the ground. But how can this be shown in the face of the fact that his was by this time a familiar name among literary men in London, some of whom would have been glad enough to expose so glaring an imposture, while by several of them his merits were recognized in such epithets as "honey-tongued Shakespeare" (John Weaver, 1594), "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare" (Francis Meres, 1598); while "his sugared sonnets," then unpublished, but "circulating among his private friends," were acknowledged by Meres as adding fresh lustre to a name that had already been coupled with many popular plays—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, and *Romeo and Juliet* among the number.

That Shakespeare's success as a furbisher-up of plays, which wanted the magic of his hand to turn their dross to gold, had, even before 1593, excited the jealousy of at least one rival dramatist, is shown by the language of Robert Greene in his *Groat's Worth of Wit, bought*

with a Million of Repentance. Greene died in 1592, leaving this tract behind him in manuscript. In it the starveling dramatist, sinking in poverty into the grave, had poured out the bitterness of his heart at seeing the players making a rich harvest by acting pieces, while the authors of them, like himself, were in poverty. His grudge against Shakespeare was apparently intensified by the fact, that the young man from Stratford not only acted plays, but wrote them, or, at least, had worked them up for the stage.

"There is an upstart Crow," he writes, "beautified with our feathers" (alluding apparently to plays originally written by Greene and Marlowe, of which Shakespeare had somehow or other made use) "that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*" (a parody of "Oh, Tyger's heart wrapt in a woman hide's" Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, part iii., act 1, sc. 4) "supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a countrie."

A few months after Greene's death, in the same year, 1592, the tract was published by his friend Henry Chettle. It had given great offence to the "play-makers" attacked in it; and as Greene could not be attacked in return, Chettle found himself in the awkward position of having to bear the responsibility for Greene's invective. Marlowe, to all appearance, and Shakespeare certainly, considered themselves especially wronged; and to the latter Greene felt bound to make an apology, in an *Address to the Gentlemen Readers*, published in December, 1592, along with his *Kind-Hart's Dreame*.

"With neither of them that take offence," he writes, "was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be" (a very natural resolution, considering what a Bohemian Marlowe was). "The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have used my owne discretion (especially in such a case), the Author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the originall fault had been my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

It is therefore clear beyond all question, that so early as 1592 Shakespeare had made a name for himself both as actor and as author, "excellent in the quality he professed," viz., acting, and noted for "facetious grace," or as we should now write, "graceful facility" in writing. The latter gift must have made him a most valuable member of the theatrical company to which he belonged, and its possession was what, it is only reasonable to suppose, procured for him his rapid advancement in the theatre. To polish up indifferent dialogue, to write in effective speeches for his brother actors, to recast inartistic plots, was work that must have been constantly wanted in the theatre; and it is obviously work that was frequently done by Shakespeare in those early days. It was, moreover, a kind of work that must often have been wanted in a hurry. It would never have been intrusted to

him unless his qualifications for it had been obvious; and, if he undertook it, his brother actors must have quickly found out whether he did it himself or not—for much of it must have required to be done under their own eye, possibly within the theatre itself, and was no doubt conceived on the impulse of that quickness of invention, and executed with that fluent facility which a host of concurrent testimony shows that his brother poets and actors ascribed to Shakespeare as a distinguishing characteristic.

And yet the Baconians ask us to believe that not any of the plays of which he was the recognized author could have been written by him! Have they ever tried to picture to themselves what was the position of an actor and dramatic writer in a theatre of those days? By necessity he was in daily communion with some of the sharpest and finest intellects of the time. In the theatre itself were men like Burbage, Armin, Taylor, Lowine, Kempe, all well qualified to take the measure of his capacity; while his profession as an actor, as well as his pretensions as a writer of poetry and drama, must have brought him into close contact, both at the theatre and in their convivial gatherings, with men like Marlowe, Decker, Chapman, Middleton, Heywood, Drayton, and Ben Jonson. We might as soon believe that a man who pretended that he had written *Vanity Fair* or *Esmond*, but had not written them, could have escaped detection in the society of Charles Buller, Tennyson, Venables, or James Spedding, as that Shakespeare could have passed himself off as the author of even *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* or *Love's Labor Lost*—we purposely name two of his earliest and weakest plays,—as that any of that brilliant circle of Elizabethan poets would have given credit for ten minutes to such a man as the Baconians picture Shakespeare to have been for the capacity to construct one scene, or to compose ten consecutive lines of the black verse—the exquisite blank verse—which is to be found in those plays. How, then, are we to suppose, as the years flowed on, and the young poet of the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*, who had begun dramatic authorship by patching up old and inartistic plays well known to the public, put in his claim to the nobler dramas which made him, in Ben Jonson's words, "the wonder of our stage," that such rival writers as we have named, could have failed to see that it was the actor Shakespeare, their chum and intimate companion, with all his marvellous comprehensive grasp of character, his play of ebullient humor, his unbounded exuberance of fancy, and fertility of exquisite expression, and none but he, whose genius alone, breathed throughout the series of dramas which, after 1592, he gave to the stage in almost startling profusion? By 1598, as we learned from Meres's *Lamia*, already cited, Shakespeare had established his claim to predominating excellence in both tragedy and comedy. "For comedy, witness," says Meres,

"his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his (Comedy of) *Errors*, his *Love's Labor Lost*, his *Love's Labor Wonne* (Much Ado), his *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*." Within the ensuing twelve years he had added to that noble list the other great plays which will at once leap to every reader's memory.

If he had lived for fame, he might well think that by this time he had lived enough for it. Most probably he had warnings within himself that the great fountain of thought, imagination, and feeling, which had hitherto flowed so copiously, was no longer to be relied on. The wine of his poetic life had been drunk, and he was not the man to wrong the public or his own reputation by drawing upon the lees. *Tempus abire tibi est* was the warning that was like enough to have come to a man so wise, as it does evermore come to less thoughtful men. He had made for himself what a man in whom "the elements were so temperately mingled" was sure to regard as a sufficient fortune; and to go back to his boyhood's home and breathe again the free air of the old familiar haunts, and share in the simple duties of a well-to-do-citizen among the ageing friends of his early youth, was to such a nature a welcome release from the anxieties and the conflicts of the crowded and struggling and feverish life which had been his since he started to seek his fortune in London. To London he obviously went after this upon occasion—partly on business, as we know—partly, it may be presumed, to enjoy the stimulating society of his old actor and literary friends. There he would renew the wit-combats with Ben Jonson, of which Thomas Fuller must have heard from living witnesses of them—for he could not have been present at them in person, when he wrote:—

"Which two I behold like a great Spanish Galleon and an English Man-of-War; Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English Man-of-War, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

And yet the Baconians would have us believe that Ben Jonson, despite this frequent collision of their wits, was unable to discover, what is so palpable to them, that Shakespeare was a liar who throws Mendez Pinto into the shade, and a literary impostor such as the world has never dreamt of. So far was Jonson from having a doubt as to the works ascribed to Shakespeare being truly his, that in his *Timber; or, Discoveries upon Men and Matters*, written long after Shakespeare was in his grave, he described him in terms that confirm Fuller's estimate in a remarkable degree:—

"He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phan-

tsie; brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflammandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his power—would the rule of it had been so too. . . . But he redeem'd his vices with his virtues. There was evermore in him to be prayed than to be pardoned."

Who does not see, from this, the Shakespeare, not of the dramas merely but of social intercourse—with his flashes, not of merriment only, but also of pathos and subtle thought, his flow of anecdote and whim playing like summer lightning amid the general talk of the room, and sometimes provoking the ponderous and irritable Jonson by throwing his sententious and learned talk into the shade? Brilliant talk would seem to have come to Shakespeare as easily as brilliant writing, and he would thus eclipse Jonson in society as he eclipsed him even when dealing with classical themes upon the stage. But the genial player and poet, to whom all concurred in giving the epithet of "gentle," was too good a fellow to deal in the wit that wounds, to presume on his personal popularity, or to view the efforts of a rival author with jealousy. Jonson had good cause to think well of him, for it was to Shakespeare's active intervention that he owed the production on the stage, by the Lord Chamberlain's company, of which Shakespeare was a member, of the fine play of *Every Man in his Humor*, which Jonson, then in needy circumstances, had failed to get them to accept. This, and many other acts of good-fellowship, as well as the numberless hours which the talk and fine spirits of his friend had made memorable, were doubtless in Jonson's mind, when in a previous passage of the "Memorandum" just quoted he said of him—"I loved the man, and doe honour his memory on this side idolatrie as much as any." And this is the man we are now to be told was the poor creature to which the Baconians would reduce him!

They found in support of their theory upon the circumstance that, after Shakespeare settled about 1612 in Stratford, no more plays appeared with his name. If there had been anything extraordinary in that circumstance, surely Ben Jonson and his other author friends would have been struck by it. We know that down to the last he was in intimate contact with Jonson and Michael Drayton, who, according to a fairly authenticated tradition, visited him at Stratford about a month before his death. But neither Jonson nor Drayton, nor, what is more material, his player partners and intimates, hint anywhere the slightest surprise that he ceased, while still in the vigor of his years, to furnish the stage with fresh sources of attraction. Why he so ceased no one can tell, any more than we can tell with certainty why he did not himself see his works through the press. He may very well have intended to do so, so soon as they could be printed without injury to the interests of the theatres to which he had sold them, and to which it was important that they should not

be made available to rival theatres, as they would have been by publication. It must always be remembered, too, that Shakespeare died of a sudden illness, which probably cut short many other projects besides that of having his dramas printed in an authentic form. This view is countenanced by the language of Heminges and Condell in their dedication of the first folio to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, in which they speak of Shakespeare with regret as "not having the fate common with some, to be executor to his owne writings." To them it seems clear enough that he would have brought them out himself, had he lived. "We," they say, "have but collected them, and done an office to the dead to procure his orphanes guardians, *without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame, onely to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare*, by humble offer of his playes to your most noble patronage." The words of their preface to the volume are even more significant:—

"It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthy to have bene wished, that the author himselfe had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings; but since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his friends the office of there care and pains to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maim'd and deform'd by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that expos'd them; even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; *who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*"

Now who are the men who bear this testimony to the fact that Shakespeare's "mind and hand went together," and that composition was to him so easy, that his manuscripts—like George Eliot's or Thackeray's, both great masters of style—were almost without a blot? They were men who had been associated with him for years as brother actors, men who must have often heard discussed in his presence what plots were to be selected for new plays, and how they were to be treated—who must have again and again marked, with delighted surprise, how he had transformed into something of which his fellows had never dreamed, the tales on which such plays as *The Merchant of Venice*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *As You Like It* were founded—who had known him from time to time write in scenes and speeches, sometimes of his own accord, but sometimes as likely at the suggestion of his brother actors, or at a rehearsal in their very presence cut and carve upon a passage to give it more point and finish. They at least knew his autograph, and had seen "his papers." If he could not even write his own name respectably, as the Baconians contend, they must have known the fact, and would not have ventured to

speak of "his papers," when so many people were alive, who, if the Baconians are right, could have shown up the imposture.

It in no way militates against the weight of this argument, that much of the first folio was a re-reprint merely of some of the plays which had already been printed in quarto. Heminges and Condell might not have intended by what they wrote to suggest that the book was entirely printed from "his papers." Their language may fairly be read merely as a record of the fact that the MSS. of his plays, as originally delivered by him to his "fellows" at the theatre, were not disfigured by the erasures and interlineations with which they were familiar in the MSS. of other dramatic writers. Ben Jonson, it is true, thought this absence of blots no virtue in his friend. The players, he says, often mentioned it in Shakespeare's honor.

"My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. . . Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him—*Cæsar, thou dost me wrong*; he reply'd—*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause*; and such like, which were ridiculous."

There is a good deal to be said for the sentences excepted to by Jonson (which, by the way, are not in the first folio, nor indeed printed anywhere, though they may very possibly have been in Shakespeare's original MS.); but what Jonson writes is of importance as showing that the cleanness and freedom from correction of Shakespeare's MSS. was notorious in the theatres to which he had belonged. Jonson's deliberate thought as to how Shakespeare worked, and that art as well as natural gifts went to the composition of his works, is very clearly stated in the splendid eulogy by him prefixed to the first folio:—

"The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not
 please,
But antiquated and deserted lye,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a
 part;
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion! and that
 he,

Who casts to write a living line must
 sweat,
Such as thine are, and strike the second
 heat
Upon the Muses anvil; turne the same
And himselfe with it, that he thinkes to
 frame,
Or for the laurell he may gaine a scorne,
For a good poet's made as well as borne,
And such wert thou!"

Jonson was not the man to write thus without having a basis of fact to go upon. What more natural than that Shakespeare and he should have often talked over passages in their plays, which one or the other thought might be improved? It may be, that among these passages were those very sentences in *Julius Cæsar* to which we have seen that Jonson took exception; for in the first folio (*Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1) what we read is—

"Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied."

Just such a correction as the Shakespeare described by Heminges and Condell would be likely to make upon the spur of the moment, if his attention had been called to the seeming paradox of the words which Jonson says he wrote. Jonson had probably in his mind's eye many incidents of a similar nature, which satisfied him that all the seeming artlessness of his friend—the "art without art, unparalleled as yet," as the scholarly Leonard Digges called it—was nothing more nor less than that highest triumph of art, by which art is never suggested. No unprejudiced mind can read what Johnson has written of Shakespeare without having the conviction forced upon him, that Jonson had seen in the man himself living and unmistakeable proofs that in him was the genius from which sprang both the poetry and the plays which were identified with his name. It is not of the plays alone, but of the man also as he knew him, that Jonson was thinking, when he wrote the lines opposite the Droeshout portrait in the first folio:—

"Oh, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse."

And also in the lines—"To the memory of my beloved the author, Mr. William Shakespeare, *and* what he hath left us" apostrophizing him as—

"Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!"

And again—

"If I thought my judgment were of yeeres,"

—that is, that my opinion was to be prized by posterity

"I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lilly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greeke,"

(How does this comport with the Baconians' theory of the illiterate butcher's boy?)

"From thence to honour thee I would not
seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring
Æschilus,
Euripedes, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy sockes
were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison

Of all that insolent Greece, or haughtie
Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
come.
Triumph, my Britaine! thou hast one to
showe,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage
owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!"

There spoke out the heart of brave old Ben, remembering how meekly the man with whose friendship he had been blest had borne his honors, and had never made him feel that all Jonson's "slow-endavoring art," working even upon classic ground, could not bring him abreast in popularity with the heaven-gifted man, who had "small Latin and less Greek." For so it was in Ben Jonson's own time, as we learn from the lines of Leonard Digges, who died in 1635 at the university of Oxford, where he led a scholar's life, when he says:—

"So have I seene, when Cæsar would
 appeare,
And on the stage at half-sworde parley
 were
Brutus and Cassius, oh, how the audience
Were ravish'd ! With what wonder they
 went thence,
When some new day they would not
 brook a line
Of tedious (though well-labor'd) Cati-
line ;
Sejanus, too, was irkesome; they prized
 more
Honest Iago or the jealous Moore;
And though the Fox and subtell Alchi-
mist,
Long intermitted, could not quite be
 missed ;

Though these have shamed all th' an-
 cients, and might raise
Their authour's merit with a crowne of
 bays ;
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's
 desire,
Acted, have scarce defray'd the seacole
 fire
And doore-keepers ; when, let but Fal-
staffe come,
Hal, Poins, the rest,—you scarce shall
 have a roome.
All is so pester'd ; let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seene, loe, in a trice
The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are
 full."

Few men like the man who eclipses them in a race, where they think they are especially strong,—authors least of all ; but "gentle" Shakespeare subdued the envy even of the rough and somewhat jealous Ben. But had Ben for a moment seen reason to surmise that the man who had so thoroughly distanced him and all his compeers in the arena of both tragedy and comedy was sailing under false colors, "an upstart crow" wearing feathers not his own, it would not have been left for the Smiths, Bacons, Holmes, and Donnellys of the nineteenth century to throw discredit upon the great name, which from 1616 had been held in reverence by all cultivated men.

We have purposely refrained from entering upon any of the arguments from the internal evidence of the works of Shakespeare and Bacon, that Bacon did not and could not have written the marvellous series of plays, of which until 1856 the authorship was undisputed. This would open a field far too wide for discussion. Life is short, and a conflict of æsthetic judgments in such matters is, by its very nature, interminable. We have purposely confined ourselves to a naked statement of facts, based upon contemporary testimony, and argued from upon the principles which guide the judgment of practical men in all matters where they have only contemporary evidence from

which to draw their conclusions. On what better evidence than we have cited in regard to Shakespeare, do we believe that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides wrote the plays coupled with their names, that Horace wrote his *Odes*, or Tacitus his *Germania*? From the belief of three centuries the world is not to be shaken by the fine-spun theories of nobodies, who know nothing of the mysterious ways by which genius works, and conceive that fine poetry, and a sweep of thought of invention, and of knowledge of the human heart, vast beyond their limited conceptions, can only issue from the brain of a man trained in the learning of the schools and moving in high society. Something more than conjecture, something more than unwarrantable assumption, must be produced to entitle them even to a hearing, however slight, at this time of day.

But now we are told that the true authorship of the pseudo-Shakespearian works has been established by a great America discoverer, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a lawyer, ex-member of Congress, and ex-senator of Minnesota, who conceives that he has solved the problem in a work bearing the name of *The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays*. The book has not yet left the publisher's hands, but what we are to expect from it has been sufficiently disclosed by a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, to whom the privilege was granted of seeing an early copy. Mr. Donnelly, it appears, lawyer though he be, and by his profession bound to have some regard to the laws of evidence started with the fixed idea that Shakespeare's name was simply a mask for Bacon. He does not commend himself to much consideration, when we find that he adopts as gospel all the preposterous nonsense of previous Baconians about Shakespeare having had no education, of his having been a tavern-haunter and habitual poacher, a mere money-grubber, who could not spell his own name, and who was glad to get back to Stratford to his old occupation of butcher and wool-stapler, having had his purse previously well lined by Bacon for having lent the use of his name to a scandalous fraud for some twenty odd years. Neither does he prepossess us in his favor—although of his sincerity we entertain no doubt—when he tells us that he was put upon the trail of his vaunted discovery by coming across an elaborate cipher of Bacon's, quoted in *Every Boy's Book*. "Then," he says, "followed like a flash this thought, could Bacon have put a cipher in his plays?" On further inquiry, he found, what is very well known, that Bacon had a fancy for cryptographic systems which "elude and exclude the decipherers." Upon this hint Mr. Donnelly set to work to find out a cipher in the first folio edition of the plays, that was to confirm his preconceived theory, and of course, he found it to his own satisfaction. If, however, any judgment may be formed as to the results of his hunt from

the specimens cited in the *Daily Telegraph*, a more thorough illustration can scarcely be conceived of the process known as elucidating the *obscurum* by the *obscurius*. When Mr. Donnelly's book makes its appearance, there will no doubt be found persons, blessed or cursed, as it may be, with such superabundance of time upon their hands, and with a passion for such a literary wild-goose chase as Mr. Donnelly invites them to, that they may follow him through mazes of figures and calculations which would drive any ordinary brain mad.

On such a chase, however, we do not conceive that Mr. Donnelly has a right to ask any one to enter, until he can first establish from credible evidence the following propositions: (1) That Bacon did in some clear and unmistakable way set up in his life a claim to the work which has hitherto been assigned to Shakespeare; (2) That he was privy to the publication of the first folio; (3) That he had Heminges and Condell under his thumb, and got them to write what they did write in the Dedication and Preface, with the deliberate purpose of throwing the world off the scent as to the real authorship; (4) That he suborned Ben Jonson to become a party to the fraud; (5) That there exists somewhere, and in some definite form under Bacon's hand, a suggestion, no matter how slight, that he had aught to do with the plays any more than Mr. Donnelly himself.

When a satisfactory answer is given on these points, then, but not till then, Mr. Donnelly may have some excuse for intruding his so-called discovery upon the public. It is idle to tell us, as he and his predecessors do, that Bacon had reason during his life to conceal his connection with the stage. No man who wrote the plays assigned to Shakespeare, could have kept up such an imposture for such a lengthened period, and under the circumstances in which these were produced—one of them, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, written at Queen Elizabeth's request and produced within a fortnight. But grant that there might be reason for concealment while Bacon was alive, there could be none after his death. He might say of himself then, in the words of his own (?) Macbeth—

“After life's fitful fever I sleep well,
Nothing can touch me further.”

He would by that time be beyond reach of the anger of either “Eliza or our James.” How simple a matter, then, would it have been to place upon record, along with the requisite proofs—for clear proof would in any case have been wanted—that he, and not Shakespeare, wrote the plays! Write them if he did, is it conceivable that he would not have been so proud of their authorship that he would have taken care to place the fact beyond a doubt?

This he unquestionably did not do, and yet we are asked to give a hearing to an American lawyer, who, nearly three centuries after

Bacon's death, chooses first to imagine that he wrote the immortal plays, and then to assure us that, instead of placing the fact upon record as any man of common-sense would be sure to do, Bacon wrapt up his secret in a cryptogram, of which he did not even leave the key—a cryptogram distributed in a most mystical and bewildering way through the bad printing of the first folio, and which it was left for Mr. Donnelly's laborious ingenuity to discover. Mr. Donnelly and his proselytes would have us forget that Bacon knew what was evidence, and what was not, far too well to trust to a cryptogram for the establishment of so important a fact, as that he was entitled to the fame which he knew the plays in question had won for the Stratford poet. However clear a cryptogram might be, it could not possibly amount to more than a mere assertion by an interested witness. On the assumption of fraud on Shakespeare's part, it was a fraud of which Bacon himself was the instigator. He had helped, *ex hypothesi*, to set up Shakespeare's claim, and he of all men must have known that this claim could only be displaced by conclusive extraneous evidence or by the confession of Shakespeare himself.

Again we say, no man has a right, without a sure ground of fact to go upon, to strain our credulity as Mr. Donnelly does, or to ask reasonable men to investigate the cumbrous processes by which he works out his "Great Cryptogram" theory. It is impossible within the space at our disposal to go into an infinite number of reasons which might be adduced against it. Let Mr. Donnelly get over the initial difficulties which we have suggested, and then Shakespearian students will give him a hearing. Till then they and all men who recognize that one of life's chief responsibilities is the responsibility for a right use of our time, will be content to abide in the faith of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and of wellnigh three centuries of rational men, that the kindly and modest man, whose mortal remains rest in front of the altar in Stratford Church, was no impostor, but the veritable author of the works for which, as one of its wholly priceless possessions, the civilized world owes to him endless gratitude.—SIR THEODORE MARTIN, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

MARCH: AN ODE.

I.

ERE frost-flower and snow-blossom faded and fell, and the splendor of
 winter had passed out of sight,
 The ways of the woodlands were fairer and stranger than dreams that
 fulfil us in sleep with delight;

The breath of the mouths of the winds had hardened on tree-tops and
branches that glittered and swayed
Such wonders and glories of blossomlike snow or of frost that out-
lightens all flowers till it fade
That the sea was not lovelier than here was the land, nor the night than
the day, nor the day than the night,
Nor the winter sublimer with storm than the spring: such mirth had
the madness and might in thee made,
March, master of winds, bright minstrel and marshal of storms that
enkindle the season they smite.

II.

And now that the rage of thy rapture is satiate with revel and ravin
and spoil of the snow,
And the branches it brightened are broken, and shattered the tree-tops
that only thy wrath could lay low,
How should not thy lovers rejoice in thee, leader and lord of the year
that exults to be born
So strong in thy strength and so glad of thy gladness whose laughter
puts winter and sorrow to scorn?
Thou hast shaken the snows from thy wings, and the frost on thy fore-
head is molten: thy lips are aglow
As a lover's that kindle with kissing, and earth, with her raiment and
tresses yet wasted and torn,
Takes breath as she smiles in the grasp of thy passion to feel through
her spirit the sense of thee flow.

III.

Fain, fain would we see but again for an hour what the wind and the
sun have dispelled and consumed,
Those full deep swan-soft feathers of snow with whose luminous bur-
den the branches implumed
Hung heavily, curved as a half-bent bow, and fledged not as birds are,
but petalled as flowers,
Each tree-top and branchlet a pinnacle jewelled and carved or a foun-
tain that shines as it showers,
But fixed as a fountain is fixed not and wrought not to last till by
time or by tempest entombed,
As a pinnacle carven and gilded of men: for the date of its doom is no
more than an hour's.
One hour of the sun's when the warm wind wakes him to wither the
snow-flowers that froze as they bloomed,

IV.

As the sunshine quenches the snowshine; as April subdues thee, and
yields up his kingdom to May;
So time overcomes the regret that is born of delight as it passes in
passion away,
And leaves but a dream for desire to rejoice in or mourn for with tears
or thanksgivings; but thou,
Bright god that art gone from us, maddest and gladdest of months, to
what goal hast thou gone from us now?
For somewhere surely the storm of thy laughter that lightens, the beat
of thy wings that play,
Must flame as a fire through the world, and the heavens that we know
not rejoice in thee: surely thy brow
Hath lost not its radiance of empire, thy spirit the joy that impelled
it on quest as for prey.

V.

Are thy feet on the ways of the limitless waters, thy wings on the
winds of the waste north sea?
Are the fires of the false north dawn over heavens where summer is
stormful and strong like thee
Now bright in the sight of thine eyes? are the bastions of icebergs
assailed by the blast of thy breath?
Is it March with the wild north world when April is waning? the
word that the changed year saith,
Is it echoed to northward with rapture of passion reiterate from spirits
triumphant as we
Whose hearts were uplift at the blast of thy clarions as men's rearisen
from a sleep that was death
And kindled to life that was one with the world's and with thine?
hast thou set not the whole world free?

VI.

For the breath of thy lips is freedom, and freedom's the sense of thy
spirit, the sound of thy song,
Glad god of the north-east wind, whose heart is as high as the hands
of thy kingdom are strong,
Thy kingdom whose empire is terror and joy, twin-featured and fruit-
ful of births divine,
Days lit with the flame of the lamps of the flowers, and nights that
are drunken with dew for wine,

And sleep not for joy of the stars that deepen and quicken, a denser
 and fierier throng,
 And the world that thy breath bade whiten and tremble rejoices at
 heart as they strengthen and shine,
 And earth gives thanks for the glory bequeathed her, and knows of
 thy reign that it wrought not wrong.

VII.

Thy spirit is quenched not, albeit we behold not thy face in the crown
 of the steep sky's arch,
 And the bold first buds of the whin wax golden, and witness arise of
 the thorn and the larch:
 Wild April, enkindled to laughter and storm by the kiss of the wildest
 of winds that blow,
 Calls loud on his brother for witness; his hands that were laden with
 blossom are sprinkled with snow,
 And his lips breathe winter, and laugh, and relent; and the live woods
 feel not the frost's flame parch;
 For the flame of the spring that consumes not but quickens is felt at
 the heart of the forest aglow,
 And the sparks that enkindled and fed it were strewn from the hands
 of the gods of the winds of March.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, IN *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE: ITS NAVAL ASPECT.*

THE series of articles by a military writer, which were brought to a conclusion in the December number of this Magazine, cannot fail to call public attention to the altered position which Great Britain now occupies with regard to the other Powers of Europe, and to the fact that this position has been brought about during the last few years by the steady advance of Russia upon India, until our frontiers are now practically conterminous.

When a vast change takes place in the conditions of a country governed by a despot, it is sufficient that the ruler and his more immediate advisers should convince themselves that such a change has taken

* *Blackwood's Magazine* has been publishing a series of papers on "The Balance of Power in Europe. The present article, from the February Number, discusses the naval aspects of the question.—ED. LIB. MAG.

place, in order to give effect to the necessary alterations in the military or naval arrangements of the country which are required to meet that change; and assuming, as we must do, that the ruler and his ministers are blessed with common-sense and true patriotism, there is every reasonable prospect that the necessary alterations will be carried out with promptitude and vigor. But in a popularly governed country it is not so; the whole country has to be convinced of the change, and also (which is equally important) of the necessity for action, before any effective steps can be taken by those who are called the rulers, but who are in point of fact the servants of the people. The weakness and strength of popular government appear to consist respectively in the time which it takes to convince the whole country, or at any rate the great body of the electors, of the direction in which their true national interests lie, and in the extreme tenacity of purpose and enthusiasm with which they act when once so convinced. Were all popular leaders in this country true patriots, who invariably placed the interests of the nation above the interests of the party to which they belong, we should have very little apprehension as to the disintegration and downfall of the British empire, with the commanding positions which it holds in all parts of the world, its unrivalled resources, and its still vigorous race. But our great national danger appears to lie in the ever-increasing bitterness and virulence of party warfare, until those who engage in it, though for the most part honest men, have become through the force of habit so indifferent to the exercise of everything in the shape of eloquence or persuasion which does not tend to promote some directly party advantage, that they, the leaders of public thought, who ought to instruct the masses in those matters which vitally concern the interests, and in fact the existence of the nation, so entirely fail in this most obvious duty, that we appear likely to reap all the disadvantages without any of the advantages of free and popular government. Did these leaders of public opinion do their duty to their country but half as well as they do it to their party, it would not be necessary for naval and military officers to step outside the immediate circle of their own professional studies, and the due consideration of the ever-increasing applications of science to the arts of war, which indeed are their proper functions, and by rushing into the dusty arena of politics, lay themselves open to the charge of seeking personal advancement and employment, and of striving to provoke war by keeping up what are called bloated armaments, simply because they try to point out to their countrymen the imminent dangers to which Great Britain is madly exposing herself, by failing to augment her fighting forces, especially her navy, so that she may have some reasonable prospect of being able to defend her vast possessions when next war shall come upon her.

Agreeing as we do in nearly every particular with the writer of "The Balance of Military Power in Europe," we shall proceed to discuss from a naval point of view the practical conclusions which he has drawn in the series of articles which he has put before the public in this Magazine. The broad result of his arguments may be stated somewhat as follows:—

1. Russia is steadily advancing upon India by set purpose, and not by accident as she would lead us to believe.—2. If we wish to defend India, we can only do so by acquiring the power of striking Russia in Europe. Or, in the writer's own words, "Therefore it is also vitally necessary for us to put pressure upon Russia elsewhere than at Herat in order to protect Herat."—3. If we wish to have the power of striking Russia in Europe, we can only do so by forming European alliances, *offensive and defensive*.—4. Our army being so small in proportion to the great armaments of Europe, it is only by virtue of our navy that we can expect to be taken into alliance with the central Powers (the only alliance, in short, which would be useful to us); but that, if our navy is what it ought to be, and we choose to apply its force in a statesmanlike manner, we can make it worth more than half a million of men to the central alliance—viz., Germany, Austria, Italy, as against Russia or France, or both combined.

The whole question, then, of the safety of India is governed by an "if"; and we shall proceed to show that it is a very shaky "if." Our military writer guardedly expresses himself thus: "In all that we have spoken of above, we have almost exclusively insisted upon what our navy can do *if* it is as strong as it ought to be." And again (p. 890, *ib.*): "We have cautiously spoken, not of what our navy is, but of what it ought to be." It is the old, old story. If my aunt were my uncle, she would wear different garments. If the British navy were what it ought to be, we should have some reasonable prospect of being able to defend India.

Let us proceed to inquire, then, whether the British navy is, or is not, what it ought to be. And before entering into details, or discussing the question on its merits, we will quote two opinions from opposite quarters. First, then, we make bold to say, and we believe that we are well within the mark when we say it, that nine out of ten of all our own naval officers who have given a thought to the subject, are firmly convinced that our navy is not nearly strong enough to perform the duties which the nation will expect of it in case of a war with France alone. We know that we cannot prove that this is the opinion of the vast majority of naval officers, in the way that we could prove a proposition in Euclid; we merely state it as our firm conviction that it is so, and we challenge its contradiction. The other opinion is from the Paris *Temps* of November 30, 1887, and is as follows: "It is notorious that the maritime force of Great Britain, scarcely sufficient for defence, would have great difficulty in providing for offensive action, such as the protection of the Mediterranean or the German Ocean against a foreign attack." If this is true, where,

then, is the value of our alliance? It may of course be said that the opinions of French newspapers are of little value in the matter; but unfortunately, in the present case the above remark coincides too closely with what we hear from other quarters to allow us to pass over it with indifference.

In estimating the strength of navies up to the year 1860, it was sufficient for all practical purposes to count line-of-battle ships, and perhaps latterly, first-class frigates. A line-of-battle ship was a line-of-battle ship, and she bore a certain intrinsic value as a fighting item; and although we are far from saying that all line-of-battle ships were equal, either in their material force or in the fighting efficiency of the crews which manned them, yet by counting line-of-battle ships, and making a certain rough allowance for the nationality of the crews which manned them, a sufficiently accurate estimate could be formed of the naval forces of different nations. Now all this is changed; we have lost all knowledge of the value of our fighting item—the line-of-battle ship has gone; and although for a short time her place was taken by the ironclad, she in her turn is in a very shaky position, and has already lost most of her original and distinctive attributes. We are far from agreeing with M. Gabriel Charmes's supposition that the torpedo-boat is going to sweep all ironclads off the sea, and thus place the weakest and poorest of maritime nations on a par with richest and strongest—this was an excentric swing of the pendulum a long way beyond its normal balance; but nevertheless it cannot be denied that the introduction of the locomotive torpedo has gravely affected the conditions of naval warfare, and has also directly produced radical changes in the problem which the naval architect has been called upon to solve; although in this latter connection it is probable that the mounting afloat of very heavy guns of great penetrative power has had quite as great, if not a greater effect upon naval architecture, than even the introduction of the torpedo.

It is not our intention on the present occasion to enter into the controversy on naval designs which has been raging with great virulence, and unfortunately not without personal abuse (though we are bound to say only since politicians entered the field), ever since the mounting afloat of heavy guns rendered it necessary to reduce the extent of armor on ships in order to increase its thickness in certain vital places. The navies of Europe are represented by every conceivable design which the untiring ingenuity of naval architects has been able to produce, in order to strike various compromises between the requirements of a modern man-of-war—which may be roughly stated as armament, speed, protection, coal endurance, manœuvring power or handiness, seaworthiness—and reasonable size and cost. We have placed the qualities above in the order in which we estimate their value. Prob-

ably no two naval officers or naval architects would agree in thus placing them; hence the great variety of designs.

The navy of England has been compared with the navies of other nations on many occasions during the last ten years by various critics, with more or less ability, and with singularly varying results according to the peculiar views of the critic. One authority takes tonnage displacement as a fair measure of the fighting efficiency of various types of ships, on the principle that it must represent *something*: (very vague). Another takes gun-powder, counting no guns under a certain weight. Another takes thickness of armor (irrespective of extent). Another introduces speed and horse-power into his calculations. Another fixes upon some particular date, and then assumes arbitrarily that all ships built prior to that date are obsolete. None of these plans are satisfactory, and most of them are very misleading. A short time ago a noble lord in a prominent position stated publicly and emphatically that eight of our most recently built ships (viz., the six ships of the *Admiral* class, and the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*) were absolutely useless for all purposes of a ship-of-war. This, of course, was only a *façon de parler*, his vigorous method of expressing his disapproval of a particular type of ships—a disapproval which in all probability he had adopted from some hostile and not wholly disinterested expert.

In a praiseworthy endeavor to rescue this subject of the estimation of fighting-power from its nebulous and most unsatisfactory condition, one of our scientific captains read a paper about two years ago before the Institute of Naval Architects, setting forth a very elaborate plan, by which he assigned certain definite values to the different items in the equipment of a ship which could by any stretch of imagination be supposed to add to her fighting-power, and then expressed the value of each ship in a startling-looking algebraical formula, finally assessing the true value of x the unknown quantity.

The usually grave body of naval architects smiled blandly at his efforts, but they did not appear to attach any large amount of practical value to them; and on leaving the hall the present writer was accosted by a friend who said he had a much better plan, by which he took the length of a ship's keel in feet, and having multiplied it by the number of guns she carried, and subtracted therefrom the diameter of the high-pressure cylinder, he divided the remainder by the age of the captain—and this gave him, he said, the exact fighting value of every ship so treated. Of course this was nonsense, but not such mischievous, as the other.

The fact of the matter is, that there are so many points of controversy, and such a great diversity of opinions amongst those most competent to judge in the matter, that it is impossible to assign a value

to the different qualities of a ship until actual war shall have cleared up some of the points in dispute. But the moral of this is (or ought to be), that as the value of some of our ships is doubtful, we ought to allow a good margin for possible failures. It may be said that this argument cuts both ways, and that as all other nations are in the same boat as ourselves, an equal margin must be allowed for their failures. True, so far as it goes; but the consequences of failure are not equal. The breakdown of the navy of any other European Power than England would not be fatal—it might be very inconvenient to them; but it is their armies and not their navies which constitute their vital powers of resistance—whereas to England her navy is her heart, her soul, the life-giving power of the nation, the mainspring of her existence. Annihilate her navy, and she must die as surely and as rapidly as an animal whose blood has ceased to circulate in his veins. She must stop in her career as suddenly as a watch with its mainspring broken. What madness is it, then, which has seized upon a practical nation like England, which causes her to leave it doubtful for one single hour whether her navy is or is not strong enough to protect her vital interests?

The writer of "The Balance of Military Power in Europe" has stated his case very clearly—viz., that the value of England as an ally to the central Powers will be something like half a million of men, *provided that England's navy is what it ought to be*. Herein rests the whole question, for it is not necessary for our present purpose to take into consideration the question of the two mobilized army-corps which are to act supplemental to our naval force. The way in which our naval alliance is to represent or make itself equal to a force of half a million soldiers is, first, by supplying such a squadron in the Mediterranean, that in conjunction with the Italian and Austrian squadrons the coasts of Italy shall be assured against attack by the fleets of France, and the allied squadrons shall dominate in those waters. The strength of the surplus Italian army, and the opinions of Italian soldiers and statesmen, have been adduced to show that this would set free 300,000 Italian soldiers for the purpose of operating against France or Russia, or both combined. Secondly, by supplying such another squadron in the Baltic, that in conjunction with a portion of the German navy, the northern flank of Germany would be secured against an attack by Russia, and the allied squadrons dominate in the Baltic. We do not propose to consider the third combination which brought in Denmark as a factor, for we believe that the first two propositions are quite beyond the power of England, with her navy as it is at present. What we mean is this, that we do not believe that public opinion—or public panic, to put it plainer—which, after all, is certain to control the Government of the day, will allow for one moment such

a dispersion of our naval forces that, with France against us, and our respective navies so nearly equal as they are, it would be in the power of France, from her geographical position, to concentrate an overwhelming force in the British Channel, and thus obtain command of those narrow waters.

The whole subject, then, narrows itself into a nut-shell. We have not got a sufficient naval force to supply the two squadrons in the Mediterranean and Baltic which would make our alliance with the central Powers worth having; therefore we are unable to form those alliances which alone would give us the power of striking Russia elsewhere than on our Indian frontier; and this power is, in the opinion of military critics, essential to us if we are to hold India against Russia.

The conclusion, therefore, which we are logically brought to is, that if we do not immediately proceed to strengthen our navy, we shall not be in a position to deal with Russia when she makes her contemplated descent on India. Now there are two ways of strengthening the navy: one is to do it steadily in peace-time, when there is no immediate prospect of war, and labor and materials can be obtained at reasonable prices; and the other way is to do it in a panic, on the outbreak or under the immediate prospect of war, when you pay double for everything and get an inferior article. As an instance of the latter, it is not too much to say that if it had not been for the Penjdeh incident, coupled with the panic which followed, we should not now have our seven belted cruisers, our fast ships of the *Porpoise* class, or our torpedo-catchers of the *Rattlesnake* class; and our navy would now be actually weaker than that of France. This seems to be a remarkably unbusiness-like method of supplying yourself with a navy; but there is no disputing the fact that it is the method adopted by England: possibly it is one of the glories of popular government.

It was remarked above that the navies of England and France were nearly equal. This, indeed, is the key to the whole question so far as we are concerned; for no other navy save that of France approaches so nearly to that of England as to render the issue of a naval war doubtful. Most critics place England first; France second, and very close upon England's heels; Italy third, and a good way behind; Russia fourth; Germany fifth; Austria sixth; Turkey seventh, and the rest nowhere.

Our readers will gather from what has been already said, that if it is difficult to compare the fighting value of different types of ships, it must be equally difficult to compare the respective strength of the navies which are composed of all these unknown quantities; for the different nations have on the whole adopted very distinctive types of war-ships. Thus, for instance, France has adopted great defensive

power in her ships, devoting a large percentage of the displacement to armor, and sacrificing thereto both coal and ammunition for the heavy slow-firing guns. Italy has gone to the other extreme, and has denuded her most recent ships almost entirely of their armor, giving them great offensive power and great speed.

England has struck a medium between these two extremes, and has endeavored to secure the advantages of both systems, with what success remains to be seen; but she is greatly handicapped by the consideration, that as her ships will be expected to act at a considerable distance from their depots, she is constrained to give them a large coal-allowance. How immensely this affects the whole problem, none but the naval architect who has to work it out can fully realize. As a popular illustration of it, let us suppose that we build a ship of 10,000 tons and allow her seven per cent of her tonnage in fuel: this, in fact, is about the allowance which the French make to their ships, on the assumption, we must presume, that they only intend them to act near their own coasts. But British naval officers, knowing what will be expected of our ships in case of a war with France, are not at all satisfied with 700 tons of coal, and require about double that amount. Just let the reader consider, then, what this means. In two ships supposed to be equal, you must allow your enemy 700 tons of fighting-power, which he can take out in armored protection, guns, ammunition, torpedoes, or anything else he likes; or else you must overload your ship by that amount. This is only one of the numerous problems which the naval architect is called upon to solve: it is a problem which is obviously governed to a large extent by the tactics which England intends to pursue in a future naval war; and hence it indicates the necessity of the closest connection and confidence between the naval architect and the naval officer. It also shows the absurdity of the ill-informed party politician intruding himself into the controversy, and for the first time in its history (so far as we are aware) introducing into it his parliamentary tactics of personal abuse.

The various authorities who have undertaken to compare the fighting efficiency of the English and French navies, differ considerably in their conclusions. Some go so far as to say that in consequence of the greater defensive power of the ships, and of the fact that France has a greater number of heavy breech-loading guns mounted afloat than we have, her navy is now actually the stronger of the two. Some consider the two navies to be about equal. Others, again, estimate the English to be ten, fifteen, twenty, and some say five-and-twenty per cent stronger than the French. This is probably about the outside limit of the optimists; but if we put down the English navy as being now from ten to fifteen per cent stronger than the French, it

will be sufficiently accurate for our purpose, and we do not think the error will be great on either side.

The question now arises, What will be expected of these two navies in case of war between the two countries, without allies on either side? For this is the simplest question, and the one which we ought to consider first, as it is an eventuality which might occur any day, in spite of our most earnest desire for peace.

It is obvious that on the outbreak of war we must adopt instantly some clear and definite policy with regard to the Mediterranean: either we must largely increase our force of ironclads on that station, or we must abandon it altogether, and with it Gibraltar and Malta; for, no doubt, military critics will agree, that if the fleet is withdrawn from the Mediterranean, it would be only a question of time, and not a very long time either, when Gibraltar and Malta, with their present armaments and garrisons, would fall before the determined attack which France would be in a position to make upon them in the absence of any possibility of maritime succor. If the present Mediterranean fleet is neither to be strengthened nor withdrawn, it must remain useless in Malta harbor; or if it puts to sea, must, in all human probability, be overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers. If, on the other hand, the Mediterranean fleet is sufficiently strengthened to give it any chance of coping successfully with such a force as France could bring against it, we immediately split our forces, and put it in the power of the enemy, acting on the inner circle, to gain the command of the English Channel.

Now, when we come to consider the defenceless state of our commercial ports, the feeble defenses of our military ones, the nature and strength, or rather weakness, of our Channel and Reserve squadrons, the absolute uncertainty as to where a blow would be struck, and the absolute certainty of the panic that would occur in London on a declaration of war with France—can any one of ordinary foresight bring himself to believe that public opinion would allow the Admiralty to withdraw one ironclad from the Channel for the purpose of strengthening the Mediterranean squadron? This question only considers the Channel and Mediterranean, without having regard to the urgent applications of the admirals on all our foreign stations for the immediate reinforcement of their respective squadrons, on pain of disaster to our commerce and coaling-stations.

A short time ago, when the proposition to abandon the Mediterranean in case of war was discussed in some letters to the *Times*, and the late General Gordon was quoted as having advocated that policy, there was a regular outcry of patriots raised against the perpetration of such a pusillanimous act. But an outcry of patriots, however loud and honest it may be, will not mount one single gun, or add a ship or

a man to the fighting forces of the empire; and if General Gordon ever did advocate this policy, he must have done so because he recognized and gauged correctly the supineness and want of foresight of his countrymen in all matters appertaining to the war-like forces of the nation. But whether he advocated it or not, it is difficult to see how the naval strategist can propose any other plan, so long as the English and French navies maintain their present relative proportions.

If we were called upon to give a rough estimate of the relative strength of the different European navies, we should represent them as follows:—England, 100; France, 90; Italy, 50; Russia, 45; Germany, 40; Austria, 30.*

The numbers are simply hypothetical, and intended to represent the comparative values of the material of the diverent navies at the present time; and although we are far from saying that the personal element will not enter largely as a factor into the case, yet we believe that this is quite as difficult, and a far more delicate subject to discuss, than even the fighting value of the different types of ships of which the navies are composed. We should be very glad indeed if we could honestly subscribe to the sentiments of the old "fo'castle" ditty:—

"Two — Frenchmen, one Portugee,
One jolly Englishmen lick all three."

But whatever the truth of the song may have been in days gone by, when the element of the seamanship entered so largely (we might almost say preponderatingly) into the conditions of naval warfare, we cannot hide from ourselves the fact, that the introduction of steam as a motive power, and the substitution of machinery for manual labor, in so many of the fighting appliances of a modern man-of-war, must render the supposed superiority in seamanship of British sailors, at least a doubtful factor in the present day. And before quitting this subject, we would beg to point out that this pre-eminence in seamanship, which was acquired by British seamen in our last naval war, was the direct result of practice, resulting from the great *numerical* superiority of the British navy over that of her enemies; so that we were enabled to keep them blockaded in their ports, and thus prevent them from

* These numbers must not be taken to represent in any respect the naval force which each nation could bring to bear on a certain point: if so taken, they would be most illusive and misleading. England, for instance, in consequence of her peculiar circumstances, and the necessary dispersion of her forces, could not in all probability bring half of her strength to bear on a given point; whereas France would be able to bring almost the whole of hers. And it must be remembered that the possession of Gibraltar does not now give us all the same power of frustrating a junction as it did in the days of sailing-ships. We should also bear in mind that during our last war with France our navy was always at least double the strength of hers, and yet we were not able to meet her with superior forces at given points; moreover, at that time our colonies and our commerce were not nearly so extensive as they are now.

acquiring that great skill in seamanship which the very act of keeping the sea for the purpose of blockading, without firing a shot at all, gave to our seamen. Therefore we say that this pre-eminence in seamanship was the direct result of practice, and not because all Englishmen are born "web-footed," as the expression goes. We say that we by no means ignore the personal element either in naval or military warfare, but we assert that it will be a most unstatesmanlike and foolish act to base our calculations as to what naval strength England requires, upon any assumption that her seamen possess a marked superiority in a particular quality which certainly won battles for her a century ago, but which does not now enter as a factor into the case. This dwelling on past glories, dulness and inability to appreciate the onward march of improvements, and pinning of faith upon obsolete weapons of warfare and modes of attack, have in all ages been the prolific causes of the defeat and downfall of nations.

One thing at any rate will have been made clear by the publication of "The Balance of Military Power in Europe"—viz., that it is incumbent upon England to make up her mind now (and to do it quickly and before it is too late) which of the proverbial "three courses" she intends to take.

First, to take her place once more amongst the nations of Europe, prepared to bear the burdens and reap the benefits of such a course, giving up the short-sighted silly cry of "We will only fight for British interests;" and by adding thirty or forty per cent to her present navy, and possibly by keeping two army-corps mobilized and ready for instant use, to make her alliance worth having to the Central Powers.

Secondly, To declare boldly that she wished for no allies; to double the present navy; to increase greatly the army, particularly in India; and then take her chance and fight alone, as soon as Russia (possibly assisted by France) is ready to attack her.

Thirdly, To do nothing, but just drift on as she is going now,—too weak to fight alone, untrustworthy as an ally, but wishing to obtain all the benefits of an alliance without taking any of its responsibilities or burdens; foolishly supposing that other nations will be ready to fight for her notwithstanding that she is continually shouting that she does not intend to fight for any one but herself; striving, in short, to wield the destinies of a rich and mighty empire on the penny-wise pound-foolish principle—a course which must inevitably lead to disaster.

The second course is comprehensible but expensive, and we think dangerous, as being calculated to provoke great jealousy, and turn every man's hand against us.

The first course appears to be the cheapest, the most honorable, the safest, and that most likely to preserve the peace of Europe; for if ever *Si vis pacem para bellum* was applicable to any nation, it is so to Eng-

land in the present day. Of all nations she is the one to whom maritime peace is the most essential. An increase in the war navy of England would not be a menace to anybody; it could only be intended for defensive purposes, and all Europe knows this, notwithstanding that it might suit the policy of some astute diplomatist to misrepresent such an increase. England is clearly entitled, by virtue of her commerce, to a preponderating war navy such as she had in 1815. If she had such a navy now, or anything approaching to it, and was prepared to take her proper place amongst the nations of Europe as she did then, it is not too much to say that the peace of Europe would be assured.

In considering the naval aspect of the balance of power in Europe, there can be no doubt that England is the principal factor in the problem; and for that reason we have so far confined ourselves almost entirely to England's navy. We say that she is the principal factor, not only by reason of the slight superiority to France with which we credit her, but still more so by reason of her possession of what are called the coaling-stations, viz., most of the great maritime strategic points on the earth's surface—points which will be of more value to the nation possessing them, in the steam era, than ever they were in the old sailing days, though even then they were not to be despised. When we say possessing them, we mean possessing them in such a condition that they would be able to defend themselves against attack; for it is scarcely necessary to say that if they are undefended, or inadequately defended, they would be a supreme source of weakness to whoever was responsible for them, as they would require ships to defend them, and would also be likely to afford coal-supplies to an enemy. Thus the defence of the coaling-stations has become to England a question of even greater moment than the necessary increase of her navy—that is to say, if she intends to try and hold her own in the world. But if, on the other hand, she is content to be guided by the blustering party politician or the well-meant hallucinations of the Peace Society, and to slide supinely down the inclined plane of indifference and neglect, throwing away the golden hours of grace, and making no rational preparations for the inevitable struggle, she ought in common consistency to leave off singing "Rule Britannia," and to cease bragging about her empire upon which the sun never sets, and be content to give up quietly (if possible) all her vast possessions, and take a back seat in the world, such as Portugal, Spain, and Holland have been obliged to take. But in the meantime we have to consider England as the leading maritime nation of the world—unquestionably so as regards her mercantile navy, doubtfully or barely so as regards her war navy. This in itself is ominously significant; but if we are never again going to fight without allies, as we hear stated in some quarters, the questions arise—Who are the allies to be? and what steps are we taking to secure them?

It would be superfluous to consider the question of England and France allied in a naval war, for in that improbable contingency the combination of the two navies would be so immensely superior to anything that could be brought against them, that there would in all probability be no such thing as a naval battle. It is with England and France opposed to each other that we have to consider the effect of different combinations and alliances; or without starting with the assumption that England and France are to declare war against each other as the initial step in the matter, to consider what assistance England would be able to offer to the Central Powers—Germany, Austria, and Italy, as against France and Russia.

We have already stated that we do not believe that, in the present condition of the English navy, it would be possible for any Government to detach a sufficient force to the Mediterranean and Baltic for the purpose of protecting the coasts of Italy and Germany, and of thus setting free for other efforts large numbers of Italian and German soldiers, if France and Russia were combined against the Central Powers.

Supposing (to take another case) that France did not join Russia, but remained neutral, and just hung back watching events. Should we be much better off? The tide and fortune of war setting against the Central Powers, and the English navy dispersed in the Mediterranean and Baltic, might give France the opportunity of regaining by one bold stroke her lost provinces, and of settling at the same time many an ancient score and grudge against her old enemy England. And who could blame France, if she really wished for war with England (which we neither assert nor deny), if she took the most opportune and promising moment for declaring it?

We by no means despise the Italian navy; but although we gave it the comparative number of fifty, we cannot hide from ourselves that it is a very doubtful quantity. The ships have very little defensive power, though great offensive power and great speed. Their value as fighting machines is most problematical—more so perhaps than those of any other nation. Of their *personnel* we know very little: we do not for one moment doubt their bravery or their patriotism; but we know nothing of their skill and ability to fight a modern man-of-war. The same may be said to a certain extent of all nations; but if we had to bet about it, we should back the French for long odds against the Italians, ship for ship—and we should also be rather inclined to back French strategy. Again we repeat that we have a high opinion of the Italians, and reciprocate the warm attachment which they declare for this country, but we are constrained to speak the plain truth according to our convictions. We should hail the Italians as our allies with the greatest delight; but at the same time, we should remember that all alliances contain an element of weakness. Allied

• fleets and allied armies are never so strong proportionally as those composed of one nationality, and we believe it is necessary to make a large allowance for this in counting keels for a combination of English and Italian fleets in the Mediterranean, irrespective of any other allowances for the doubtful value of some of the new ships.

The fighting efficiency of the ships of the Russian navy is at least as doubtful as that of the Italian. The Russians are a blustering, at the same time that they are a wily, race; they have a very good opinion of themselves, and we should not be disposed to believe quite all they say on that head, or of the performances of their ships. They played us one or two tricks last time, with wooden guns and bogus forts, and we should be disposed to give them credit for as much brag, bluster, and sham as they think their enemies will swallow. They bragged a good deal beyond their power at the close of their last war against the Turks; though fortunately at that time we had a statesman at the helm who could see through their tricks and knew their weakness.

At the time of the last Russian war-scare, when we were expecting war to be declared at any moment, the question used to be discussed in naval circles as to whether we could maintain a fleet in the Baltic, in the same way that we did in 1854-55—that is to say (in plain language), whether the torpedo-boats would make it too hot for them or not. Our own opinion is, that *if* we did not have France against us, and *if* there was no fear of her jumping on our back as soon as she found our ships dispersed, we most certainly could maintain a fleet in the Baltic, though not quite upon the same comfortable conditions as in 1854-55; and that, so far from the torpedo-boats making it too hot for it, the fleet would be very apt to make it too hot for the torpedo-boats. Probably most British naval officers have some plans of their own for circumventing torpedo-boats; and they may well be excused if they decline to publish them, or to give any other information which might be of use to the enemy: hence our sketch must be of the vaguest and most shadowy description. For three at least of the summer months it is broad daylight all night in the Gulf of Finland, and fogs are not particularly prevalent; so that, during that period at any rate, there would be no difficulty in maintaining a superior fleet actually in sight of Cronstadt, and of thus paralyzing all trade, and preventing any serious attack upon the German coast, supposing that was one of our objects. Under some circumstances and under some conditions of alliances, or want of alliances, it might be England's best policy to keep cordons of ships cruising off the Skaw, or further down in the narrow waters; but these are questions of naval strategy which we see no advantage in discussing. We are not in the confidence of the present Board of Admiralty, and we should certainly not disclose their plans if we were.

When England and Russia come to blows, one of Russia's principal objects will be to prey upon our commerce by means of swift armed cruisers: some might manage to escape from the Baltic; some few might smuggle themselves down the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, disguised as merchant-steamers; and in spite of the vigilance of our consuls, some would probably be fitted out in America and other neutral countries. But with England's present and prospective power of dealing with this mode of warfare, the Muscovite "Alabamas" ought to have a short and not a particularly merry life.

The question of the British fleet entering the Black Sea (always supposing that we have not France against us) must of course depend upon the Turks; for certainly no British fleet could be maintained in the Black Sea with Turkey hostile, even if it could get there at all. Turkey used to be our ally, and there can be no question as to the enormous advantage of having her as our ally whenever the time comes for us to fight Russia for our Indian possessions; but the exigencies of party warfare in England rendered it necessary a few years ago for the leader of one of the political parties to insult, revile, and abuse Turkey with every epithet which a vivid imagination and a rich vocabulary could supply, and to call upon his countrymen to desert her in her dire necessity. We must expect, then, from the Moslem Turks, such a sweet and touching forgiveness as would make all Christians blush for shame, if we really think that they will go out of their way to assist us when our day of necessity arrives—unless, indeed, it is still to their own advantage to join hands with us. But even in that case we could scarcely blame them if they looked upon our alliance with suspicion and doubt—at any rate, so long as the disturbing spirit of one restless statesman still broods over England, frustrating her combinations, thwarting her interests, and threatening her rule, wherever these clash with his personal ambition and love of power.

The present writer spent six months at Constantinople a few years ago, and he then formed a very mean opinion of the Turkish navy—of its organization, equipment, and everything connected with it; and it is not probable that it has materially improved since then. Of the fighting-power of the Turkish troops (if properly led), all military critics speak in the highest terms; and that the "decaying empire" still contains great vitality in this respect is scarcely open to doubt. Whether this vitality is in future to be used to further our interests or to thwart them, depends upon the wisdom of our statesmen and the consistency of our policy.

The two other navies of Europe which affect our subject are the German and the Austrian. Of the German, we know that, though small, it is highly organized; the ships, of their kind, are powerful; guns unrivalled (save perhaps by our own when we get them); and

general equipment complete and perfect. The *personnel* also of the German navy we believe to be most efficient; the discipline rigid and excellent; and in fact the whole machine just what we should expect from that practical and business-like nation; and it must be remembered that the military rigidity of the German system is not nearly so unsuited to the mechanical navies of to-day as it would have been to the sailing navies of the past. We therefore look for great things from the German navy, in proportion to its size, whenever it shall be called upon to act.

The Austrian navy is also small, but, we have reason to believe, well armed, organized, and equipped. It, however, labors under the great disadvantage of being composed of mixed nationalities, as many as five or six different languages being sometimes spoken on board one ship—the executive orders, however, being always given in German. The present writer was told not long ago by an Austrian naval captain, that when one of their men-of-war got into a gale of wind, the crew forgot their German, and each nationality shouted in its own vernacular, forgetting also that the others did not understand them,—an excellent modern exemplification of the Tower of Babel, and not calculated to allay the natural excitement and confusion of battle. We must, however, remember that Austria is the birthplace of the Whitehead torpedo, and that she has the prestige of Lissa to her credit—a prestige which will certainly not detract from her chances of success in any future naval battle she may be engaged in.

We have now taken a rapid glance at the different navies of the Great Powers of Europe, with the exception of that of France; and of the French navy we have already said that we believe it to be very little, if at all, less powerful than that of England. When we have said this, we have said enough, or what ought to be enough, to make every sober Englishman reflect gravely upon what this really means in the present position of European politics—or in the present position of the balance of power in Europe, as the military writer more honestly expresses it. We would now ask the question, What are the naval requirements of England and France respectively? And if war navies should bear any proportion to the extent of coast, the commerce, the maritime riches, and the colonies which a nation will expect its navy to defend in case of war, how is it that the English navy is not double or treble that of France? It is a riddle, and we give it up; but we commend it to our readers to answer, and if they cannot answer it, we would suggest that they ask those who represent them in Parliament—for it is a question of the most vital importance, and admits of no delay: events are marching rapidly, and it is not probable that the day of grace will last much longer. Those believers in Russian integrity who swallowed with avidity her assurances, made

only a few years ago, that Afghanistan was entirely outside the range of her operations in Central Asia, must see now how entirely they were befooled; and they ought to regret bitterly the effect on the practical politics of the day which their deception occasioned. We cannot go back, but we can be wiser for the future, and believe nothing in the shape of promises or assurances which come from that quarter. All disguises and subterfuges on this score are now thrown off for the present; and our readers will no doubt appreciate the significance of the clumsily gilded and insolent threat contained in the following expression of opinion of one of the leading Russian journals. We quote from the *Times* of December 26th:—

“The *Novoe Vremya* of December 25th, commenting upon Lord Randolph Churchill’s visit to St. Petersburg, states that it is by no means fully convinced that his lordship has come on a diplomatic mission. The journal adds, however, that should there be such a mission, it can, in its (the newspaper’s) opinion, only be advantageous for Russia entirely to reassure England as to the absolute safety of her Indian possessions, provided that the British Cabinet give sufficient guarantees that in future it will not oppose Russia in international questions which directly concern her.”

In the face of this and many similar expressions of the Russian press, we maintain that no one but an idiot, or a traitor to his country, can profess to doubt Russia’s real designs. The writer of “The Balance of Military Power in Europe” has pointed out with great clearness the direction wherein, under the existing circumstances, the true interests of England lie, and the alliances which it would be advantageous for her to conclude—the alliances, in short, which she must conclude, if she wishes to defend India, otherwise than at an utterly ruinous cost.

The whole of his argument is based on the very modest assumption that we are to provide two squadrons—one for the Mediterranean and one for the Baltic—to assist the Central Powers; and that this naval force, even without the two mobilized army-corps (also suggested), would be worth half a million of men to those Powers, and would, in short, make our alliance worth having. Following in his wake, and endeavoring to supplement his comprehensive articles with a sketch of the naval aspect of the case, we are unfortunately obliged to come to the conclusion that with France and Russia against us, no matter who else was on our side, or even with Russia against us, and France doubtful and hanging back, we should be unable to supply the two squadrons required, without a considerable increase to our present navy.

If we were asked whether we see any prospect of the country consenting to spend more money on the navy so as to bring it up to the strength which the most modest computation would show to be necessary for the defence of our possessions, we should be obliged to say “No.” In the present position of British politics, and with the present

balance of parties in England, we see no prospect of such a wise and rational course being taken.

There are too many quackeries in the air; and the people prefer specious quackeries to rational treatment. We have the Randolph Churchill quackeries—well meant, no doubt, but in reality hurtful to the best interests of the country, by reason of exaggerations, irrelevant comparisons, unjust denunciations of public servants, and wandering questions to the witnesses before his committee. Then we have the quackery of those who tell us that a recasting of the *form* of the navy estimates, a reshuffling of the pack at Whitehall, the pensioning of half-a-dozen clerks, and the redistribution of the work of the remainder, will bring the navy up to its required strength. Then we have that most dangerous but well-meant quackery of the Peace and Arbitration Society, with its influentially supported deputation to the President of the United States. We say most dangerous, because we know how often in this world the wish is father to thought; and the English nation being most earnestly desirous of peace, are easily persuaded that the millennium of peace is upon them, notwithstanding the very marked signs to the contrary. But the President's practical though courteous reply ought to open these good men's eyes to the fact that the hour for disarming has not yet arrived, even in enlightened America. We do not remember his exact words, but the reply was somewhat to the effect that he would be very glad to see their principles prevail, but that he was not prepared to sign away the sovereign right of his country to defend its own vital interests in the manner it deemed best (*i. e.*, war). Or in other words, "If the matter is trivial, we don't mind arbitrating; but if it's serious, I guess we'll fight."

Then we have the quackery—and we regret to see it supported by an ex-controller* of the navy who ought to know better—of supposing that a large increase of parliamentary control over the distribution of the money voted for the navy would bring it up to the required strength. This is probably the hollowest quackery of all. Parliamentary control! You might as well ask a lawyer or a sailor to fit up a doctor's shop with the proper proportion of pills and plasters, as to invite the Gilhoolys and Tanners of Parliament to discuss the designs of an iron-clad. These men do mischief enough already, without giving them any more control over the forces of a country of which they are the avowed enemies. But even if all members of Parliament were loyal, and all of them were men of sense and moderation, what possible advantage to the country could arise from the more elaborate discussion of the technical details of such a complicated service as the navy now is, tinged, not to say colored, as those discussions would be by party politics?

* Sir R. S. Robinson, in a letter to the *Times*, dated 17th December, 1887.

We remarked towards the beginning of this article that the only way in which it was possible to get the money out of the country, to keep the navy anything like up to the mark in the matter of modern ships and modern ordnance, was by the fortuitous recurrence of periodical war-scares, which so frighten the people, in consequence of our unprepared condition, that they are ready to lavish money as long as the scare lasts. We say fortuitous, for although we do not look upon this as a dignified, nor even as an economical method of raising the necessary money to keep up a navy, still it is better than not raising it at all; and without these war-scares, there is no knowing to what state of decay and obsolescence the doctrines of the so-called economists might not have brought the navy: probably to a state resembling that of Turkey.

It appears, then, as if England in the present day, with her much-boasted popular government, and with what Mr. Gladstone calls the foundations of her constitution widened and deepened, was yet quite incapable of taking a wide and deep view of her own situation in the world around her, and was only capable of living from hand to mouth, in a thriftless, haphazard manner, like a journeyman tinker or itinerant pedlar, never reasoning or looking ahead, or trying to use her common-sense and foresight, but just drifting along, and waiting until the actual catastrophe is upon her, and then making her preparations (?) in haste and panic.

We are not authorized to speak in the name of the navy; but we believe we shall be expressing the opinion of the vast majority of those naval officers who have ever given a thought to the subject, when we say that an increase of something like thirty or forty per cent to our present navy is the least that must be made in order to put it in such a condition that there would be any reasonable prospect of its being able to perform the duties which we know will be expected of it in case of war.

Whether this can be best accomplished by having recourse to Lord Randolph Churchill's scheme of reducing the navy estimates by three or four millions, or by increasing them by about the same amount, are questions for Chancellors of the Exchequer and financiers, and not for soldiers and sailors.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FEDERALISM.

A CURIOUS change has lately come over both Great Britain and the United States. Not thirty years ago each was firmly persuaded that its own political constitution was the best in the world, and that, even if any slight imperfections appeared in the management of its affairs, at

least nothing could be learned by studying the government of the other. Now, many intelligent men are casting curious, sometimes well-nigh envious, glances across the water, admiring not any mere details of Transatlantic laws, but the very fundamental principles of Transatlantic government. English periodicals bring us proposals to supply Great Britain with a written constitution or a federal system, while in the United States there are ably-written books, like that of Woodrow Wilson on Congressional Government, urging us to give up the written constitution and the federal system of our fathers, and to try a responsible ministry in their place. In one aspect, at least, this international-admiration is advantageous. Englishmen and Americans have been led to study institutions widely differing from their own, though belonging to a kindred people, and it is now possible to speak of the Constitutions of Great Britain and the United States with the certainty that many men in both countries understand much of the fundamental principles and practical workings of both forms of government.

In England two different classes of people are looking to America for constitutional examples; and this in order to reach two ends apparently distinct, though I shall try to show that those ends are, in reality, inseparably connected. One class wishes to establish a federal system in some form, partly to bring the Colonies into closer and healthier relation with the Imperial Government, and partly to settle the pressing Irish question. Another class, and largely a different one, is afraid that Parliament will make too free with the property and vested rights of individuals, and therefore is inclined to admire those limitations on the power of the legislature which are found in the Constitution of the United States. The first class wishes to divide the unlimited powers now belonging to the Parliament of the United Kingdom among a number of legislative bodies; the second class would be glad to see certain powers taken from Parliament without entrusting them to any one. Each class sees that the conditions it looks for are found in the Government of the United States.

In the United States, as in England, there are two classes of people dissatisfied with the present working of their institutions. The first is disposed to complain because the Government is not sufficiently centralized; it finds fault with the variety of our local laws, it wishes a uniform law of divorce, a national law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, national aid to education, national supervision of railroads. Some of these measures obviously need an amendment of the Constitution, others can be carried out by a national grant, the constitutionality of which it is almost impossible to assail; in both cases it is the insufficiency or the unsatisfactory character of the local laws which is complained of, and which the authority of the nation is invoked to cure.

There are other persons, for the most part writers on the theory of government rather than statesmen or active politicians, who find fault with the impotence and irresponsibility of Congress. They point out that Congress is unable to perform even those duties which are most plainly within its constitutional province, and this, too, when no great party question is involved. It cannot pass a bankrupt law—it is so tied up by its own rules that it cannot bring the matter to a direct vote—it cannot relieve the Supreme Court from the excessive burden of its judicial duties, it cannot provide for the counting of votes in Presidential elections. These critics point out, also, that no one is responsible for such legislation as Congress is able to accomplish. The various measures are prepared by committees, a few of their members known to the public as individuals, almost none of them known in connection with any particular committee. To remedy this state of things, to secure greater efficiency in Congress and a greater sense of responsibility, some American publicists have favored the establishment of a responsible ministry, like that found in England and most Continental countries.

Now, certainly, things have come to a strange pass when intelligent Englishmen seek to abridge the power of the Imperial Parliament by the creation of a federal system or by the establishment of a united constitution, while, on the other hand, many Americans, dissatisfied with the vagaries of local laws, are seeking to abolish the federal system, or are striving to increase the power and responsibility of the national Congress by the introduction of Cabinet government. Is there any explanation common to these phenomena apparently so diverse?

It is plain to everyone that the English Government at the present time is a representative democracy, very slightly affected by the House of Lords, hardly affected at all by the Crown. Through natural development, parliamentary government has become a scheme for carrying out the will of the people as fully and as rapidly as possible. Under it the will of the whole British people, through Parliament, may regulate the most minute concerns of each individual in the United Kingdom, and, therefore, the whole British people and its Parliament are held responsible for the welfare of each British citizen. Of course, the healthy individualism of the Anglo-Saxon race and the strong Conservatism of the English people very greatly affect the workings of this principle, but omnipotence is an attribute of Parliament, and every one will admit that individualism and Conservatism are less marked now than they were fifty years ago.

We have been deluded so long by misleading names, that we have come to believe a republic must be at least as democratic as a monarchy, and that a written Constitution is a means to carry out the popular will. Hardly anything could be farther from the truth. In

the present age of the world, the existence of a king may do no more than give to the popular will the sanction of the hereditary principle, that sentimental affection for monarchy which has not yet lost all its influence. Nothing has been found capable of withstanding the will of the majority except a written Federal Constitution. The United States Government to-day is less democratic than that of any other country enjoying what we call free institutions.

At first sight this may not appear, but the more carefully we examine the matter the more evident it will become. If we define democracy as that form of government in which the people of the nation or a majority of them exercise the most complete control over the persons and property within its limits, we shall recognize how very undemocratic the American Government is. We have, first, a National Government, shut in on every side by a Federal Constitution very limited in its general scope, and even within this scope restricted from interference with many individual privileges by the positive prohibitions of the Bill of Rights. This Government is not able to add an iota to its authority or jurisdiction; and the Upper Chamber of its Legislature, possessing at least equal powers with the Lower, has a basis of representation far more unequal than that of England or Scotland under the Act of 1867—a basis which cannot be changed save with the consent of every one of these unequal constituencies. Standing beside the national Government, and more concerned with the everyday life of the citizen, is the Government of the State, limited in its scope like the former, and restricted even here from interference with individual privileges by the Constitutions, both of the State and the Nation.

Of course it may be said that, in fact, the life and property of an individual Englishman are as safe from popular aggression as those of a citizen of the United States. Even if this be true, however, the latter is shielded by a law which the Legislature cannot alter, the former only by acquiescence hardened into custom, which acquiescence may cease at any time if Parliament wills it; and certainly there are some signs which point to the possibility that this acquiescence will cease. Again, if it be said that, after all, the Constitution which protects individual and local rights can be amended, it may be answered that to amend the National Constitution requires practical unanimity except under conditions like those following the late war; even a very large majority of the people may be completely powerless. For example, so long as Mormon polygamy exists only in the territories, Congress can use very severe means to root it out; but if it once gained control of any State, it is certain that the evil could not be checked for years, and it is quite possible that no constitutional amendment stringent enough to deal with the matter could get

the votes of the requisite number of States. In England, if the majority desired, all the necessary legislation could be got in a few months at the farthest. Again, no one will deny that the House of Lords can be remodelled or abolished if the popular will really is bent upon it. No wish of a majority can remodel or abolish the Senate of the United States.

The makers of the American Constitution knew well that no paper limitations could curb the popular will. Agreeing with many Europeans that the people should be saved from oppression by individuals, their singular merit consisted in providing, in part unconsciously, that individuals should not be oppressed by the people. They did not create a strong, highly centralized Government, and then write down that it should not do this or that; they did not rely wholly upon the Supreme Court with its marvellous power of declaring void unconstitutional laws. Through the jealousy of the several branches of the Federal Government, and the jealousy of the States, they secured both the rights of the individual and local rights—for these last, as paramount to national rights, are, like individual rights, so many restrictions upon the will of the people. "Heretofore," said Pierce Butler in the Constitutional Convention, "I have opposed the grant of new powers to Congress, because they would all be vested in one body; the distribution of the powers among different bodies will induce me to go great lengths in its support." He was thinking, not only of the Senate, but of the President and Supreme Court as well.

If it be asked why the people of the United States submit to a government so undemocratic, two answers may be given. It may be said quite truly that they have voluntarily given up a portion of their authority, but such an answer contains only part of the truth. Persuaded that their government is really popular, there is little chance for them to find out their mistake. With nothing in the nature of a plebiscite, they have, if the President and Congress are at loggerheads, no means of finding out which represents the popular will, and so there is little popular excitement when one obstructs the other. Even when, as in 1876, the defeated candidate for the Presidency gets a larger popular vote than the President-elect, it is open to the supporters of the latter to say that the States in which they were successful would have given them much larger majorities if the issue had depended on the popular vote. It is probable, indeed, that the popular will has such restricted power in the United States principally because it has no one authoritative organ of expression. For a few years after the civil war it had such an organ in a united Congress, and the Constitution has hardly recovered from the strain then put upon it.

We now approach the explanation of the recent movements in England and America. This transformation of individual and local privi-

leges into individual and local rights is very pleasing to the American ; but, like many another, he objects to the cost of maintaining his precious possession. So strong is the tendency of modern civilization toward democracy that nothing but this minute division of power between Nation and State, between the Legislature and the Executive, keeps the popular will from asserting itself. With this division of power comes necessarily a division, and therefore a lack, of responsibility. No one is responsible for anything. If we have no bankrupt law the House of Representatives is not responsible without the Senate, the Senate is not responsible without the House, both together are not responsible without the President, and he is powerless to do anything. As the three branches of the legislature have been under the control of the same political party but two years out of the last twelve, each party finds it easier to throw the blame of failure upon the other than to carry measures the credit of which it must share with its opponents. Again, in the matter of divorce the national authorities are powerless under the Constitution, the States can deal only with their several jurisdictions, and so no comprehensive scheme can be framed.

It follows naturally, from this want of authority and responsibility, that even those powers which are entrusted to Congress are but feebly exercised, and that both its branches lack responsible leaders. At all times in the history of the United States the ablest men in the National Legislature have been willing to leave it in order to enter the Cabinet, where there is little power over legislation and no responsibility for it. Within three years one of the leaders of the majority in the House of Representatives shelved himself by obtaining the post of Minister to Turkey, which, considering our relations with that country, is very much as if Lord Randolph Churchill should beg Lord Salisbury to make him Governor-General of Barbadoes.

Now the American people have grown somewhat tired of all this, and many of them do not like to be hampered in every movement by the strait jacket of a written Constitution. The desire for uniformity, so characteristic of the democratic spirit, makes one class of men impatient of the vagaries of local laws ; while another class, when something goes wrong, wants some one to bear the blame and furnish the remedy. Therefore the former desire to have the National Government deal with great vexed questions outside its jurisdiction, as defined by the Constitution—with the liquor traffic, with public education, with railroads and telegraphs. Congressional inefficiency and irresponsibility make the latter long for a responsible Government to succeed the irresponsible committee system. It is very plain what the result of these changes would be. If the scope of the National Government were greatly enlarged the States would lose nearly all their power, and the little which these advocates of centralization are willing to leave them would soon be ab-

sorbed. If a Cabinet, responsible to Congress, be introduced, it is clearly impossible for an independent executive like the American President to exist. No Cabinet can be responsible without the means of choosing its agents, or in the face of a real veto power; indeed, absolute responsibility and absolute power are corollaries of each other. If the power of the National Government, both executive and legislative, were united in one body, that body would most certainly absorb the authority of the States, considered as governments with independent political rights. Even the Supreme Court, that American wonder of the world, could not prevent this. As Hamilton said in the *Federalist*, the Judiciary is the weakest of the three departments, and its power, apparently so tremendous, can exist only in face of a weak and divided government. In fine, if the Government of the United States now recognizes and protects many local and individual rights against a popular majority, it can do so only at the expense of division and lack of responsibility; if a strong and responsible government be established, individual and local rights will disappear, and a highly centralized representative democracy will arise upon their ruins.

In England the case is precisely reversed. A highly centralized representative democracy exists already, and it is desired to import into this form of government some of the advantages of a Federal Constitution, and some safeguards for individual rights and privileges; to adapt some of the modern conveniences of a written Constitution to the stately old fabric that has been building ever since the dawn of history. The attempt is utterly useless. The former building must be pulled down and the new building begun at the foundations. If it be possible to make of the British Empire a Federal State whose several members shall have rights inviolable even by the will of the Imperial people, certainly no such State can be established until its government, divided into jealous and independent departments, and strictly limited in its jurisdiction, has lost much of its efficiency and nearly all its responsibility. Then and only then can it be prevented from dealing with individual and local rights as it pleases. Thus and only thus can the Empire obtain the advantages of American federalism.

Take the case of Ireland, for example, and suppose Home Rule granted it. The Irish Parliament will then express the will of the Irish people. If this will is allowed to govern, Great Britain will tend to become a Confederacy, not a Federal Union in the American sense of the word. If this will is checked and thwarted, great friction and irritation will follow. In America this is not so, because for generations the people have been accustomed to a Government in which the popular will is not expressed by any man or body of men, and under which the popular desires are in a chronic state of non-fulfil-

ment. Would Ireland be satisfied with so-called Home Rule, under which the Irish Parliament, and the Parliament of Great Britain to boot, could not abate a jot or a tittle of the rights of the most oppressive landlord? Such a state of affairs is, I believe, the inevitable concomitant of a Federal Union like ours. Democracy can exist only under a treaty-made Confederacy or under a centralized Government. In the first case the people of the State are all powerful; in the second, the people of the nation.

If these things are true, it is easy to see how they bear upon the changes in popular feeling, mentioned at the beginning of this article. There are special advantages pertaining to the federal form of government: a healthy local spirit and a security for individual rights. There are special advantages pertaining to what Mr. Dicey calls the unitarian form of government: concentrated energy and perfect responsibility. But individual and local rights cannot exist in the face of a supreme legislature like the present Parliament of Great Britain, nor can perfect responsibility exist where authority is divided.

Finally, it may be asked if it would be possible for the United States to give up federalism or for the United Kingdom to adopt it? This question I shall not try to answer, and in regard to it I shall make but one suggestion. The drift of the age appears to be toward democracy, and not away from it. So it may be possible for the Government of the United States to grow centralized and unitarian, while it is impossible for the British Government to grow decentralized and federal.—C. R. LOWELL, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

ON A SILVER WEDDING.

MARCH 10, 1888.

THE rapid tide of gliding years
Flows gently by this Royal home,
Unvexed by clouds of grief and tears
Its tranquil seasons come.

To one, as happy and more great,
Came earlier far, the dread alarm,
The swift immedicable harm,
The icy voice of Fate.

The gracious father of his race
Heard it, too soon, and dared the night;
Death coming found him with the light
Of Sunshine on his face.

He left his widowed Queen to move
Alone in solitary sway,
Alone, through her long after-day,
But for her people's love.

Their saintly daughter, sweet and mild,
Drew poison from her darling's breath;
Their young son trod the paths of death
Far, far from love and child.

Nay, now by the Ausonian sea,
Daughter of England, good and wise!
Thou watchest, with sad anxious eyes,
Thy flower of chivalry!

But this fair English home no shade
Of deeper sorrow comes to blot,
No grief for dear ones who are not,
Nor voids which years have made.

One sickness only, when its head
Lay long weeks, wrestling sore with death,
And pitying England held her breath
Despairing, round his bed.

No regal house of crownéd state,
Nor lonely as the homes of kings
Where the slow hours on leaden wings
Oppress the friendless great.

But lit with dance and song and mirth,
And graceful Art, and thought to raise,
Crushed down by long laborious days,
The toiler from the earth.

Its Lord an English noble, strong
For public cares, for homely joys,
A Prince among the courtly throng,
A brother with his boys.

Who his Sire's footsteps loves to tread,
In prudent schemes for popular good;
And strives to raise the multitude,
Remembering the dead.

And having seen how far and wide
Flies England's flag, by land and sea,
Would bind in willing unity
Her strong sons side by side.

Its gentle mistress, fair and sweet,
A girlish mother, clothed with grace,
With only summer on her face,
Howe'er the swift years fleet.

Who was the Vision of our youth
Who is the Exemplar of our prime,
Sweet lady, breathing Love and Truth,
With charms which vanquish Time.

Good sons in flowering manhood free,
Girls fair in budding womanhood,
An English household bright and good,
A thousand such there be!

Great Heaven, how brief our Summers show!
And fleeting as the flying Spring!
The almonds blush, the throstles sing,
The vernal wind-flowers blow.

And yet 'tis five-and-twenty years,
Since those March violets dewy, sweet,
Were strewn before the maiden's feet,
Amidst a people's cheers.

And mile on mile the acclaiming crowd
Surged round her, and the soft Spring air
With joy bells reeled, and everywhere
Roared welcome deep and loud

While this, our trivial life to-day,
Loomed a dim perilous landscape strange,
Hid by thick mists of Time and Change,
Unnumbered leagues away.

Long years! long years! and yet how nigh
The dead Past shows, and still how far
The Future's hidden glimpses are
From mortal brain and eye.

What secrets here shall Time unfold?
What fates befall this gracious home?
Shall to-day's festal once more come,
Ripened with time to gold?

Heaven send it! Close-knit hearts are here,
Not that old hate of sire and heir,
Here flourish homely virtues fair,
And love that conquers fear.

For these may Fortune grant again
Their Sovereign's large and blameless life,
Unmarred by care, undimmed by strife,
Less touched than Hers by pain!

High set above the noise and dust
Of Faction, and contented still
To guide aright the popular will,
By sympathy and trust!

Through civic wisdom temperate,
And forethought for the general need,
Keeping midst change of politic creed,
A Throne, a People great!

LEWIS MORRIS.

MYSTICAL PESSIMISM IN RUSSIA.

I.

PESSIMISM is a characteristic feature of all those epochs of history in which the mass of human suffering is at a maximum, and moral aspirations are entirely out of harmony with social conditions. Involved in an unequal conflict with their surroundings, men come to regard life as a terrible burden, and seek refuge in suicide, or in strange, mystical, and extravagant theories of society. Russia is now passing through such a period; and it is the resultant pessimism and poetic melancholy which have attracted so much interest in Europe during the past few years. A society in which the most remarkable writers fall into the mystico-moral asceticism, like Count Leo Tolstoi, or into orthodox fanaticism like Dostoievsky, or into Panslavist mysticism like Aksakoff, is an unhealthy society—a society which has, in a certain degree, lost its intellectual equilibrium.

Russian life offers as vast a field to the psychologist as to the philosopher. In it are to be found rapid revulsions, from despairing materialism to sombre mysticism or to spiritualism. To-day educated people bow before the peasant, make him their ideal, carry themselves off in crowds into the country so as to share the labors and privations of the common people; and then to-morrow they suddenly abandon him and betake themselves enthusiastically to revolutionary conspiracies. Later on comes the turn of Slavophile Chauvinism, of the abstract cloudy ideas of Socialism; and again suddenly faith in yesterday's ideal vanishes, and all is apathy and despair.

The spread of Freemasonry and of mystical pietism in Russia at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century is well-known. The archives of the tribunals show that princes and noble ladies, officers, state officials, and simple serfs joined the sect of the "Christs" and the "Skoptsy." The most aristocratic houses were open to the apostles of these mystical sects. Noble families, such as those of the Princes Meshchersky, Golovine, Sheremetieff, and others, protected the Skoptsy (mutilators), permitted themselves to be drawn away by their teaching and rites, built chapels, carried on a propaganda, and gave asylum to a crowd of fanatics. People of all ranks of society took part in the meetings of the sectaries with unrestrained dancing, contortions, and hysteric sobbings.

The most fanatical and barbarous section of the "Christs"—the Skoptsy—has made a great number of proselytes even quite lately among the class of rich tradespeople in St. Petersburg and Moscow. This fascination for the sect of the Skoptsy formed the point of departure for a series of sects and confraternities which gathered round them a large mass of people. Such a sect was that of Colonel Doobowits, which, towards the end of 1850, spread through the higher circles of society and preached mortification of the flesh; such was also, later on, the sect of the "Apostles of the Last Days," preaching the end of the world; and lastly, the pietistic sect of Lord Radstock, which has in recent days made a crowd of converts, among whom are two very zealous apostles, the celebrated Richard Pashkoff and Aaron Korff, both exiles from their country. Nor can the celebrated Russian novelist, Count Leo Tolstoi, be passed over in silence, as the apostle of a new Christian religion based on social mysticism. He has attracted a considerable portion of that Russian society which, owing to the entire lack of political and social careers in Russia, seeks a sphere in various mystico-social theories. To suffer wrong without resistance, not to judge, not to kill; such are the doctrines preached by Count Tolstoi. Therefore there must be no more tribunals, no more armies, no more prisons. The law of the world is to struggle for existence; the law of Christ is to sacrifice existence for others. The Turk, the

German, will not attack us if we are Christians—if we do them good. Happiness and morality will only be possible when all men shall have communion in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, shall return to the natural life, to community of goods. Towns must be deserted, the people set free from the factories, all must return to the country and labor there with their own hands, each man having, as his ideal, himself to provide for all his wants.

This tendency to mysticism has been demonstrated during the last twenty years by the successes of spiritism in the larger cities of Russia, such as St. Petersburg, Odessa, Moscow, Kiev, etc. Spiritist societies are always increasing in number; table-turning *séances*, where the spirits of ancient poets, warriors, kings, sages, are summoned to appear, attract numbers of people. Faith in sorcery and in the supernatural reigns still among all classes of society. In all the large towns one meets with a great number of people who gain their livelihood by predicting the future, or by practicing chiromancy. A correspondent tells of a simple peasant woman in the province of Kostroma who enjoys immense popularity as a prophetess. The people of the neighboring towns and villages have the profoundest respect for her, and never undertake anything fresh without consulting her. Young men and women, old men, officials, peasants, come from all sides to learn from her their destiny, or to ask her help in gaining the affections of their beloved.

Up to the present day a belief in destiny and in the evil eye is widespread. Quite lately the Russian papers had a story of a chiromatist who had a great reputation in the city of Novgorod. He was a retired officer in the Uhlans, who removed hysteria by exorcising the evil spirit, and not only peasants but the leisured classes believed in the sorceries of this magician, who cured by cabalistic formulæ paralytics, madmen, drunkards, and women of bad life.

Now if these psychic phenomena are partially the outcome of abnormal conditions of political life which are oppressive in Russia, they are at the same time partially the resultants of the influence produced by the masses on the comparatively small group of the educated. Educated society in Russia is but as a small oasis in the midst of the immense desert of the total population, ignorant, superstitious, unhappy. Mystery, terror, uncertainty of the morrow have so wrecked the nerves of the people that hysterical epidemics are frequent, and men and women scream like demoniacs, are convulsed, throw themselves on the ground, announce the end of the world, quit their fields and flee to desert places, where they seek solitude and salvation.

For more than fifty years past there has been observable among the Russians a sort of religious fermentation, taking the form of different sects, which number millions of adherents, all in quest of "truth," of

"the true God," and of "salvation." And if pessimism is a characteristic mark of all Russian life, it is in certain mystic sects that it shows itself particularly strong. In these we see pessimism reach its furthest bounds, go so far as to abnegate life itself, often to the point of suicide. They say the world is plunged in sin, virtue has disappeared, the devil reigns over the earth, evil triumphs everywhere; the only means of salvation is to renounce society, to reorganize social life on a new basis, or voluntarily to embrace death.

I am going to describe one of these sects, which may give an idea of this religious and moral fermentation in the breast of the Russian people.

II.

In the province of Perm, on the other side of the Kama, in the depths of the forests, there was enacted about twenty years ago a terrible drama, the principal actor in which was a peasant named Khodkine. Khodkine was to a certain degree an educated man; he was passionately addicted to reading, and spent most of his time over religious books, which he expounded after his own fashion. He soon came to the conclusion that the end of the world was at hand. He plunged more and more deeply into these ideas as he contemplated the unsatisfactory state of things surrounding him—on the one hand, the degradation of the moral tone of the people, their drunkenness, their debasement of manners; and, on the other hand, the violence and tyranny of the authorities who, arrogant and cruel, treat the people like a herd of cattle. Khodkine ended by persuading himself that the only way to save one's soul was to leave the world, to hide in a forest, and make an end of this life of sin and ignomy. He did not conceal his views from his neighbors, and he soon had devoted disciples, the first of whom were members of his own family—his mother, brother, sister-in-law, and uncle. "Antichrist is already come, and goes to and fro in the earth," taught Khodkine; "the end of the world is at hand, let us fly into the forests, bury ourselves alive, and die of hunger."

Once in the woods the men set themselves to dig out actual catacombs, while the women made dead-clothes. These preparations lasted through three days. All the disciples, dressed in these clothes, had three several times to renounce Satan and all his works. The ceremony of abjuration over, Khodkine addressed them in the following words: "Now that you have renounced Satan, you must die of hunger. If you take no nourishment, if you drink no water for twelve days, you will enter into the kingdom of heaven." Then began the interminable days of horrible suffering for these wretches. Tortured by hunger and thirst, the women and children cried loudly for a few drops of water. The children's sufferings touched the hearts of some of the fanatics,

who knelt to their chief praying him to have pity on these little ones. But Khodkine was immovable. Tears, prayers, and suffering did not touch him, and the children writhed in agony, sucking the grass, chewing fern fronds, or swallowing sand. Two of the fanatics could not endure the sight, and fled during the darkness of the night. This frightened Khodkine, and he resolved to hasten the death which was so long in coming. "The hour of death has come: are you ready?" he asked. "We are ready," replied the unhappy people, all their strength exhausted. Then they began to massacre the children. The bodies of the victims were buried in the earth, and the survivors decided to continue their fast. But the fugitives had had time to warn the police, and they came to the place. Hearing the steps of men approaching, and being unwilling to give themselves up alive into the hands of the servants of Antichrist, the fanatics reached the height of their religious madness, swore to shed their blood for Christ, and abandoned themselves to horrible carnage. They began by killing the women with hatchets, then they put an end to the men most weakened by hunger, and the leader, Khodkine, and three others were the sole survivors. They saw the police and tried to escape into the forest, but were caught and delivered into the hands of justice.

This case of religious fanaticism is unhappily not unique in Russia. I doubt whether any other country shows so great a number of suicides, both of numbers together and of isolated individuals. I will only notice in passing the suicidal epidemics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, provoked by religious persecutions. According to contemporaneous statistics 1700 persons in the province of Pamboy alone killed themselves in a fit of fanaticism in 1679. In the next year, in the province of Iaroslav, 1920 peasants burned themselves alive in order to escape the claws of Satan. Five years later 2700 persons burned and otherwise killed themselves in a convent in Olonets. In the first half of the eighteenth century, according to official reports, about 2000 persons burned themselves in different parts of Russia, the suicides always taking place by the 100 or 200 together. Suicide by fire has not disappeared, in spite of the progress of civilization in the nineteenth century. Thus, in 1812, all the inhabitants of a village threw themselves, for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls, on wood piles prepared by themselves. Again, quite lately, in 1860, fifteen sectaries in the province of Olonets devoted themselves to death in one house. I will not speak of the numerous cases of solitary suicide by fire, the axe, or starvation.

Poverty and ignorance, irritation, the sickly condition of mind and of nerves of the people, give rise to a number of mystic religious sects, whose founders wander from village to village preaching the coming end of the world, and the necessity of fleeing from sin and from per.

dition. Discontented with life, seeking relief from the doubts which press upon him, the peasant receives these preachers with joy, and listens to their teaching with avidity.

Among a great number of religious preachers, one above all, the monk Falaré, enjoyed great popularity. He preached on the banks of the Volga, not many years ago, that the sole mode of salvation for man was voluntary death. "It is impossible," said he, "to continue to live in this world immersed in sin and falsehood. We must seek safety in death; we must die for Christ." This barbarous teaching found numbers of disciples, who attached themselves to the monk with the fixed intention of dying. One night eighty-four persons met in a cavern prepared beforehand near a river. Straw and faggots had been accumulated there that they might perish in the flames, should the police succeed in discovering their projects. These preparations being made, the fanatics began to fast and pray. Happily one of the women present, who had doubts as to the efficacy of suicide, profiting by the darkness of the night, hid herself, and fled to a village, where she told the authorities what had happened. The inhabitants went to the cavern, the entrance to which was guarded by one of the sectaries, who gave the alarm. "Antichrist is coming! Fly! Let us not give ourselves up living into the hands of our enemies!" cried the fanatics, setting fire to the straw. The peasants tried to put out the flames. A terrible struggle followed. The police and the peasants strove to snatch these wretches from the flames, but they defended themselves, wrestled with their rescuers, threw themselves anew into the fire, and slew themselves with hatchets. "We die for Christ!" was heard on all sides. Still a considerable portion of these fanatics were saved. But the affair did not end thus. One of the condemned, a peasant named Touschkoff, escaped from prison and continued to propagate doctrines of suicide. His teaching was very successful. More than sixty persons in the same locality decided to give themselves to a voluntary death. Among them were whole families, fathers, mothers, children. They no longer chose the forest to carry out their design, but on a day fixed beforehand the massacre took place in the peasants' *izba*. Peasant P. entered the house of his neighbor N., killed his wife and children; then, still armed with his hatchet, he entered the barn where other fanatics were waiting for him with their wives, who calmly put their heads on the block, while P. played the part of executioner. Then he went to another *izba*, that of the peasant woman W., and killed her and her kinswomen, while an accomplice killed their children. Then the accomplice put his head on the block, begging P. to cut it off. P. in his turn was killed by the peasant T. Thirty-five persons thus perished. A woman passing by was terrified at the spectacle and ran quickly to give the alarm.

It is true that massacres *en masse* for a religious motive are becoming more and more rare. But individual suicides, committed in order to save the soul and deserve heavenly blessedness, are yet sufficiently frequent. Religious fanaticism often manifests itself under the form of human sacrifice. Thus, in 1870, a peasant woman, A. K., living in a village in the province of Perm, offered her only daughter in sacrifice to God. She belonged to one of the numerous mystic sects, and her meditations led her to the conclusion that the only way to save her child from sin was to kill it. To accomplish this purpose she took advantage of the absence of all the family, went to the burning stove and threw her child in. A few minutes later, having satisfied herself that the child was burnt, she began to pray to God, and then betook herself to her daily occupations. When she was arrested, she confessed all calmly, and said she had merely performed her duty to God and her conscience, and that she did not regret what she had done.

These solitary crimes occur frequently, and from time to time we find them told in the newspapers. It is useless to enumerate them all; I content myself with one remarkable case. One of the modes of religious suicide that is most widely spread among the sectaries is crucifixion. A dozen years ago a sectary in Siberia, having long studied the Bible, ended by discovering that to save one's soul it was necessary to endure the same sufferings as Jesus Christ. Wishing to die on the cross, he cut down a tree, made a cross, fastened it up against the wall of his hut, and then, having provided nails and a hammer, set himself to perform the difficult operation. He first nailed his feet, and then his left arm, and then, as he could not nail the right arm, he drove a nail into the cross and impaled his hand upon it. In this situation his neighbors found him next day, took him down, and carried him half dead to the hospital.

III.

The interesting sect of "Negators" offers to us the spectacle of another species of religious pessimism. The doctrines of this sect push the idea of Nihilism and of negation to their extremest limit. The members lead a life of vagabondage, and pass the larger portion of their existence in prison. Government thinks their doctrines dangerous to public safety, and subjects them to the most rigorous punishments. Let us take as a type of this sect a certain merchant named Shishkin. In his search for truth he four times changed his sect, and finally became persuaded that all religion was error and lying. He addicted himself to the study of the sacred Scriptures, and thought he perceived that they were not in accord with human nature, and then

he came to repudiate all ideas of God and religion, as well as all human institutions, all authority, government, and society. He was promptly arrested and imprisoned, and all his property confiscated. He refused to justify himself or to avail himself of legal help for his defence, persisted in his opinions, and continued to preach in the prison. Here is a curious specimen of his answers to the *juge d'instruction*:

Judge: "Who are you?"

Prisoner: "Don't you see I'm a man? Are you blind?"

J.: "What is your religion?"

P.: "I have none."

J.: "What God do you believe in?"

P.: "I don't believe in any God. God belongs to you, to you people. It was you who invented Him. I don't want Him."

J.: "Do you worship the Devil then?" (with some irritation).

P.: "I worship neither God nor Devil, because I have no need of prayer. The Devil is also an invention of yours. God and the Devil are yours, as well as the Czar, the priests, and Government officials. You are all children of the same father. I am not one of you, and I wish to know nothing of you."

Each for himself say these sectaries; there is neither right, nor duty, nor social or political or religious hierarchy. Man, abandoned to his natural instincts, without hindrance from government, will be irresistibly impelled towards truth and equity. They deny, without exception, all rights of property, and recognize no form of social organization. For them, marriage, the family, social duties, do not exist; they live in a fantastic world of liberty without limit, and despise all that surrounds them.

For example, if any one asked Shishkin for anything whatever, he would give it them at once; only it absolutely must be something useful, food, clothes, or money for vital needs, &c. But he would not give a halfpenny for tobacco, wine, or such like things. "I should prefer to throw the money out of the window rather than help you to poison yourself with tobacco," he answers to those who ask him for money to indulge that habit. If any one thanks him, he answers, "What a stupid word! You have received what you wanted; you have eaten; well, now go."

These sectaries are advocates of all that is natural; they never shave or cut their hair, they drink no spirits and do not smoke, so as not to spoil the natural beauty of the intellectual faculties. They dream of a life in which each should work for himself, satisfying his wants with the productions of the earth, and making for himself all necessary articles. What is over ought to be given to those who are in want. They entertain a profound hatred for all compulsory work, under all forms. They never go into service, even if threatened with death; and they employ no servants. When Shishkin was in prison

they shaved him and tried to compel him to work; but he utterly refused, saying, "You have taken me by force. I did not ask you to shut me up. So now you ought to feed me and to work for me." It was of no use to flog him, to chain him to a wheelbarrow, to shut him up in a dungeon, to give him only bread and water—it had no effect. He remained immovable.

These sectaries do not allow of the exchange of products or of trade. "If you want anything and I can give it you, take it. When I in my turn want anything, you will give it me." They preach free love, and do not recognize marriage. They consider women to be independent beings, equal to men, free to choose lovers and occupations according to taste. They replace the word wife by friend.

A man, a woman, and a child were brought before a judge accused of belonging to the sect of Negators.

"Is this your wife?" asked the judge. "No, she is not my wife." "But you live with her?" "Yes; but she is not mine. She is her own." "Is this your husband?" "No; he is not my husband," answered the woman. "But how is it, then?" asks the judge, astonished. "I need him and he needs me, that is all; but we each belong to ourselves," answered the woman. "And this little girl, is she yours?" continues the judge. "No. She is of our blood, but she does belong to us but to herself." "But are you mad, then?" cried the magistrate, out of patience. "This cloak that you are wearing, is that yours?" "No, it is not mine," answered the sectary. "Why do you wear it then?" "I wear it because you have not taken it from me. This cloak was on the back of some one else, now it is on mine, perhaps to-morrow it will be on yours. How can you expect me to know to whom it belongs? Nothing belongs to me but my thought and my reason." And so on.

The words "faith," "power," "law," "usage," inspire them with profound horror. Under no pretext do they have recourse to the protection of the magistrate, preferring to suffer with patience. To appeal to the law for protection would be to recognize it, to submit to social institutions; but to submit to law is to destroy one's individuality, which should rest for its support only on the individual conscience and personal convictions.

It must be added that they do not believe in the life of the other world and the rewards of the future life. They hold that man is immortalized only in posterity, in behalf of which he spends his moral and physical force.

IV.

About twenty-five years ago a new mystical sect appeared in Russia, called the "Jumpers" (*Prigoony*). The Caucasus and the neighboring countries serve as the place of exile to which Government sends hardened and recalcitrant dissenters, fearing their demoralizing influence on the masses of the Russian people. There are to be met rep-

representatives of all the Russian sects—Molokanes, Skoptsys, Vagabonds, &c. There, because at so great a distance from the centre of government, and because the whole country is in a semi-savage condition, the sectaries find greater liberty to arrange their lives according to the precepts of their religion, and they take advantage of this to carry on an active propaganda among the natives and the Russian colonists. It was among this population of sectaries that the new sect of Prigoony arose and carried fanaticism and religious ecstasy to the highest point. It soon invaded several villages and attracted a number of people to its doctrine. Its principal apostle called himself God, and taught chiefly that, since the end of the world was at hand, all must prepare for it by repentance and purification from past sin by confession to the elect of God. The enthusiasm aroused by this teaching was such that the new disciples left their work and devoted all their time to prayer, and to listening to sermons and instructive discourses. The principal dogma of this sect is the descent of the Holy Spirit upon believers. This descent takes place only upon the elect during religious meetings, and takes place continually only upon two or three persons in each meeting. Habitually it occurs only at the end of a meeting when all have been suitably prepared by prayer. The signs of His presence are chiefly an unusual pallor of the face, quickened breath, then a swaying of the whole body, then the persons begin to tap rhythmically with their feet, and then follow jumpings and violent contortions, and in the end they fall heavily to the ground.

All this does not always follow in the same order. Some of the believers sway, and then, springing on the benches, begin to jump. Others fall from the benches to the floor, and there remain stretched out for a whole hour or more. Others march round the table with theatrical stride shaken by hysteric sobs. And while twirling in their places, throwing themselves about, falling on the ground, or raising themselves, again, they retain a fixed look of great solemnity and seriousness imprinted on their faces. The meeting ends with a fraternal greeting, the teachers and apostles embracing each other and then retiring to the opposite sides of the room. Then the brothers and sisters come to them successively, throw themselves on the ground three times before them and embrace them three times. This fraternal greeting lasts sometimes an hour or two, and the number of kisses each brother and sister receives reaches a hundred or more.

The Prigoonys and many other Russian sects found their teaching on the free exposition of the Old and New Testaments, and consider themselves the only true Christians. A pessimist view of this world as plunged in sin and irreligion, and an austere asceticism, are the essential features of their faith. They eat no pork, even abstain from

every other meat, do not smoke, do not drink. The most innocent pleasures—dancing, singing, &c.—are severely forbidden. All, young and old, spend their time in prayer, reading psalms, pious conversation, and religious ecstasy. All religious ceremonial is forbidden, such ceremonies as baptism, marriage, and burial being performed without the help of clergy in the presence of the whole community. The Bible is read, a discourse delivered, a prayer, and that is all.

This sect of Prigoony, which has spread so rapidly in Southern Russia, is divided into two groups, distinguishable by the degree of their mysticism and religious ecstasy. One is called "Children of Sion," and its members live in solitary houses, and, while waiting for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, they scourge themselves pitilessly to the accompaniment of desperate jumps, cries, and savage howlings. When their strength is spent they fall, rending their clothes and tearing out their hair. If the Spirit lingers long the Children of Sion seek to hasten His coming by imposing on themselves all sorts of penances. They begin by fasting together, and go without food for five or six days, letting their women and children die of hunger. They are convinced that the end of the world and the kingdom of heaven are at hand. This kingdom will be called the kingdom of Sion and will last a thousand years. Its head will be Jesus Christ, who will reign together with the prime founder of the sect, Roudometkin. Each believer has a right to two wives, who will accompany their husband to the kingdom of Sion.

The founder of the sect, followed by twelve apostles and several women, who bore the title of queens, went from village to village preaching this religion. The humble disciples received him with respect, and during his stay solemn prayers were offered up and scenes from the sacred story were represented. In moments of anger, when he was displeased with his apostles, Roudometkin threatened to abandon his flock and fly away to heaven. Their faith in him was so profound that the crowd cast themselves at his feet, begging him not to leave them, till he agreed to stay. At last, Roudometkin one day crowned himself, in the village of Nikitino, king of the Christians, putting on a crown prepared for the solemnity. The people, weakened with fasting, dancing, and excitement, rejoiced, saying that at last their "spiritual king" was on the throne which belonged to him, and determined to erect a column in remembrance of the event; but the police interfered and forbade the execution of the project.

The other variety of the sect of the Jumpers is represented by the group of Communists. This group is less mystical than the former; but is considered to be much more dangerous to social and political order, because its teaching is founded on the principles of Communism. Like the "Children of Sion," the Communists consider themselves

the only true Christians, the elect people of God, chosen to spread the religion of Christ on earth. Like the others, they expect the immediate coming of the millennium, a kingdom in which they will occupy a first place. Dancing, convulsions, jumpings, to the point of delirium and complete exhaustion, form the bulk of their religious services. Besides these, those present at the meetings choose a young man of five-and-twenty and a girl of eighteen to represent Christ and the Virgin. After prayer, the congregation approach this Christ and Virgin one by one, kneel on the ground before them, and ask pardon for their sins.

The founders of this sect, the best known of whom is the peasant Maxime Popoff, have imparted to their disciples the following principles of social organization. Each village is to be an independent commune, divided into fraternal groups, inhabiting a separate house. These houses are to be built by and at the expense of the commune. All property of every sort belongs to the "fraternal confederation," and each brother has a right to an "equal" part. As to personal property none of the brothers has any right to it. In each group a man is chosen to have charge of the clothes and shoes of the whole group, and a woman to see to the quantity of the bread and other food, and to superintend its distribution in sufficient quantities. The commune is governed by certain elected members, such as the judge, the master, the preacher, &c. All field work and housework is done in turn by the groups, under the direction of head men chosen beforehand. Each commune has a school, which all the children are obliged to attend.

Such were the fundamental principles of the social organization of the sect of Communists. Its founder, Popoff, a rich man, gave up all his property to the commune, and by that attracted a number of disciples to his side. But the police, alarmed by the communistic tendencies of this sect, soon arrested Popoff, kept him some time in prison, and then exiled him to one of the most distant provinces of Siberia, whence he never returned. The disciples endeavored to organize themselves. They elected twelve apostles, at whose feet they offered up all their goods, and made a common purse. But this communistic enthusiasm did not last long; the brethren had not reached the level of Communist principles in the broad sense of the word, and they split up into small groups bound by common interests, spiritual and material, and by the duty of mutual help.

Several villages now exist in the Caucasus, the inhabitants of which belong to this sect, and keep more or less to the Communist organization. Their fanatical enthusiasm, on the one hand, and their material well-being and prosperity, on the other, act as a contagion on the surrounding populations; and the Government takes severe measures to

put an end to their dangerous propaganda, and entirely forbids their migration from one place to another, exiles them to distant provinces. But all this only widens the spread of the sect, the fanatical agents of which go from village to village haranguing the people, predicting the end of the world, declaring that every one ought to prepare for it and to repent, and during their fits of excitement they jump, sing strange hymns, tear their clothes, and finish by falling senseless.

There are in Russia a great variety of other sects, which are not less curious and strange, but this is a brief description of some religious sects taken haphazard. The facts here marshalled would seem to prove, to a certain degree, that an unhealthy mental fermentation is at work among the Russian people, which, at this critical moment, may reach proportions menacing to the State and to existing civilization, and, by its noxious influence on the civilized classes, may give a quite novel turn to the social and intellectual movement which is taking place in Russian society.—N. TSAKNI, in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CONDITION OF CORSICA.

Most Frenchmen, and a good many other people, get their knowledge of Corsica from *Colomba*. Mérimée places the date of his story about 1816, and writes as if he thought that the state of things which he paints was fast dying out. Ajaccio has become a winter health-resort, and as Corsicans make a point of making things pleasant for strangers, no tourist has the least idea of what kind of country he is living in, and what sort of things are going on under his nose. The French Government, and especially the department of the Procureur Général, does know, and it is a scandal that the Republic has made no serious effort to cope with a state of things which would disgrace a Turkish *vilayet*, but yet are carried on with impunity in a French Department. The *Temps* newspaper, the editor of which seems to have had some idea of what was going on, sent a special correspondent, M. Paul Bourde, to Corsica in the spring of last year, and he has contributed the result of his experiences in a series of letters to that journal. He has been careful only to report on matters which he has personally investigated or which he learned on trustworthy evidence and, as he says, has consequently left out much that was curious, but what he discloses is startling enough. The letters are interesting as showing the extraordinary state in which Corsica is, socially and politically, and also how very little the most complicated and most democratic institutions can protect the individual against the influence of a clique in power. A somewhat similar state of things exists in the

rural commune in Italy, and has been vividly described by Madame Galletti de Cadilhac in *Our Home by the Adriatic*, a work which has created a great sensation in Italy; but the social condition of the Italian Commune but faintly reflects that of the Corsican Commune, though they have many features in common. In both the concentration of all local authority in the hands of a clique or clan makes the manipulation of the electorate easy, and we propose to show in the following paper by what iniquitous dodges this is managed. In one respect Italy has the advantage of Corsica, for there brigandage is a thing of the past, and only occasional instances occur; but in Corsica in the spring of 1887 there were upwards of 600 bandits at large!

The most remarkable fact about Corsica, says M. Bourde, is a social relationship which somewhat resembles that of the ancient Roman Patron and Client. About fifteen families have under their control a certain number of electors who vote as they wish. One of these Corsican patrons with whom M. Bourde stayed thus explained his relations with his clients.

"In my family, out of four brothers one only is married, and we have thus avoided the partition of the property. One of my brothers manages it, and I, as eldest, have the political direction. I give up my life, and I may almost say our fortune, to the interests of our clients, and they in return give us their votes. Our property is scattered over about a dozen 'communes,' and divided up into numerous small holdings, let to about fifty tenants on very easy terms, and we are not very strict about exacting the rent. These people, whose very existence depends upon us, are devoted to us, and this gives us the disposal of about two hundred votes. We allow other tenants whose lands intermingle with ours to pasture their beasts on our stubbles and uncultivated lands, and as we have already a nucleus of supporters, this gives us about three hundred more votes, and to these you can add those also, who either from relationship or from habit, vote as we wish them. There is no individual independence in Corsica. Every one seeks to belong to a clan, in order to be able to count on the influence of his clan when he may be in want of it. We have also some supporters who side with us because they hate our rivals, but the number of these increases and diminishes with the growth or decrease of our influence."

Soon after this conversation a man rode into the courtyard with a small barrel of wine. The host received him cordially, installed him in the kitchen and, returning, said to M. Bourde, "You were asking about the relationship of the patron and client; an instance has just happened. That man has come fifty kilomètres to bring me a barrel of wine. I don't want it, but he wants thirty francs, and therefore he naturally comes to the patron."

The patron gets out of the clan what is precious to a Corsican, power, in the truest sense of the word. He governs his clan like a despotic being. He looks after their interests, and they support him and one another in everything. Here is an instance of the power of the clan. In July 1880 a jury was sitting to decide on the amount to be paid for lands taken by the railway from Bastia to Finmorbo. The

jury had been selected by a majority directed by M. de Casabianca, and it deliberated in the presence of M. de Casabianca, a barrister chosen by the Company. It was therefore a real jury of the clan, and acted accordingly. M. B. claimed compensation for a vineyard measuring 16 *ares* and 99 *centiares*. Mdle. V. for one of about the same size. M. B. was an enemy of the clan; he got 2000 francs, a fair price. Mdle. V. was a friend; she got 13,000 francs. MM. A. were relations; they got 35,000 francs for a little over a hectare of land and brushwood; and M. de S., for less than a hectare, 45,000 francs! And no one saw anything peculiar in this except a proof of the influence of the clan of M. de Casabianca. His adversaries made the most of it, however, and agitated to such a purpose, that next year they got a majority on the Conseil Général. Here was a grand opportunity to apply the rules of equity! The new jury assembled in January 1887, and what did they do? Compensation was claimed for about thirteen hectares of land. The Company offered 31,000 francs. The jury gave 446,105 francs! Only this time, to shut the mouths of the opposite party, they gave both parties what they asked. "It would never do," said one of them to M. Bourde, "to give our friends less than M. de Casabianca's jury did, people would say we were bad patrons."

The two forces which regulate affairs in Corsica are the influence of certain great families and political patronage. The first has been explained. The second we will proceed to explain. The local journals are full of announcements of the appointments of Corsicans to posts under the Government, even the most insignificant being reported. The Corsicans hate agriculture, and those who are able, employ Italians (called *Lucquois*) to do all the heavy work. This dislike of agriculture turns their thoughts to getting some posts under Government. Every small official has some of the power which is dear to the heart of every Corsican, inasmuch as it gives him the opportunity of helping his friends and annoying his enemies.

Corsica was Legitimist under the Restoration, Orleanist under the Monarchy of July, and Bonapartist under the Empire. Each of these *régimes* seems to have known how to keep the Corsican vote by taking advantage of the national peculiarities, and choosing several heads of clans upon whose recommendation all nominations were made. In return for which, the Government got the votes of the clans and carried their candidates. For the first time, under the Republic Corsica systematically returns opposition candidates; when it adopts the system of its predecessors, Government candidates will be again returned. In fact no Corsican cares a button about politics in the ordinary sense of the word. What he wants is to get a majority on the Conseil Général, or to get one of his own party made *Maire* for this opens a wide field. Once in the *mairie*, a man can have the management of

the communal property, get off paying taxes, get a certificate of pauperism to avoid paying fines, in fact help himself and his friends, and oppress his enemies. Therefore during the first few months of the year, while the electoral lists are being made up, Corsica is in a state of excitement. The procedure is that a Commission, presided over by the Mayor, draws up the lists, and there is an appeal from their decisions to the Juge de Paix. As a matter of fact it is the Juge de Paix who really draws them up. Imagine what an opportunity to serve his clan! Many Corsicans, like Italians, pass the summer in the hills and the winter by the sea. If they are "friends," they manage to get a vote in both Communes; if "enemies," probably in neither. In the Commune of St. Florent there are about 200 electors, of whom only about 120 generally vote, the rest being fishermen or sailors. The elections are usually decided by about 5 votes. In 1881, the Juge de Paix put down the names of six Cantonniers who did not reside in the Commune at all, on the pretext that, as their foreman lived there, they ought to. The Cour de Cassation annulled this decision on the 24th of May, but the cantonniers had been able to vote at the elections in April, which was all that was wanted. The next year they were put down again, and again the Court of Appeal struck them off. After this the cantonnier dodge seems to have been played out. Corsicans are always being worried, if they do not belong to the proper clan, by all sorts of unscrupulous dodges to keep them out of their rights. No wonder that not only do they believe justice cannot be got from their courts, but also that they sometimes take the law into their own hands and declare themselves in vendetta.

Sometimes the Juge de Paix himself gets mixed up with it. Here is a case from the records of the Court. Antoine Leonetti, a shoemaker at Ciamanacce, and Bartoli, Juge de Paix at Zicaro, "differed" as to politics, as the indictment diplomatically puts it. Accompanied by a friend, the Judge was returning to Zicaro on the 4th of November, 1882, when suddenly two reports came from the bushes at the side of the road, and two balls struck the earth at their feet; as every one carries his gun in Corsica, the Judge and his friend returned the fire, but without result. A witness said that he had seen one Leonetti at the time and place of the attempt, and although this witness was got out of the way, Leonetti was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. M. Bartoli, fearing the vengeance of the clan Leonetti, got himself transferred to Hérault, but unfortunately he was obliged to come back to give evidence; as the custom is in Corsica under such circumstances, he took care to be always attended by an escort of his friends. On the 9th of May he was going to Ciamanacce with his usual guard, one Molloni walking 50 yards in front as a scout, when he was fired at and wounded from behind a tree. The

escort fired a volley after the attempted murderer; it was Felix Leonetti, brother of Antoine; he escaped, and remained in the bush two years. After this, the Judge seeing he would never be able to come back to Corsica, negotiated a truce with the Leonetti, and Felix gave himself up a prisoner. At the trial the witnesses who had deposed to the facts at the *instruction* could remember nothing at all about it, and the jury, refusing to re-open a vendetta which had been happily settled, acquitted the prisoner (17th June, 1886).

The Corsicans have a proverb which says "*Un maire doit mourir dans son écharpe*", which means that once in office, everything which helps to keep your adversaries out and yourself in is justifiable. To be sent to prison for an electoral fraud committed in the interests of the clan is considered as a misfortune, not a crime. No less than 899 persons were prosecuted for offences of this sort in 1884-85.

Here is a way of retaining the mayoralty when the majority is known to have passed to one's enemies:— *1st Act* (9th January, 1881). The "bureau" was discovered putting into the ballot box a packet of false bulletins. Assessors condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment but subsequently let off. *2nd Act* (6th March, 1881). Under the presidency of the same assessors the ballot box was found to contain more voting papers than there were voters.—*3rd Act* (7th May, 1882). Under the same presidency the friends of the Mayor came first thing in the morning to vote, and at ten o'clock the voting was declared to be over, and the other party found the door shut.—*4th Act* (1st October, 1882). The Mayor, who was to have presided, resigned on the morning of the election, and it could not be held.—*5th Act* (4th March, 1883). The Conseiller Général, who was to have presided, said he was ill, and the election had to be again postponed.

Thus the minority contrived to keep themselves in power for two years; the sixth time they had managed to doctor the lists so as to give themselves the majority, and therefore offered no obstacle to the holding of the election. However a report having got about that some strange names had been placed on the list, the Mayor's enemies asked to see the new list. This was refused them, so, in Corsican fashion, they determined to take the law into their own hands, and armed with loaded guns, posted themselves at the entrance of the "mairie" to prevent any strangers voting. An unfortunate villager from Corte appeared. "Come on," called the Mayor, "don't be afraid." "If you stir a step you are a dead man," shouted a voice from the crowd. He tried to pass. "Fire!" said the voice, and he fell pierced with balls. "A stupid business, and badly carried out," said a Corsican to M. Bourde. "They should have shot the Mayor. Eight of our party were found guilty, including the Conseiller Général. This disorganized us."

Another Mayor, one Bartoli of Polneca, became quite celebrated for the vigor with which he acted. Three times he got the elections postponed, and the fourth (September 28th, 1884) he and eighty of his partisans harricaded themselves in the mairie, and the other party tried to set fire to the building, but were beaten off by the fusillade. A *Commissaire de police* from France with some gendarmes was sent to take charge of the next election. They ingeniously tried to entice him away by raising a false alarm of a fight outside. He rushed out to see what was the matter, and the Mayor's friends, who had been waiting their opportunity, flew to the ballot box. Alas, for their hopes! He had taken it with him under his arm.

The Mayor who has conducted his campaign successfully, immediately begins to enjoy the fruits of victory. He manages his communal property, and manages so that his friends get the benefit. Take the right of pasture. At Casamaccioli in 1886, thirty-four partisans of the Mayor and thirty-seven enemies put their names down. The Mayor's friends possessed more beasts than the other party; but they paid 87 francs 55 centimes, the others, 1002 francs 80 centimes. In fact, if you are an enemy you pay as much as you can; if a friend, little or nothing: one result of this mismanagement is that all the Communes are very poor. You hardly ever find more than a mule track when once you get off the great roads made by the State, for there is no money to make them. The taxes are not collected equitably, on the some principles. At this same Casamaccioli in 1886, the village property being divided in almost equal shares between the two parties, fifty-six friends paid 131 francs, forty-one enemies 504 francs 12 centimes.

If you are a friend of the Mayor he will give you any certificate you wish for; if an enemy, none. For example, a friend wants a sum of money. The Mayor gives a certificate that in the month of January 1887 he lost 4600 francs' worth of beasts. The gendarmerie came to inquire and found that he had never possessed any cattle at all! (Commune de Bartelicaccia). Another friend wants some money and happens to have a daughter aged thirty-five. The Mayor sends in papers to state that she is a new-born child; a sum of money is awarded to him (Commune d'Ajaccio). Another man, who looks well into the future, thinks that he would like his new-born child to get off his military service, so the Mayor does not enter his birth in the register at all. All this explains a letter which a Corsican notary once wrote in answer to the *Crédit Foncier*, which had been making some enquiries as to a loan: "One of the children is of age, and the other *can be* if you wish it." A man is so worried and harrassed at every point by his adversaries, that it is small wonder if he will risk anything for a moment's revenge upon them, which not only explains

the prevalence, but also the peculiar nature of Corsica. Out of every five crimes of violence, four arise from fights and quarrels, and hardly any are committed with a view to robbery. No doubt the reason for this is the absence of any sort of law, upon which the people think they can depend, and to which they can look for protection. Theoretically the French system of judicature is established in the island, but the influence of the clan pervades it root and branch, except perhaps in the highest courts.

How can a Corsican expect to get justice from a Juge de Paix or from a jury of the opposite clan? Little wonder that, persecuted out of his senses, he takes the law into his own hands. Owing to this absence of any trust in the administration of justice, the gravest results often follow from very small causes. A dog killed in a vineyard has caused a strife between the Rocchini and the Tafani which has already resulted in the death or wounding of eleven persons! It has also given the Corsicans the idea that a man who has taken the law into his own hands is not a criminal, but an unlucky person, *un hommu dans le malheur*, and they are ready to feed him and protect him when he takes to the woods, in 1887 exactly as they did in 1816.

And so it comes about that Corsica has 600 bandits, and that there is no law to speak of. How can there be, when a year has never passed without several witnesses who happen to have spoken the truth being killed by the clan? A case happened on the 29th of April last at Mezzana. Here again is a terrible example of Corsican manners. On the 1st of January, 1885, three young men were going to church. Mariotti bet Orsini a bottle of wine that he would throw him in a wrestling match. One Olanda held the stakes. A quarrel arose as to the victor, and Orsini seizing a dagger (the "stylet" of *Colomba*) from the belt of Nicolai, a bystander, stabbed Olanda in the stomach and kills him. Orsini and Nicolai are arrested. The former is condemned to a few months' imprisonment, and there being no charge against the latter, he is released. Now enter Olanda père, and observe his method of reasoning, which is thoroughly Corsican. Orsini has been punished, but if Nicolai has been released, it must have been through favor; he therefore administers to him eleven stabs, to teach him to keep his stylet better concealed. The Nicolai and the Olanda are therefore in vendetta; Nicolai wounds another son of Jerome Olanda, Denys. The two Olanda attack three Nicolai, and kill one known as "il Moro." Denys Olanda is arrested, but before the trial his father gives notice that he will not leave a single witness alive who gives evidence against his son, and he particularly specifies the widow of "il Moro." However, at the trial, excitement and her desire for vengeance were too much for her, and she made a passionate appeal to the jury for justice. Only two days afterwards Olanda père shot her

as she was returning home, and tried to kill her little daughter, who was only saved by jumping over a precipice, where her fall was broken by some trees. The village was so terrified that no one dare dig the mother's grave. Afterwards Olanda was slain in turn by the gendarmerie.

A state of vendetta is so well recognized, that a mayor has been known to issue a decree in the following terms: Art. I.—No person is allowed to carry arms within the boundaries of the Commune of Levina.—Art. II. An exception will be made in favor of those persons who are well known to be in a state of antagonism.

Even at Ajaccio, although it is usual to leave arms at the *octroi*, those who may possibly want them are allowed to carry them into the town. Quarrels are never confined to single persons, they always take in whole families and go on for years, even for centuries. In Casinea, for example, the inhabitants are still divided into *Neri* and *Bianchi*, a quarrel which was in full swing in the sixteenth century, and in which the Casabiancas were even then mixed up. There are persons who never go to their own doorstep without having first carefully reconnoitred. If they have to travel, they do so with an escort of friends, some in front as scouts, and some behind as a rear-guard, and all armed with double-barreled guns.

In order to find the Corsica of *Colomba* in all its glory it is necessary to go into the mountains of Corte, and above all into the arrondissement of Sartène. Here, out of 8000 male inhabitants, 4400 have charges of various sorts against them—murder or misdemeanors! They do not care, and live in freedom, practically out of all legal jurisdiction. It was here that a Tafani, by killing a dog in the vineyard, began the famous vendetta with the Rocchini. In consequence of this no less than eighty members of the two families have taken to the woods and become bandits, seven persons have been killed, four wounded, one driven into exile, and many threatened with death. The exile was a certain Dr. B., with whose flight an unfortunate French official got mixed up. He was at Porto Vecchio and wanted to go to Bonifaccio, but when he went to take his place in the Diligence, he found the greatest difficulty in getting one, all sorts of objections being raised. However he presented himself the next morning, and was much astonished to find that he was apparently the only passenger, as he had been told that all the places were taken. Off they started, but outside the town the Diligence stopped, and eight armed men surrounded it; three got into the *coupé* and the rest into the *intérieur* with the official. He naturally supposed that they were going out shooting, and addressed them in a friendly manner on that hypothesis; but none answered a word, and the five men, all preserving the same grave demeanor, eyed him suspiciously, which was not

reassuring. The Diligence soon came to a spot where the road ran between high banks covered with brushwood, and again stopped. Another band of armed men had surrounded it, and were conferring in low tones with the escort. A posse of skirmishers was then detached to search the pass, and presently a series of whistles announced that the road was clear, and the Diligence proceeded. This was repeated whenever it approached a dangerous bit of road, and the official asserts that at one of the halts there could not have been less than sixty men round the carriage. He was a little scared by hearing one of his fellow-passengers remark that his having no luggage was very suspicious, and he hurriedly explained who he was and why he was travelling. This seemed to satisfy them, but when just outside Bonifaccio they got down and took leave of him, he was not sorry to see the last of them; especially when he saw that the third man in the *coupé* between the body-guards was Dr. B., who was leaving his native village in Corsican fashion. It must be remembered that this occurred in November 1886.

Out of the twenty newspapers published in the island not one has mentioned this vendetta, one reason being, according to one of the editors, patriotism; another, that the editor is in the habit of receiving a letter to say that he has no doubt heard of the misfortune which has happened to the *famille B.*, and that it is hoped he will not add to their annoyance by publishing any details! And he knows what that means!

What country is there except Corsica in which the following conversation could take place? The *Procureur* of the Republic of Sartène was going out shooting, when he perceived at the bottom of a ravine a man busy casting balls, who called out to him:

"Hullo, M. le Procureur!" "Oh, it's you, Nicolai Baritone!" "Can you tell me how my case is getting on? It doesn't seem to progress much." "How can it get on? As long as you are at liberty, none of the witnesses will come forward and give evidence. You ought to give yourself up." "We'll see about that when I am tired of the woods, M. le Procureur."

In fact, as we have said before, a sort of halo surrounds a bandit, and his compatriots even hide the exactions which he imposes on them. It is easy to imagine what a curse the presence of 600 bandits in the country is to Corsica. As the law is powerless, the bandit takes its place. "He has a bandit in his service," is a local expression which reveals a great deal. If you take a bandit under your protection his gun is at your disposal. If you can't collect a debt, he does it for you, and no one controverts his arguments. If you have a lawsuit about a piece of land, the bandit will show your opponent that he is clearly in the wrong. In fact the bandit is the great social arbi-

trator. For example, last year a duel was going to take place just outside Ajaccio. The bandits, knowing their protector was in danger, appeared, and put a stop to it.

A French Company established some large vineyards near Sartène; but this did not suit the shepherds upon whose pastures they encroached, and at their request their friends the bandits boycotted the vineyards, and ten gendarmes had to be sent to protect workmen; but when they had gone away, the bandits appeared again, and one fine day ninety workmen arrived at Sartène, having had notice to do no more work under pain of death. However, now the Company is prosperous; but they have made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and taken the bandits into their pay. It is now the shepherds who are kept off by the bandits!

As to political influence, every one in Corsica will tell you, without being ashamed of it, that the municipal council of Loggi was imposed on the Commune by the bandits Simeoni and Giansillo, that at Mansi the bandit Manani has done the same thing, and that the Mayor of Pigná would not be in that position were it not that the bandit Alessandri is his uncle!

The only thing to be said for Corsican bandits is that except in a few instances they are not, like their Greek *confrères*, brigands. They take to the woods, not to make money, but to avoid justice and satisfy revenge. However, in the present state of the country it will be no wonder if they take to brigandage as well. Indeed, in the month of November 1886, at eight o'clock in the evening, while thirty guests were sitting at table d'hôte in the Hôtel Bellevue at Ajaccio, five bandits entered the house and, putting a pistol to the head of the proprietor's wife, demanded 3000 francs. The husband borrowed a revolver and rushed with the cooks to his wife's assistance and after a brisk exchange of shots the bandits fled. This is getting perilously near brigandage.

The most celebrated bandits of Corsica are two brothers, Jacques and Antoine Bonelli, known as the Bellacasia. They live in the gorge of Penticia in the centre of the island, near the town of Bocognano, which is an excellent strategical position, as it has only one entrance, and persons approaching it can be seen some distance off. In the midst of wild mountains, the valley itself is fertile, and supports the flocks and herds of the Bellacasia, who live there like true kings, as they are. They tax the adjoining villages, and come whenever they like to the town of Bocognano, where there are gendarmerie barracks. They have built themselves houses; they have married their daughters, and as their political influence is large, they have obtained good posts for their sons-in-law, and in fact live tranquil, honored and respected lives. Antoine took to the woods in 1848 in con-

sequence of a quarrel with the Mayor of the Commune, one of the causes being that the Mayor would not marry a sister of his, who could not produce her certificate of birth. Consequently, Antoine and Jacques lay in wait for him, and fired four barrels into him. At the same time Antoine fell in love with the daughter of one Casati, and one night he and three other bandits appeared at her father's house and demanded his daughter. The terrified girl hid herself; but they managed to get hold of the father, whom they gagged and carried off to their cave and kept on bread and water. The *fiancé* of the young lady, Jean Baptiste Marcangeli, went with two friends to release him, but managed it so badly, that they were caught, gagged, and kept on bread and water in the cavern too. Marcangeli got his liberty on promising to give up the girl to Antoine, but no sooner was he free than he forgot his promise, and married her on the 30th of April, 1850. On the 27th of June Antoine killed him and demanded the hand of the widow. Soon after they committed another murder, because obstacles were raised to the marriage of another sister. It was after this that they settled in the valley of Penticca. Several expeditions have been sent against them. In September 1886, one consisting of no less than 120 soldiers and 70 gendarmes was despatched; but they went off to the house of a Mayor who was a friend of theirs, and stayed there quietly till the expedition had gone home again. The Bellacasia are a nearer approach to a bandit in a story than any in the island. They are supposed to have a cave of which no one knows the entrance. They are hospitable to strangers who are properly introduced, and they occasionally give large boar hunts to their friends.

As we have said before, the state of Corsica is a disgrace to France, but the remedy, according to M. Bourde, is simple, namely, to make no special laws, but to apply vigorously and without fear or favor the existing law. With the tribunals in the hands of one family, a Corsican is not to be blamed for having no belief in justice. There must be a Prefet and a Procureur Général who are absolutely independent, and the Government must cease only to use its influence with the clan in order to get a deputy to vote the right way. The financial aspect, too, is a serious one for France. In no year has Corsica ever paid its expenses. Indeed, it is said to have cost since the beginning of the century more than a milliard of francs (£49,000,000). No wonder, when no one belonging to the right clan ever pays any fines or taxes. Every one carries a gun, but few get a license. In France 1 in every 97 inhabitants takes one out. In Corsica, 1 in every 830! In 1885 there was owing to the Treasury 1,000,691 francs for fines, &c. It only got in 79,093 francs! These facts speak for themselves.—CHARLES SUMNER MAINE, in *Murray's Magazine*.

THE CHRISTIAN ELEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY.*

FOR nearly a hundred years after Christianity was carried from Rome to England, all the literary work was done by the foreign priests, and poor enough work it was. They should have preserved to posterity what would now be deemed invaluable—the Anglo-Saxon myths, songs, legends, and traditions. The earliest dawn of English poetry came in Cædmon, an inmate of the monastery of Whitby. He died in 680. He was only a poor native cowherd, being attached to the monastery in that relation. His call to poesy came to him, he claimed, in a night vision from heaven. At once he began singing the praises of the Creator of the world, of man and heaven. He composed many poems on Bible history, and in the one on the *Fall of Man*, are passages and descriptions which might have given impulse to parts of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. It is a significant fact that our poetry started out saturated with Bible teachings, as if that beginning were to set the gauge of all that was to follow.

After Cædmon, there was little poetic genius manifested by the English race for half a thousand years. The poems of Wace and Layamon, of Ormin and Guilford, with those of their contemporaries, were largely on Christian themes or paraphrases of the Bible. One other element of strength in English poetry is apparent from the first—the way it has always sought inspiration from nature, and become the interpreter to duller sensibilities of the glories of the meadow and wood, of mountain and lake, of sky and storm and life. These two elements, Christianity and nature, have had most to do in making our grand poetry what it is. Before John Langland wrote *Piers Ploughman* the words of the Norman-French, its spirit and awakening influences had enlarged the vision of early English writers so that their themes were more varied; but none attained a place that was lasting. *Piers Ploughman* may justly be called a Protest before Protestantism. Many of the purer teachings of our Master, especially as pertaining to personal duties and relations, are put into this poem.

A contemporary of the author of *Piers Ploughman* was Geoffrey Chaucer, justly ranked among the few great English poets. His greatest work, the one on which his reputation rests, the *Canterbury Tales*, grows out of a supposed pilgrimage by a large party to the shrine of Thomas à Becket. The spirit and sentiment of all the Tales are above the church life and practices of that day. A monk, a nun and a friar, of very questionable conduct, are sharply criticised, while a poor parson, that

"Christ's gospel truly would preach,"

*Read before the Alpha Chapter of the Convocation of Boston University, December 6, 1887.

is most lovingly and tenderly depicted by the poet. Through all this long poem, the vices and sins of church and society are condemned, while the Christian virtues are as surely commended. It is surmised that Chaucer depicts, in the poor parson, the sentiments he entertained for the lay preachers whom Wiclif, Chaucer's contemporary, sent out to preach the pure gospel among the masses of England. It is impossible to say how the poet was influenced in his writings by the reformer; but that his hard hits against the general imperfections and corruptions of church life had pungency added to them by the excitement raised by Wycliffe, can be little doubted.

The minor poets, filling the space from Chaucer, two hundred years, to Spenser, mixed much of Christian ethics with their sentiments of other nature. There were poems of war, of love, and satire; translations from the French, Latin and Italian; but the purely English productions were, many of them, filled by the spirit, imperfect as it was, of the better church teachings of that age.

If the great poets before the Reformation were truer to the New Testament teachings than the contemporary church, the poets who have sung since that time have all of them been Protestant in their sentiments. Spenser wrote fifty years after the Reformation in England, being the first one after that event who forms the list of the giants. He inclined toward Puritanism, though partaking little of its austerity of feeling and conduct. His two great poems, the *Shepherd's Calendar* and *Faërie Queen*, while reaching far over much of the field of human thought and imagination, each has in it many noble, Christian sentiments. His Protestantism is distinctly shown in the fifth month of the *Calendar*, in which he draws a comparison between the pastoral spirit and methods of a Protestant and a Catholic, clinching his argument by the tale of the Fox and the Kid, in which the former, the Catholic priest, captures and devours the Kid, the Protestant. No less than three out of the twelve parts of the *Calendar* treat of the burning church questions of that epoch. Spenser's *Faërie Queen* was primarily in praise of Queen Elizabeth; but many of his characters are allegorical. The first book is of Holiness, the second of Temperance, the third of Chastity. These three books are the strongest of all his poetical productions, and these principles are clearly founded on the New Testament. Una, the Lady of the first book, is the true Church. The whole moral sentiment of the *Faërie Queen* is of a high order for those years, and clearly shows the Christian spirit of the author. More than Chaucer, but like him and all the great poets, Spenser drew much on the fancies and myths of the ancient and medieval world. It is a necessity of poesy that it range widely for its themes and expressions. The English poetry, while using material from all these fields, has had a truer relation to

the Master's teachings, as Protestantism has been able to get closer to the spirit of those teachings than Catholicism. In Italy and France the poetry has always been under the spell of the Vatican; in England, never.

In the Elizabethan age, there were, besides Spenser and Shakespeare, a host of lesser poets. Some of these wrote with their poesy deeply imbued with Christianity, as Southwell, the Catholic poet, whose two longest pieces, written in prison, were *St. Peter's Complaint* and *Mary Magdalene's Tears*. His short poem, *The Burning Babe*, depicts most sweetly the Child Jesus as the world's propitiation. Sir John Davis wrote a long poem on the *Immortality of the Soul*, a pioneer in that field. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, produced among other kinds, some strong, religious poems. Sir Walter Raleigh, while awaiting his doom in prison, could write verses of Christian hope and warning. Giles Fletcher's only poem of length was *Christ's Victory and Triumph*.

The drama rose in England from rude miracle-plays, carried on for several hundred years under the direction of the priests. Gradually, in the sixteenth century, it changed, first to moral plays, and later, toward the end of that century, to those laying claim to no other principles than such as are of general literature and of the legitimate drama; that is, of comedy and tragedy. The real drama of that age attained its place in such themes as the one by George Peele, treating of David and Absalom. Christopher Marlowe, the greatest of the dramatists before Shakespeare, was atheistical, yet in his works has some of the pure teachings of Christianity.

The "myriad-minded Shakespeare" is so fully English, that along with other glories of his genius the spirit of Christianity has a large place. He is said to be so obscure in his teachings as to leave it impossible to say whether he was Catholic or Protestant. But careful searching for his religious views shows that the petted dramatist of the Protestant Elizabeth put many pure Christian sentiments into his writings. Of course, Shakespeare is too great an artist to ascribe constantly the teachings and beliefs of Protestantism to the characters of his plays representing times long before the Reformation. Hence, in his historical works there are references to purgatory, penances and the like, as we should expect; but through the plays which are not historical, there are everywhere the great truths of the Bible which are common alike to Protestant and Catholic. The Bible is drawn upon, from Genesis to the end of the New Testament, for references, truths and pictures. Falstaff says to his prince: "Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in a state of innocency Adam fell." The atonement was doubtless believed in by Shakespeare, for in *Richard Third*, Clarence says to the man who has been sent to take his life:

"I charge you as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins,
That thou depart and lay no hands on me."

Shakespeare puts orthodox views of the judgment into his plays, thus:

"Why, he shall never wake till the great judgment day."

He believed in the immortality of the soul:

"And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

In Hamlet's soliloquy there are no more questionings about death and hereafter than would naturally come to a Dane yet half barbarian. See how true is Shakespeare's picture of mercy:

"It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth there show likest God's,
When mercy tempers justice. . . .
We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

After the dramatists, whose influence, on the whole, was not deeply Christian, but tending toward looseness, came the greatest of all English poets, John Milton. His greatest poem, *Paradise Lost*, was the product of long deliberation, the one vast toil and travail of his life. He chose the scriptural theme in preference to many others which crowded upon his consideration and imagination. It was not composed till twenty years after its conception. He felt that through that poem he was to be a preacher of righteousness to the English nation. He knew that to Englishmen a Bible theme would be a popular one. So true was his judgment that Englishmen on both sides of the Atlantic find it the masterpiece of their language. All are familiar with that wonderful work—its stately movement, its vivid, strong pictures, its pathos and fierce, deep passion, its exquisite delineation of feeling and sentiment, its clear statement of theology—till skeptical scientists of the present think they state current belief in *Genesis* by quoting *Paradise Lost*. The deep-moving tide of religious life in the middle of the seventeenth century, which was able to give birth to *Paradise Lost*, shows that this was foremost in the Englishman's thoughts. For half a hundred years England had stood at the head of European Protestantism; her diplomacy and arms were successful; her generals and admirals of the noblest; her yeomanry for recruiting armies and navies brave and sturdy; her constitutional history was grandly unfolding; riches were flowing in upon her from every sea and continent; but the mightiest force in all the national movement was that of the Christian religion and the life from the Bible. *Paradise*

Regained was the necessary complement of *Paradise Lost*, and while inferior to the latter poem, was the expression of the theology and Bible knowledge of the English people of that epoch, as understood and interpreted by Milton. His other and earlier poems are as truly of the same Puritan faith.

Andrew Marvell was eminently a Christian poet; and another contemporary of Milton, the witty author of *Hudibras*, saw through the forms to discern so fully the spirit and simplicity of Christianity, that this brilliant burlesque on the affected manners and habits of the Puritans is sure to remain forever an English classic.

Dryden's dramatic powers were not of a low order, but his productions in that line are rather loose, even for the age of Charles II.; his biting satire, however, was cast in moulds shaped by Bible scenes and language. His defence of the Church of England against dissenters brought out some strong poetry; and when he became a convert to Romanism, the *Hind and Panther* was produced in defence of his new faith, and is possibly among the best of his works, while *Alexander's Feast* was written with the judgment revealed in the Bible before his eyes. One says, "His muse was a fallen angel, cast down for manifold sins and impurities, yet radiant with the light of heaven."

Between Dryden and Pope were a puny lot of poets, whose muse was of a low order, and whose sentiments were sometimes hurtful rather than helpful to the Christian life. Addison's poetry, however, not to be wholly obscured by his matchless essays, was sweet, and of the true spirit. Numbers of his hymns have been kept in use by the Church. In the *Tragedy of Cato*, the soliloquy of that Roman statesman on the immortality of the soul is very fine and true. Matthew Prior does not live among the greatest English poets, but his best work had for its subject, Solomon, in which there is high morality. Dean Swift was sharp in his wit, and too poor a Christian to put more than a few of the Master's heart-truths into his third-rate poetry.

Alexander Pope's name suggests at once the immortal *Essay on Man*. This is his best known work, if not his masterpiece. Pope's ill health caused him to excel in biting satire, yet his more sober productions are rich with Christian sentiment. The *Essay on Man* has certain philosophical and theological points which can hardly be deemed sound, yet it is a masterly treatment of man in certain relations as seen in that epoch. Now and then a rationalistic and even a pantheistic cast is given to it, and the problem, how to

"Vindicate the ways of God with man,"

is hardly settled to suit Nineteenth Century views. The freethinker, Bolingbroke, had too much influence with the impressible Pope for the latter to be untrammelled in his productions. But how finely he

could throw off a short poem of most exquisite Christian sentiment is seen in *The Dying Christian to His Soul*:

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame."

But Pope and the long line of lesser poets following him were tainted by the low grade of morals of their time, and much of their poetry would not stand the test of pure consideration.

Twenty years later than Pope, came better songs from Young and Thomson. Young's *Night Thoughts* is a poem which seems strange from a dissipated courtier, yet none can read that strong production, its depth of feeling, its sombre passages, its faithful delineation of Christian character and principles, without concluding that Young, at least at the time of writing them, felt all he expressed. How much everyone feels is in his description of time, which only the Bible could fully teach!

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss; to give it, then, a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound."

It points to a change in the religious feelings of the age, which so soon after Pope could produce the *Night Thoughts* and the *Seasons*. For through all the latter poem runs a sweet, pure stream of Christian trust, linked as it is with the exquisite descriptions of nature and animate life. In his *Hymn on the Seasons* Thomson beautifully says:

"These as they change, Almighty Father; these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee."

Young and Thomson seem to have presaged the coming of a group of writers whose songs laid the foundation, and builded greatly in the structure of the English Protestant hymnology. These were Watts and Doddridge, the two Wesleys, Anne Steele and a host of others belonging to the latter part of the seventeenth, and reaching far into the eighteenth century. While the religious life had been most lamentably low during this time, these signers, as forerunners of the Master's great coming, were preparing the way, and furnishing some of the means for the wonderful growth of the kingdom of God, seen since Methodism began its marvellous work for the world. But a host of poetical writers, though with lowly muse, were earlier still becoming teachers of purer morals and nobler Christian sentiment. Shenstone and Akenside, Thomas Gray, the author of the *Elegy*, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and others, were doing valuable work for morals and pure feeling, in an age of filth and of smirching poetasters. The tide of,

purity rose higher and higher, since their time almost no poet has sought immortal fame along lines of impurity.

The average historian of English literature is apt to pass rather lightly over those men whose songs and hymns have, for a century and a half, been a moulding power in the personal and religious life of the Anglo-Saxon race, and through these, of national life; but the philosophy of history which seeks the causes of things, though they be never so subtle, cannot ignore them. In those lyrics the religious life gave expression of a reviving Christianity, and their use has helped to carry the tide onward yet as a steady stream. They were the ballads of the Church, and everyone knows the worth of ballads to a nation. It was the Augustan age of English hymnology. Many sweet singers have risen since that epoch, but none to sing the outer glories of God's kingdom like Isaac Watts, and none who could sing the gospel of love and personal salvation like Charles Wesley.

William Cowper united an intense love of nature with deep religious sensibilities; and if, at times, his mind was clouded with his fatal trend toward insanity, his muse was always true to the light of the gospel. He was the most closely allied of any of the great poets with the Methodist movement, his sympathies and poesy touching all sides of that movement, whether it was represented by the evangelical labors of the Wesleys and Whitefield, or those of philanthropy by Clarkson and Wilberforce, or of Howard and Hannah More. His greatest poem, *The Task*, largely pervaded with the right glow of Christian ethics and practice, has also keen sensibility of the fitness of divine relations to mankind, and of our humanity's blessed relations to the Heavenly Father. Many of the hymns of Cowper, and of his beloved companion and life-long friend, Rev. John Newton, have passed into the use of the general church. Contemporary with Cowper were many lesser lights, who wrote pure, exalted hymns and poems. *Rock of Ages*, a gem of the purest water, was, with its messages to all human hearts always, given to the world in this epoch. Henry Kirke White's immortal *Star of Bethlehem*—

“When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky”—

is an enraptured, Methodist shout over one's own salvation in Christ. Grahame's *Sabbath and Sabbath Walks*, and George Crabbe's delineation of humble parish life and trust were among the best products of that time.

In Wordsworth, as in many other poets, there was united an intense love of nature with pure New Testament truths. He was also an ardent lover of liberty, being hopeful with others that the French Revolution was the auspicious dawn of a better day among the nations.

His most important poem, *The Excursion*, is richly penetrated with the spirit of the lowly Nazarene. In it he urges the influence which the external world is intended by the Divine Author to exert on man, and that good comes to man out of the evils, disappointments and sorrows to which the human race is subjected. Benevolence also shines among its deep, philosophical reasonings, while the love of humanity is everywhere aglow. Justice is magnified, and the light of purity is over all his writings. Wordsworth's influence is deep, continuous, and still a power in the thinking world.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was an intimate friend and companion of Wordsworth, their poetry, like their lives, being most sweetly blended. Though a Unitarian in earlier years, having even been at one time a preacher of that belief, he became later, under the influence of Wordsworth, a sturdy Trinitarian. Most of his poems are filled with a high, mystical sentiment of passion; yet here and there in that obscure region the spirit of Christianity most brightly shines. His *Ancient Mariner* is finally saved and shrived by the care and mercy of heaven. In the *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*, Coleridge finds the question which he puts forth as to who created the mighty Mont Blanc, the torrents, glaciers and flowers, the birds and animals, to be answered that it is God; then ends,

"Earth with her ten thousand voices praises God."

The third one, composing the group of Lake poets, was, like Coleridge, at first a Unitarian; but later accepted the tenets of the State Church. Southey's poetry is not so fully saturated with Christian sentiments as that of his compeers,—partly owing to the man's nature and poetic structure, and partly to the subjects he selected. His greatest poem, *The Curse of Kehama*, is entirely a Hindu theme with East Indian surroundings. But on the whole, there is no trend of opposition to religion. In these poets, and others of that time, the spirit of personal liberty and national freedom, sure outgrowths of Christianity, found forcible expression. It was the period of the French Revolution, of England's mighty struggle with Napoleon, and the national unrest of the human rights which later found quiet in the Reform Bill of 1832.

Campbell and Scott, with others less renowned, were raising the standard of purity and nobleness; and there was need of it, for Byron was coming on the scene. He was the apostle of deep, misanthropic egotism, and dark, foul passion; yet the spirit of the age with his own better nature here and there show themselves in his poetry, with flashes of pathos and righteousness, whose light was kindled by the Bible. Alongside of Byron, came Percy Bysshe Shelley, who professed

himself a skeptic while yet at Eton, and was expelled from Oxford at nineteen for avowed atheism, and much of his poetry is tainted with the errors of his philosophy. His private life was brightened by many deeds of kindness, and his later poetry was also less clouded with his atheism. Yet on the whole, the influence of his great genius was opposed to the teachings of Christianity.

Bishop Heber's one great hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,"

has made him immortal, and been a world-wide inspiration for the cause of missions. Pollock's *Course of Time* is strong in his own theological notions, yet has exerted a great influence among many classes of English readers. James Montgomery's whole poetry is alive with the spirit of Christ, and many of his hymns have been preserved in the hymnology of the Church. A host of small poets flourished during the early part of the Nineteenth Century, prominent among them being Leigh Hunt and John Wilson—both sweet, kind and pure. Mrs. Heman's poems are rich in womanly trust and faith, while John Kéble's *Christian Year* has some most exquisite Christian sentiments, with the whole tone pure and elevating. Other poets, sweet, pure, religious, have written things which a Christ-loving age will not permit to die. Many hymns of exalting spirit have become the heritage of the common Church.

Possibly the greatest poet in England, in the later nineteenth century is Alfred Tennyson. Many of his themes are from the Arthurian legends; but into them all his poetry the spirit of the Galilean is blended. The one searching for the Holy Grail can alone be successful whose character has no taint of evil or sin. His whole Arthurian Idyls form, according to Dean Alford, "a great connected poem, dealing with the highest interests of man—King Arthur being typical of the higher soul of man, as shown in the the King's coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles, disappointments and departure." Says the dying Arthur:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. . . .
For what are men better than sheep or goats.
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer?"

All Tennyson's productions are replete with rich Christian sentiments. There is a vast difference in respect to the principles of Christianity in the poet laureate of Queen Victoria and those of Queen Anne or the Georges. Tennyson embodies in Locksley Hall the hope of Christianity among the nations, when

"The war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

The same may be said of the two Brownings. The wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was a poetic woman soul, who, above all others of her sex in this century, has had feminine insight into the spirit of our Christian civilization. Saddened by early personal sorrows, but brightened later by a happy marriage and motherhood, her poetry is full of the spirit of New Testament teachings. Robert Browning, in all he has written, and it is much, has deeply implanted the principles of Christianity. Some of his themes, as *Christmas Eve*, and *Easter Day*, are distinctly of the Church, and his treatment of them is with a deep, kindly, fervent spirit.

Many other English poets have flourished during this epoch; but with an exception or two their muse is true to that highest force of inspiration—the Bible. Not that their themes are all religious, but when they are chosen relating to that, they are truly and purely treated. There is more of the Christian spirit in present poetry than ever before.

American poetry has the inestimable advantage of not having attained greatness until the Christian spirit so prevailed in western civilization, that it has never resorted to coarseness, as was the fate of much of the English poetry till later generations. No nation save the Hebrew has been, in its whole field of poetry, so pure and exalted in sentiment. The stern struggle of early settlement, the colonial period, and the contest for freedom with the mother country, had all to be passed before the tender plant of poesy could flourish in luxuriance. What poetry was produced in those periods, and in the years of national formation, if it lacked great genius, was in its spirit eminently of the Bible. Its puritanical origin caused it to be largely of the Old Testament, yet its teachings, on the whole, were pure and ennobling. But before the middle of this century, America had a poetry of which it had no need to be ashamed.

The Constitutional period following the Revolution was also unfruitful, and possibly owing to that no outspoken, or even latent, French infidelity tinged our early poetry. What of worth has come from that epoch is pure. But those were being trained in childhood and youth during that time who were to lay the foundations of our noble poetry. Trumbull and Allston, with a few others, were already busy, and their muse was such as to be honored in a Christ-loving age. Soon Fitz-Green Halleck and his poetical associate, Joseph Rodman Drake, began to bring the dawn of America's bright day of poesy. The songs of these men are of the purest character. The temper of the reading public would not have permitted anything but the pure and elevated.

The close of the last century and the earlier years of this one saw the birth of those who have taken noblest position in American poetry. Bryant, born in the last century, is among those whose genius, says Wilson, was "habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator." His poetry overflows with natural religion; with what Wordsworth calls "the religion of the woods." *Thanatopsis* closes with the well-known sentiment that we should so live that when the summons comes to die, we should,

"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Another of those given by the last century was Mrs. Sigourney, whose deep, womanly soul gave full poetical response to the claims of Christianity, as interpreted in this age. Many of her hymns have found a permanent place in the hymnology of the Church, and her piety a warm place in American regard. Rev. John Pierpont was another whose poetry, while in tenets he was a Unitarian, breathes the spirit of the New Testament. He began life in 1785, yet lived to be a chaplain in our war of 1861-5.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, while his poetry is not as distinctly religious in its teachings as most of his contemporaries, has nothing in it to outrage the feelings of a nineteenth century Christian. The hope for the soul, expressed in the *Chambered Nautilus*, is an outburst of the spirit of that book in which life and immortality are brought to light. One great genius, Edgar Allan Poe, too much like Byron, gloomy and dissipated, had gone out in darkness, yet leaving brilliant proof of what he might have accomplished had his life continued with a less tainted blood. As it is, no one need be shocked by reading Poe's poetry.

Very early in this century Longfellow was born, and in its first third began to attract notice. His poems are among the household treasures of the American home, their sweet, gentle spirit being an outgrowth from the American development of Christian civilization in this land of churches, Bibles and Sunday Schools. His most pretentious drama, *The Divine Tragedy* embodies in it the gospel narrative. His *Excelsior* and *Psalm of Life* are redolent with faith and prayer. The same may be said of his other great poems, as *The Spanish Student*, *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and indeed all that Longfellow has written. Possibly he more truly represents the Christian spirit of America than any other of our poets.

A man who attracted attention about the same time as Longfellow—John G. Whittier—is a worthy contemporary of that great genius. They occupy foremost places in the great school of American poets. Possibly his Quaker blood and training aid his poetic soul in being

so true to Christian purity and spirit. More than any other American poet, he embodied the abolition sentiment, which was a palpable outgrowth of Christianity. All through his works, whether *Voices of Freedom*, *Songs of Labor*, *National Lyrics*, or poems in other fields, the sweet, child-like trust of the Christian soul is apparent.

Alongside of Whittier, in his patriotism and love of freedom, but of genius greatly different, stands James Russell Lowell. His poetry, whether satire at which he so excels, or rippling Yankee fun, or of the sober muse, is everywhere full of the Christian sentiment. That sentiment may be hidden under uncouth New England phraseology, but it has sturdy New England piety to inspire it.

Since this group of great souls in our poetry has mostly ceased to sing, no others seem to have arisen who can sing in as exalted notes. Yet a considerable number of singers have arisen, whose poetry is rich, pure, and of exalted Christian sentiment. Some notes have been discordant, but mostly they voice the spirit of Christ. *Kathrina*, by J. G. Holland, is a masterly story of a skeptic's conversion to Christ. The Pacific slope has given birth to some of these; the Southern States have vied with the Northern ones, while women have been touched by the fine frenzy, as well as men. And now America awaits a great poet.

This age—especially since the war of 1861-5—has been prolific in hymn-writers. Ray Palmer and a few others wrote mostly before that epoch; but those writing since then are legion. Can the nation sing the songs of Zion better since the awful curse of slavery is lifted from us? Dr. Palmer's

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,"

is high among the best songs of the Christian Church. The touching prayer-song of Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss,

"More love to thee, O Christ, more love to thee,"

will be sung as long as men and women are found who hunger and thirst after righteousness. So of the hymn,

"What a friend we have in Jesus."

Along with hymn-writers has arisen a class of composers, whose adaptations to the words and spirit of the hymns have been of great worth to the cultivation of the deep, hearty aspects of our personal relations to God. True poetry of the lyric class can be assisted in its interpretation to the human soul by well-adapted music.

A general survey of the poetical productions of the Anglo-Saxon race shows that the grand trend of it all has been steadfastly toward the deeper, sweeter spirit of God's word. Never was there so pure

and almost universal trend that way as at the present time. The race in its poetry, as in its government, science, history, philosophy, and indeed in every element of its civilization, stands nobly by the religion which has made it great. Room for epics is being formed, as Christianity grapples with one after another of our heathen inheritances, and overthrows them, as it has done with abject superstition, Romanism and slavery. We wait the great epic poet who shall sing of these victories, as Milton did of the fall and restoration of man.—
M. V. B. KNOX, PH. D.

CURIOSITIES OF CHESS.

THE game of Chess has found its way to us from the far East, and is not akin to any Greek or Roman game of chance. Although its votaries are comparatively few, chess may claim to have been universal, and its board and men have long formed what has been called a common alphabet, the factors of a language understood and enjoyed by men as widely separated as the palanquin-bearer, who reflects how he may best deliver a crushing mate to a pebble King on squares traced on Indian sand, and the Icelandic bishop who sits within his walls of solid snow, and with a block of ice for table, whiles away the tedium of a polar night. Let us briefly trace some of the many sources from which writers have sought to derive its history and origin.

There does not seem to be much to choose between the claim of one Xerxes, a Babylonian philosopher in the reign of Evil-Merodach, and that of Chilo, the Spartan, one of the seven sages of Greece. Some have ventured to ascribe the honor to Palamedes, prince of Eubœa, who flourished at the siege of Troy, and who may, therefore, have had ample leisure for the elaboration of a mimic siege. We find from more than one authority that the game may have been invented as a last resource by a general whose soldiers were on the brink of mutiny. It is said that Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, turned it to good account at such a crisis; and that a Chinese mandarin, some nineteen hundred years ago, was able thus to soothe his troops, when they had become clamorous for home, and to reconcile them to their winter-quarters by proposing this amusement for their vacant hours, until, with the return of spring, they could take the field again, better fitted by their friendly contests for the stern realities of war. If, however, we are to believe Chaucer, it was

Athalus that made the game
First of the chess—so was his name—

an assertion supported by Cornelius Agrippa, who tells us that Attalus, king of Asia, was an inventor of games. Finally, a manuscript in the Harleian collection gives us to understand that Ulysses (the crafty one) was first in this field. So many have been these claimants, that Herodotus gravely records the fact that the people of Lydia did not profess to have taken any part in the planning of board, or moves, or men.

We are prepared to find in a game of which the true source is as uncertain as was that of the river Nile, that there have been different methods and manners of conducting it. Thus, in the Hindu game, four distinct armies are employed, each with their King, not ranged in the style of that four-handed chess which has been to some extent revived within the last few years, but shorn of their strength, so that each force consists of half the usual number; and marked by this further peculiarity, that each corps counts among its fighting-men a King, an Elephant, and a Knight, who slay, but cannot be slain. In the Chinese game, which boasts the sounding title *Choke-Choo-Kong-Ki* (the play of the science of war), a river runs across the centre of the board, which their Elephants (equivalent to our Bishops), may never cross; and there is a fort, beyond whose limits their King may never pass. In the Persian game, the *Ferz* (our Queen) advances one step forward on the opening move, in company with its pawn, thus taking up a position whence it can review and regulate the general attack. After this initial move, it can only advance or retreat by one step at a time in a diagonal course.

Though, as we have seen, it is vain to attempt a proof from so many contradictory premises, and we must leave the actual origin of chess an open question, there can be no doubt at all that it dates as far back as any intellectual pastime that is known to us. We must be content to allow China, India, Persia, and Arabia to contend for the honor of having rocked Caissa's cradle, satisfied on our part to know that the Queen of chess, grown to maturity, has held sway in Europe for many a long year. There is in existence a book upon the subject written by a Dominican friar in the year 1200, and we are told on good authority that in 1070, a certain cardinal, of evidently narrow mind, wrote to Pope Alexander II. to report that he had had occasion seriously to reprove a bishop for indulging in a game of chess. The poor prelate pleaded that this was no game of hazard; but his superiors took a sterner view, and ordered him to repeat the Psalter thrice, and to wash the feet of twelve poor persons, in penance for his offence.

To times quite as remote as these we must refer some extremely curious chessmen which were found in 1831 in the island of Lewis, and placed in the British Museum. It seems probable to those who

understand such matters, that these men, which are curiously carved, were made from the tusks of walrus, about the middle of the twelfth century, by some of those hardy Norsemen who then overran the greater part of Europe. The Hebrides were then subject to invasion by the Sea-kings, and were tributaries to the throne of Norway till the year 1266; we may therefore conjecture that these relics of early European chess were part of the stock of some Icelandic trader whose vessel was lost at sea; and that these ivory men, which are of various sizes, and must therefore have belonged to several sets, were washed ashore, and buried by the sand for nearly seven centuries.

Hyde dates the culture of this game on English soil from the Conquest, because, as he points out, the Court of Exchequer was then established; but there is an earlier record which informs us that "when Bishop Ætheric obtained admission to Canute the Great upon some urgent business about midnight, he found the king and his courtiers engaged, some at dice, and others at chess." From a similar source, we find that the game was turned to a very practical account indeed in these times, for when a young nobleman wished to gain permission to pay court to the lady of his love, the fond parent commonly made trial of his temper by engaging with him over the chessboard. A ludicrous old print of somewhat later date represents a garden-party of six ladies and as many gentlemen grouped round a table, at which one of either sex is standing in a most striking attitude pretending to play at chess, while the others amuse themselves in pairs with the languishing deportment of lovers, and seem less interested in the game than an owl which sits upon a rail, with one eye on the board and one upon the company; while three rooks (appropriate birds) are busy in the background with their own affairs.

It does not need the pen of a ready writer to prove to those who are real chess-players, in however humble a degree of excellence, the pre-eminence of chess among indoor games of skill. As a test of temper and patience, it has peculiar merits, though there have been some notable instances in which these good qualities have failed. Is it not recorded for our warning how "John, son to King Henry, and Fulco fell at variance at chestes, and John brake Fulco's bed with the chest-borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow that had almost killed him?" and in another chronicle how "William the Conqueror in his younger yeares playing at chesse with the Prince of France, losing a mate, knocked the chesseboard about his pate, which was a cause afterwards of much enmity between them?"

Nor are ensamples lacking of the abuse of patience. The same authority who has written of the fiery Fulco gives us the following account:

"There is a story of two persons of distinction—the one lived at Madrid, the other

at Rome—who played a game of chess at that distance. They began when young, and though they both lived to a very old age, yet the game was not finished. One of them dying, appointed his executor to go on with the game. The method was: each don kept a chessboard, with the pieces arranged in exact order, in their respective closets at Madrid and Rome; and having agreed who should move first, the don informs his playfellow by letter that he has moved his King's pawn two moves; the courier speedily returns, and advises his antagonist that, the minute after he had the honour to receive this, he likewise moved his King's pawn two paces; and so they went on."

It would doubtless have turned the brain of either of these two worthy dons if they could have been present on any of the occasions in recent times when a game has been begun and finished by telegraph between places far apart in the course of a few hours. In conclusion, let us lay before our readers some words of excellent advice published by one Arthur Saul, two hundred years ago, which all chess-players may profitably lay to heart:

"Do not at no time that thou playest at this game stand singing, whistling, knocking, or tinkering, whereby to disturbe the minde of thine adversary and hinder his projects; neither keepe thou a-calling on him to playe, or a-showing of much dislike that hee playeth not fast enough; remembering with thyselfe that besides that this is a silent game, when thy turne is to play thou wilt take thine owne leasure; and that it is the royall law so to deal with another as thyself wouldst be dealt withall."

—REV. A. CYRIL PEARSON, in *Chamber's Journal*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

EUROPEAN AGGRESSIONS IN JAPAN.—Mr. E. H. House, an American journalist, who has for many years resided in Japan, contributes to the *New Princeton Review*, a paper on "Foreign Jurisdiction in Japan." After presenting a long list of gross outrages perpetrated by consular authorities—especially by those of Great Britain—he thus concludes:—

"If it be supposed that the evils here depicted have been compensated by advantages to the aliens in whose behalf it was first devised, and has since been twisted and tortured out of all resemblance to its early meaning, that idea needs only a candid and not too minute scrutiny to be speedily dissipated. Consular authority, in so far as it pretends to satisfy the requirements of [foreign] society at large, is a sheer imposture. It rests largely upon the assumption that the territory in which it prevails is not Japanese; but supplies no evidence that it is anything else. In a narrow and im-

perfect way, each consular establishment may perform a certain service for the particular section of the community which it represents, but its power to watch over the combined interests of the multitude is utterly fictitious. In the estimation of English functionaries the port of Yokohama may be as completely British as if acquired 'by cession or conquest,' but it is not so regarded by the French or the Germans, or any other of the representative officials there stationed. They, with but a solitary exception, are equally forward in claiming it as their own. Japan undoubtedly has relations with seventeen different nations; but to contend that the open ports belong to all of these conjointly, would lead to worse complications than any yet invented. Each treaty provides for separate tribunals, but it can compel the subjects of only one power to respect these tribunals. No resident is under the control of any consul but his own.

He cannot be required to appear, even as a witness, before any consul but his own. There are in Yokohama a dozen or more so-called courts, all conducted upon discrepant, and sometimes widely divergent methods, contradictory in purpose, antagonistic in procedure, measuring out justice according to utterly incongruous codes, all independent of one another, and subordinate to no common authority. If these disconnected institutions were models of intelligence, decorum, and integrity, they would still fail to furnish a coherent and trustworthy administration of justice. But being, with rare exceptions, distinguished for nothing but ignorance, incompetency, and perverse hostility to everything Japanese, they offer the strongest possible testimony to the worthlessness of the system of which they constitute an integral part....

"Equally inefficient and imperfect is the management of the whole circle of foreign courts; yet their tenure is prolonged by the European envoys as a means of perpetuating their own power, and of preserving indefinitely to their countrymen the benefits of which they have constantly enjoyed a disproportionate share. The Japanese are ready with a code of law which is allowed by competent critics to have been compiled with remarkable skill and sagacity, and which is in all respects adapted to the exigencies of the situation. They pledge themselves to avoid every appearance of rigor in its gradual application to aliens—the total number of whom is less than 2,500—and to be guided by the utmost liberality in affecting the necessary transfers of authority. No one disputes their intention or their ability to fulfil these promises; yet their proposals are harshly rejected, and their plea for relief from an unnecessary and ignominious servility is rudely denied. They are forced to suspend their efforts to attain a position of honor among the nations; for until the burden of treaty obligations is removed, no further progress is possible.

"They are suffering severely from a pecuniary pressure which cannot be thrown off while foreign hands derange their finances and shackle their industries. The public revenue can never be secure while a European envoy may issue decrees of his own will—as a British

minister has done—proclaim the abrogation of customs-duties on a particular commodity, and reminding Englishmen that they, being exempt from Japanese law, may safely refuse to pay the impost. The resources of the Government have been impaired, its standing at home and abroad has been weakened, and its credit repeatedly shaken by diplomatic agencies; and to dangers of this description it is forever liable while the fatal treaties remain in force. Private as well as national enterprise is deadened, and the productive energies of the people are benumbed. They base no hope upon the opening of the country, for they know that they cannot compete, upon their own soil, with aliens who are bound by none of the legal restrictions which they are required to obey. To unlock the doors, in their defenseless state, would be to surrender the land to spoliation by its enemies.

"These assertions are not based upon conjecture; their truth is attested by bitter experience. For wrongs inflicted upon a Japanese by a stranger redress can be claimed only from a consul, who in most cases would scoff at the idea of considering any interest but that of his countrymen. By far the greater number of consuls are themselves trading and speculating adventurers, and are not above making use of their official opportunities to extort plunder in every direction. Thus it is that Japan can take no forward step in prosperous development. Foreign diplomacy blocks the way. During her thirty years of relationship with the West her sorrows have been lightened by no token of friendliness or sympathy, save from a single quarter.

"Through the exertions of individual Americans who have set their hearts and hands to the labor of re-investing her with the inherent rights of which she has been defrauded—and especially through the diligent activity of one just minister—citizens of the United States are now compelled to respect and abide by the spirit of her laws, although still privileged to hold themselves free from the processes of her tribunals. This, however is but a feeble and hesitating indication of good-will. It conveys merely the expression of kindly intention, and contributes nothing toward the removal

of Japan's disabilities. What is wanted is an unconditional release from the ties which hold her in political and moral enslavement. One frank and outspoken word from the Chief Magistrate of this republic would enable her to reclaim the liberties to which she is as honorably entitled as the most enlightened of Western countries. Never has a worthy end been easier of attainment. Not an hour need be wasted in fatiguing official formalities. The preparations were long ago completed, and the material is at hand in the shape of a treaty at once concise and comprehensive, which, though now inoperative, requires only a slight touch of excision, and the President's sign-manual, to give it substantial and effective force. The Senate is ready to record its approval, and the whole Union of States would gladly join in welcoming the noble little empire to the community of independent nations."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE MORMONS.—

It is not often that the Mormons hear a good word about themselves. But in an article in the *Forum*, entitled "Is our Social Life Threatened?" the Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, says:

"Of Mormonism, as a national danger, much that is superficial and idle is spoken and written. The Mormons are sober, industrious, and thrifty, and their acceptance of polygamy is our only grievance against them. But polygamy, beyond all question, we need not fear at all. Even among the Mormons it exists in comparatively few instances. It is a barbarous institution, and is found only where women are held in the bondage of ignorance and servitude. No man who has regard for his peace or comfort would think of having two wives in a country in which women have become so intelligent and independent that the only sure way of living happily with even one is to be humble and obedient. Sensuality with us we, may be reasonably certain, will not take the form of polygamy. The problem which will present itself for solution is not whether a man shall have one or several wives, but whether he shall have one or none at all, and whatever the future of Mormonism may be, here in the United States, it must cease to be polygamous."

JUDAS ISCARIOT.—Kerioth was a town in southern Judea, and "Iscaiot" is probably a Grecized transliteration of the Hebrew *ish-Kerioth*, "man of Kerioth;" so that the word which has come to be a term of the utmost opprobrium was originally an appellation of honor. "The man of Kerioth" would appear to have been equivalent to the French "de Kerioth," or the German "von Kerioth." Mr. Moncreux D. Conway is not satisfied with the representation which certain old writers—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—have given of this quondam apostle; and in the *North American Review* he evolves, partly from his own inner consciousness, what is his idea of "Judas the Iscaiot," as he quite rightly styles him. He says:

"There is nothing improbable in the assertion that Judas protested against Mary's waste on Jesus's feet of costly ointment that might have been sold for the poor. He may have given voice to the 'indignation,' of the other disciples. This would show Judas as a rather hard type of Radical, no doubt; were he in New York he would protest against building a six-million cathedral amid suffering thousands. It is the misfortune of such men that they are not always able to except from their human secularism the value of a sentiment such as that which filled not only the house of Simon, but the Christian world, with the perfume shed by Mary on the weary feet of Jesus. Mary's kisses on those feet may possibly have suggested the tradition of her reprover's treacherous kisses. Nevertheless, Judas may have so greeted Jesus at the time of his arrest. The 'Hail, Master' and the kiss may have genuine. He might so have initiated a predicted crisis. Jesus had kindled high hopes among these humble and oppressed Jews; nor were his plans peaceful: 'Ye which have followed me shall sit upon twelve thrones;' 'I came not to send peace, but a sword;' 'He that hath none, let him sell his cloak, and buy a sword;' 'They said, Lord, here are two swords, and he said, It is enough.' That, in the revolution to which these and other sayings pointed, the Messiah might be slain, was an idea no Jew could conceive, even had Jesus not declared that no man could take his life. The disciples had shown

impatience, and asked, 'When shall these things be?' Jesus had answered them, 'This generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished.' Perhaps Judas, with the fanatical faith of John Brown, challenged a collision with enormous odds, never doubting that twelve legions of angels would appear, if necessary. He may have led the disciples to the retreat beyond Kedron. Several of the disciples were armed, and may have shared Judas's hopes. Indeed, John will not admit that either Judas or the soldiers had any power over Jesus: the Lord advanced and said, 'I am he,' and the officials all went backward, and fell to the ground. But the disciples were in dismay. The theory of treachery is hardly consistent with the subsequent action attributed to Judas, so far as this has not been shown mythical. Where he had looked to see a triumphant Messiah, he saw now an innocent man—a beloved friend and teacher led away under arrest to probable execution. 'When he saw what he had done'—so terribly in contrast to his expectation—he repented of his impatient action. He had taken the metaphors of Jesus too literally; his imagination was not equal to all eventualities; but all the more can such take to heart the thing seen and realized. When all the rest of the disciples 'forsook him and fled,' when Peter denied him with oaths, Judas alone seems to have confronted the chief priests and elders, and testified to the innocence of Jesus."

A NEW LETTER FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON.—*The Magazine of American History* presents what purports to be a letter of George Washington, hitherto unpublished. The letter belongs to Seymour Van Santvoord, Esq., of Troy, N. Y. If this letter be indeed genuine, it differs widely in spelling, etc., from any other written by Washington, which has ever come before us:—

"To the Minister Elders and Deacons of the Reformd Prodistant Church of the Town of Schenectady
Gentelmen

I sincearly thank you for your Congratulations on my arrival in this place

Whilst I join you in adoring that su-

preme being to whome alone can be attrebuted the signal successes of our Arms I cannot but express gratitude to you Gentelmen for so distinguished a testimony of your Regard

May the same providence that has hitherto in so Remarkable a manner Evinced the justice of our Cause lead us to a speady and honourable peace and may It's attendant blessing soon Restore this our Flourishing place to its former prosperity

Go. Washington

Schenectady

June 30th 1782"

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF OUR GOVERNMENT.—By way of preliminary to an article on "Hinderances to Surplus Reduction," Mr. William M. Springer says, in the *Forum*:

"The statesmen of Europe are continually busied with the problem how to devise the means necessary to pay the expenses of their respective governments. Their treasuries are periodically threatened with deficits, and they are compelled to resort to loans, special taxes, and other devices to meet the absolute wants of the public service. In our government a different condition exists. Our statesmen are called upon to meet a large and continually increasing surplus revenue, and to devise means of getting rid of it. Our surplus has been steadily increasing during the past twenty years. Until very recently however it could be applied to the payment of interest-bearing bonds, and thus to the reduction of the public debt. But on May 1, 1887, the bonded indebtedness that was payable was extinguished, and bonds can now be discharged only by their purchase in the market, and by paying such premiums thereon as the holder may demand. About \$230,000,000 of four and one-half per cent. bonds will be due September 1, 1891, while the remainder of the bonded indebtedness, amounting to \$742,000,000, bearing four per cent. interest, will not be due until 1907. The four and one-half per cent. bonds can be purchased by paying premiums of about 8 per cent., while the bonds running for twenty years are worth about 25 per cent. premium at this time. The purchase of bonds bearing such high pre-

miums is objectionable, and hence the necessity of reducing the revenue so as to meet only the absolute wants of the government."

ENEMIES IN THE ICE BOX.—T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in the *Popular Science Monthly*, discourses upon "Our Ice-supply and its Dangers." He says:

"We have been wont to believe that the fragment of ice which forms such a constant and pleasing adjunct to our glass of water is the very ideal of purity. But the common belief that, in freezing, water purifies itself from all kinds of contamination, has been shown to be quite untrue; and, ungrateful as is the task of dispelling so pleasing an illusion, we shall do unwisely if we ignore the revelations of modern science, and for the sake of a momentary mental quietude remain oblivious to a real danger which the indiscriminate use of ice for drinking purposes unquestionably entails. Nearly all natural water contains considerable numbers of tiny vegetable organisms called *bacteria*. So small are they, for the most part, that thousands upon thousands of them, if ranged side by side, would scarcely reach across the head of a pin. Most of them are not only, so far as we know, entirely harmless when taken into the system in moderate quantities, but they are among the most important factors contributing to the cleanliness and continued salubrity of our surroundings. Wherever under ordinary conditions a bit of organic matter, animal or vegetable, dies, these tiny structures appear and tear it to pieces, atom by atom, using a very small proportion as food, and furnishing the remainder in suitable innocuous form for the nutrition of animals and other plants in turn. There seems to be at first something repellent in the thought that we are liable to unwittingly consume, in our drinking-water, as we do in much of our uncooked food, such numbers of living things. But this feeling is largely due to the wholly unjustifiable disposition which many persons display, to class them among 'bugs' and 'worms.' Nobody thinks of considering the consumption of fresh fruits and vegetables as anything uncanny. And yet all the vegetables and fruits which we commonly

use as foods are really made up of vast aggregates of tiny living organisms called cells, each one of which is the analogue of the single organisms called *bacteria*, and under ordinary conditions one is just as little harmful as the other. The leaves and fruits of some plants are exceedingly poisonous, and yet he who should on that account decline to eat lettuce or peaches would be justly reckoned among Nature's weaklings. The air we breathe in inhabited regions always contains considerable numbers of *bacteria*, but they are for the most part harmless. We have learned a great deal about these, our invisible friends the *bacteria*, within the past few years; and as that knowledge has grown, we have found out that lurking among them are a few species, not friends but our most inveterate foes, producing disease and even death. The fact is that, under ordinary favorable sanitary conditions, the *bacteria* which we are liable to breathe or consume are as harmless as so much air. But if we insist upon drinking dirty water or breathing filthy air, we increase, as we deserve to do, our risk of coming under the influence of the baneful forms."

ECONOMIZING THE RAINFALL.—Mr. Henry Gannett, in *Science*, discusses the question "Is the Rainfall increasing upon the Plains?" His conclusion, based upon a wide examination of records, is that "it has undergone no material change since settlement began in the region." He makes the following very useful suggestion:—

Experience has shown that a much smaller quantity of rain is essential than was supposed. To my mind, there is little more to be said. If it be found, that, with an annual rainfall during the growing season not greater than ten inches, farming can be carried on successfully, the only question remaining is, how the mistake could have been made of supposing that it required a greater amount. There is no doubt that cultivation adds greatly to the economy of the rainfall. The surface of the plain in an uncultivated condition is mainly bare, hard ground, but slightly protected by its covering of grasses. From such a surface the rain flows off freely, and an unusually large proportion of it finds its

way into the streams, while a correspondingly small proportion sinks into the ground. The farmer, with plough and harrow, changes all this, and retains in the soil most of the rainfall. From year to year the supply in the soil increases, so that the subsoil becomes in time a reservoir from which the surface soil may draw in times of drought. Furthermore, the scanty vegetation offers little protection against evaporation, which is excessive upon the barren plains; but the ampler mantle which cultivation spreads over the soil prevents its moisture from disappearing in the atmosphere with so great rapidity."

THE NOACHIAN DELUGE.—Mr. Andrew D. White, late President of Cornell University, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," says:

"One of the first evidences of the completeness of the capitulation of the party which set the literal account of the deluge of Noah against the facts revealed by geology has been so well related by the eminent physiologist, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, that it may best be given in his own words: 'You are familiar with a book of considerable value, Dr. W. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. I happened to know the influences under which that dictionary was framed. The idea of the publisher and of the editor was to give as much scholarship and such results of modern criticism as should be compatible with a very judicious conservatism. There was to be no objection to geology, but the universality of the deluge was to be strictly maintained. The editor committed the article *Deluge* to a man of very considerable ability, but, when the article came to him, he found that it was so excessively heretical that he could not venture to put it in. There was not time for a second article under that head, and, if you look in the dictionary, you will find under that word *Deluge* a reference to *Flood*. Before *Flood* came, a second article had been commissioned from a source that was believed safely conservative. But when the article came in, it was found to be worse than the first. A third article was then commissioned, and care was taken to secure its 'safety.' If you look for the

word *Flood* in the dictionary, you will find a reference to *Noah*. Under that name you will find an article written by a distinguished professor of Cambridge, of which I remember that Bishop Colenso said to me at the time, 'In a very guarded way the writer concedes the whole thing.' You will see by this under what trammels scientific thought has labored in this department of inquiry.'"

PHOTOGRAPHING THE MOON.—The *Edinburgh Review* has an exhaustive article upon "Siderial Photography," in which we are told that:—

"Mr. Warren De la Rue was the first to turn Archer's introduction of the collodion process to account for astronomical purposes. He began his photographic work towards the close of 1852 with a thirteen-inch reflector of his own construction which gave him successful pictures of the moon, one inch across, in ten to thirty seconds. Some taken later with improved means bore enlargement to eight inches, and clearly showed details representing an actual area on the moon's surface of about two and a-half square miles. The immediate followers of De la Rue in lunar photography were two gifted Americans, Dr. Henry Draper and Lewis M. Rutherfurd of New York. The moon, as seen with the naked eye, is about one-tenth of an inch in diameter; that is to say, it is just covered by a disc of that size held at the ordinary distance for clear vision. One of Draper's pictures, taken with a fifteen-inch silvered glass reflector, September 3, 1863, and subsequently enlarged, showed it as three feet across, or on a scale of about sixty miles to the inch. The spectator was virtually transported to a point six hundred miles from the lunar surface. The finest telescope in the world for the purposes of moon-portraiture is undoubtedly the giant refractor of the Lick Observatory in California. With an aperture of three and a focal length of fifty feet, it gives a direct image of the moon six inches in diameter, negative impressions of which may be enlarged with advantage to perhaps twelve feet. But the third lens, by which the correction of this superb instrument can be modified at pleasure to suit the actinic rays, has yet to be provided; and perfect glass

discs of thirty-six inches are not to be had for the asking. They may be bespoke a long time before they are forthcoming."

COLONIZING CANADA.—It is an undisputed fact that the British Islands are over-populated. They do not, and probably never will be able to produce food for more than two-thirds of the present population; and for the food which they must buy—besides the numerous articles of luxury, which may be considered as necessities in every civilized nation, and which cannot be produced at home—they have, apart from wealth already accumulated, nothing with which to pay except the products of their manufactures. Moreover, nearly all the raw material for textile manufactures—such as cotton, silk, and wool—must be imported, and paid for out of the profits arising from the increased value given to them by manufacturing. The great permanent problem for the British nation is how to get rid of the vast and constantly-increasing population for whom the Islands themselves cannot provide either food or work. The only feasible expedient is emigration; and it is almost universally admitted that the Government, as such, must take a part in promoting emigration. It gives pecuniary aid to the transference of this surplus of the overplus of population to other lands which are at present under-peopled, and especially to Canada. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has formulated what he styles "A Practical Plan for State-aided Emigration." The essential features of this plan—which is substantially the one intimated by the present Prime Minister, in a speech delivered at Derby, December, 19, 1887—are as follows:—

"We suggest that a formal agreement for the expenditure of a considerable annual sum should be concluded for a term of not less than ten years or so. It is hardly necessary to point out that to secure the advent of a large and competent population to develop its territory, Canada or any other assenting colony would make every effort to meet the wishes of the Home Government in arranging for the comfort of the immigrants. The first point to be settled would be their character; and on this two important points must be determined. Immigration must be by families. The colony is within its

rights in refusing to take riff-raff; but, on the other hand, the mother country can hardly be expected to export the bread-winner alone, leaving his family to become a burden on the rates. Secondly, Great Britain and her dependency must arrive at an exact understanding of what is to constitute a bar to a man's being selected as an emigrant. It will be well worth the while of a new country to accept men who may not have had any practical knowledge of farming or agriculture at home, provided they are robust in health, and willing and anxious to work on the land. That class does notoriously exist here in considerable numbers; it is a class we may fairly ask our colonies to accept; and it should be made plain that they are to be admitted as potential immigrants.

"These bases being established, the question arises—Can the scheme be made self-sustaining?—that is, can our surplus population be put in the way of earning their own bread without increasing the burdens on the tax-payer? It is pretty well known that the possibility of doing this has been repeatedly brought before successive Administrations.

"Roughly speaking, the principle is this:—Take the case of a man and wife, and four children, emigrating to the Canadian North-West. The British Government advances him the sum of £120 in instalments—that is to say, so much for his railway and steamship fares; so much for the house and tools he would find erected and ready for use on his arrival. The Canadian Government grant him 160 acres of good agricultural land free, subject only to a mortgage constituting a first charge on the property, which will be retained by the British Government's representatives as security for the repayment of the original advance. For the first three, four, or five years the settler might be excused the payment of interest, as he would require time to establish himself, develop his farm, and secure a market for his products. At the end of the term decided on, interest at the rate of 6 per cent. should be charged—a reasonable rate of interest in the North-West, but which would ere long recoup the home Government for their original out-lay of money raised on the security of British credit at 3 per cent."

ABOUT THE JESUITS.—The Right Reverend Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Episcopal Bishop of Western New York, not long ago contributed to the *Independent* an article on "the Jesuits" which was far from satisfactory to the Right Reverend Francis Silas Chatard, Roman Catholic Bishop of Vincennes, who replies to Bishop Coxe through the columns of the *Independent*. Bishop Chatard thus concludes his letter to Bishop Coxe:—

"As for your—I must curb myself to call it only cruel and undeserved—tirade on the Jesuits, I can only say that you have delved in the archives of their enemies to find charges against them. Any one who takes what was done against them during the latter part of the eighteenth century, as but little else than a fierce persecution of bad men, shows himself to be a shallow student of history. Even the suppression of the Order by the Pope, forced to it by the clamor of their enemies, proves nothing against them; for that papal document does not condemn them of crimes, contrary to what you assert. I will not pursue the subject further. If in defending our theological teaching from attack I have come to the defense of the Jesuits who have been the foremost teachers of that theology, I am glad of it, for though not having had the honor of frequenting their schools, I have learned to respect them greatly as highly educated, pious, exemplary men, an ornament and protection to society. I take for granted you keep away from these Rev'd Fathers, and so escape the influence of their words. They are, however, waiting patiently for your answer to their challenge. I refer you, therefore, to them for further discussion on this subject, and to Mgr. Corcoran's article in the late issue of the *Catholic Quarterly*. One word more in conclusion. You began your letter with a criticism on the Press of the country, which you present, 'as generally ready to do the Jesuits a service, on political motives.' I think you are unduly severe on the newspapers of the country, thus making them organs of the Jesuits. This will be as new to them as to myself. What I see in the Press of America is, generally, a love of fair play and sound common sense. To be sure the papers abound with extraordinary and un-

warranted matter. But there is a winnowing process always going on among them, and when excitement subsides, they ordinarily reach the truth, and that is what we want. If we make mistakes, they will undoubtedly take a special delight in waking up Homer when he gets sleepy. If just now you have been a little indiscreet in your attack, and they see it and disquiet you, you must bear it with equanimity, as I will try to do when my turn comes."

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, discusses in the *Forum*, the question, "What shall the Public Schools Teach?" He says in conclusion:—

"The practical thing for us to consider is, that distinctions and schisms must be kept out of the schools, if they are to be kept out of the country. Divergencies that begin, and that make themselves felt, in the national nursery, will magnify themselves as the children age, and will destroy the oneness of the civil life and of the national consciousness. It is to our national detriment that rich children and poor children are not educated together. The poor children, in our cities especially, go to the public schools; their wealthier rivals attend private schools. Beginning apart, they continue apart and end apart. They never learn to understand each other. Their discrepant conditions are not bridged by playing together as boys, and it is, therefore, inevitable that young discrepancy should ripen into adult antagonism. Cleavage lines are persistent. Young differences keep growing and broadening. Boys who get rubbed against each other in sport will not when adults rub against each other in earnest.

"Simple considerations of patriotism ought to preclude the study of any language but English in our common schools. The study of a foreign language perpetuates differences that it is our first business as Americans to seek to efface. It encourages among foreign residents a sense of extraneous affiliations. It makes it easy and comfortable for them to be among us without being of us. Adult Germans, for example, who settle among us will probably never be anything but German-Americans; but we want to tender to their children no facilities for

perpetuating the hybridism. We want no mongrels in the second generation.

"This leads me, as my last specification, to the matter of parochial schools. It is occasion for surprise and regret that some Protestants are beginning to weaken on this question, and to give ear to the Catholic demand that school moneys shall be distributed among the sects, and each be allowed to manage its own schools on a sectarian basis. It is generous, but it is un-American. It despoils public schools of their true Americanizing function. It lays the foundation for the division of our body-politic into halves, a Protestant half and a Catholic half. It is a lunge at national integrity. Not only would I fight to the last against granting one dollar of school funds to Catholic schools, but I wish it were feasible to require every boy and girl, Catholic and Protestant, to attend only such common schools as are under purely government administration. Catholics complain that government schools are godless. If they are, it is primarily because Catholics have plotted to make them so. We resist these demands of the Catholics, not because we are Protestants, but because we are Americans; and as Americans, knowing something about European history, we understand perfectly well that Catholicism is not only a matter of religion but a matter of politics; and as a matter of politics it is anti-American. Every true Catholic accords to the Pope absolute infallible supremacy in all matters of morals, and there is no question pertaining to man in his relation with his fellow that cannot with perfect facility be gathered in under that category. We can love Catholics, and in very many particulars admire them and their system; but when we regard their church from the standpoint of simple American patriotism, we can never forget that a thorough Catholic accords his supreme earthly loyalties to the Pope, and that an American Catholic is primarily a papal subject living on American soil. A Catholic school, though established on American ground and maintained by government funds, is an affair of Rome, and not of the United States, and the whole genius of its discipline is to enfeeble civil allegiance and chill the warm flow of American impulse."

THE STAR FISH AT DINNER.—Mr. Ralph Tarr, in the *Swiss Cross*, thus describes the way in which this foe to our edible bivalves manages to get the meat out of the shell of a mussel or oyster:—

"I have watched with much interest the manner in which the star-fish devours his prey. Place a common mussel in a glass jar filled with sea-water and some sea-weed, and hang him by a string close to the glass wall; then drop a star-fish in the water. It may take many trials before you catch the star-fish in the act of eating, but have patience and you will be rewarded. The star-fish creeps slowly around his prison walls, crossing and recrossing the mussel without offering him violence, but finally he comes to a stop directly over his victim, and slowly wraps his arms around the shell. The chances are that the first two or three times you try the experiment you will come to your aquarium in the morning and find an empty shell where the night before was a living animal, while the star-fish is crouched away in a dark corner as if anxious to escape notice. Take the 'star' out of the aquarium and look at his mouth, which is on the under side of the body, and you will wonder how he managed to 'get away' with the shell-protected mussel. The shell is not crushed; the mouth is entirely too small to admit the passage of so large a shell, and the entire performance seems a mystery. This is the marvellous way in which it is done. After settling down upon the shell and inwrapping it with the arms, the star-fish slowly protrudes its stomach outside of its mouth, and surrounding the shell goes through the process of digestion with its stomach outside of its body. The star-fish by this peculiar power is a great shell-fish destroyer and an enemy to the oyster-men. Sometimes they appear in vast hordes on the oyster-fields, and in a single night destroy all the oysters in the vicinity. Oyster-men have a natural hatred for star-fishes, and destroy them whenever and wherever found. Some years ago these men had the habit of cutting the star-fish into two parts and throwing the pieces overboard. Nothing could have been more unwise, for each portion grew into a perfect star-fish, and in less than a year there were two individuals instead of one."